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Hooker and his party on their way to found Hartford.

SCÆVA'S

HARTFORD

IN THE
OLDEN TIME

FIRST
THIRTY YEARS.

Edited by W. M. B. Hartley.

With ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hartford:
F. A. BROWN.
1853.

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IN THE OLDEN TIME:

Its First Thirty Years.

By Searba.

EDITED BY W. M. B. HARTLEY.

With Illustrations.



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PREFACE.

READER. Perhaps you wonder with uplifted hands that SCÆVA has taken to himself an Editor, and even may curl your lip when told, that one unknown to fame has ventured to obtrude his own name. But SCÆVA is a quaint old man, and 'tis his humor. It is but now that he consents to appear before you in another garb, although warmly urged to do so by very many who wish to preserve his writings in a compact form. A voice from home, for instance, through the columns of the Hartford Courant, thus pleasantly appeals to him :

To the Historian of Hartford.

Thanks, SCÆVA, thanks!

How many a brightening eye
Hath by thy tube transpierc'd the mists of time,
And marked *their* forms, who first upon the banks
Of this fair river rear'd their rude abodes,
Sharing the hardships of colonial life.
Forth at thy graphic touch they come, to keep
Stern watch and ward against the Indian bow—
Ploughing the furrow for their children's bread,
And planting roots of knowledge that should feed
The mind, thro' unborn ages.

Thou hast drawn
From mouldering archives, pictur'd lineaments
Of patient toil, and unrepining trust;
And from the moss-grown sepulchre, restor'd
Names that their race should honour.

Peacefully

Beneath the shadow of their trees we walk,
And listen for their words.

Thanks, SCÆVA, thanks!
 But *not farewell*—for we have much to learn,
 And thou must aid us, from thy castled heighth,
 East by the Charter Oak, to guard with care
 The patriot lore of the Recorded Past.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, Feb. 19th, 1852.

A voice from the mountains, whose form is prose, but whose tones are poetry, is also heard :

To the Editor of the Courant.

DEAR SIR:—I do not suppose that the author of those articles subscribed SCÆVA, that have from time to time appeared in your columns, could feel complimented by any testimonial from me; but I am so delighted with his contributions that I cannot forbear adding my solicitations to those of many more, that he will continue to scatter those beautiful flowers of which he has such inexhaustible stores, along the dusty road of our Colonial history.

That valley with its little community meeting beneath the shadow of the hills, how it wakens into life at the touch of the enchanter! Those grim old Fathers of Connecticut, with their schools, their sumptuary laws, their Train Bands, their wars, their piety, their exclusiveness, their dread of the Devil and their horror of Dutchmen and Savages, how their faces brighten, how their brows relax, as they peep out from the mirror held up to them by their graceful descendant. Their very steeple-crowned hats seem to smile upon SCÆVA.

Have we indeed read the *last* number of those charming sketches, not so much of men as of manners, not so much of manners as of an era which gave birth to all republican States that acknowledge as their basis true Christian liberty?

And if we *have read the last*, shall even the few that have already delighted us, lie scattered as they fell, like the leaves in Autumn, to be tost by the winds till they are lost in oblivion, so that not even the hand that gave them form and life can restore them to the eyes of those who have already had such pleasant glimpses of their beauty, or treasure them up for the admiration of the future?

Will you not, Mr. Editor, entreat SCÆVA to gather them up, bind them in a volume worthy to embalm them, and commit them as the Roman Poet did his little book, to the care of posterity?

For SCÆVA is a poet, a pastoral, an epic, a didactic, a dramatic poet, though he writes in what the world calls prose. What a pity all the world does not know as Cicero did, that prose as well as verse has its numbers.

Your obedient servant,

LITCHFIELD, March 6, 1852.

G. H. H.

SCÆVA could not resist these kind appeals, and he gives you now, in a "volume worthy," he hopes, "to embalm them," his chronicles of the early life of Hartford. He shows you a wild but beauteous wood-

land, rescued from painted savages and savage beasts that once ranged, as we do now, o'er its free hills, or floated down the stream of that glad river which still laves its shore. He tells you of the struggles and disheartening toils of the early settlers—ancestors, perhaps, of those who read—of their hopes, their joys, their fears and sorrows too, of all that remains to us of those “good, honest, true and honorable men.”

Few marble tablets, urns, or stones,
Tell where repose their honored bones ;
The tide of time, and dull decay,
Have swept their tenements away,
But not their names. These live as yet,
In hearts that never can forget.

The battle of life, as fought by the Pilgrim Fathers, is not to be despised. If it teaches but the virtue of self-denial, it is not lost ; and should it do more—should it stimulate the young to action, the more advanced to lives in harmony with those of parents in the olden time, and all to grave and earnest preparation for the future, the chronicles of SCÆVA will not have been written in vain. They are published nearly as they were given to the Public, number after number, in the columns of the Hartford Daily Courant—after careful revision, however, by their author, but with a preservation, in the main, of those allusions to present times which served so well as a condiment to the articles on their first appearance. While thus their pristine dress of thought has been retained, the Editor, upon the suggestion of the author and other friends, has added a few pictorial illustrations.

That the volume, in its present shape, may abundantly gratify and instruct all who read it, is the fervent wish both of SCÆVA and himself.

W. M. B. H.

HARTFORD, January, 1853.

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Hartford.

ITS BEGINNING.

No. 1.

"Prithee, Winthrop, please to let me know,
By whom it was your place did first commence?"
Roger Wolcott.

"Sires, dames and little ones, the unflinching band
Thrid the deep forest, climb the weary hill;
A wandering Israel seeks the promised land,
And God sustains his chosen people still." *Anon.*

It was 1631, two hundred and twenty-two years ago, what part of the year we know not, and Governor Winslow of Plymouth visited Connecticut. His was probably the foot of the first white man upon its soil. It was 1631 and 1632, when subsequent explorers and traders, also from Plymouth, sailed up and down its Great River, bearing back with them hemp, furs and deer skins. It was 1633 when William Holmes, near the mouth of the Tunxis River in Windsor, erected for purposes of trade, the first framed house in Connecticut. It was 1634 and 1635, when a few bands, some of men alone, some of men, women and children, and one of about sixty in number, settled along from Windsor to the southern limit of Wethersfield. But cold and famine did their work upon them. They were soon, most of them, destroyed or driven back.

The country thus visited, however, became known as exceedingly fertile, the Indians as friendly, trade with them as lucrative. The opportunity for permanent settlement was most inviting. Influenced by these considerations, by straitened accommodations in Massachusetts, by the necessity of better support both for themselves and those who were to follow them from England, and by the motive of keeping the Dutch from possessing a fruitful and important part of New England, it was in June, 1636, that the Rev. Thomas Hooker, Mr. Samuel Stone, and about an hundred others, men, women and children, took their way from Cambridge, near Boston, to the present site of Hartford.

What was this band, how composed, that thus ventured through the wilderness to found a Town, and aid to found a State? One of exiles from their father-land for faith and liberty—a band of serious, hardy, enterprising, hopeful settlers, ready and determined to carve out, for themselves and their posterity, new and happy homes in a wilderness—there to sink the foundations for a chosen Israel—there to till, create, replenish, extend trade, spread the gospel, spread civilization, spread liberty—there to live, act, die and dig quiet sepulchres, in a hope and happiness that were destined to spring, phoenix-like, from the ashes of one generation to illumine and beautify the generation which was to succeed. At the head of this band stood HOOKER. Wise, learned, well versed in civil as well as in religious affairs, earnest, fearless, quick in composition, ready in debate—skilled in human nature—a rare soother of consciences—a “son of consolation” to the afflicted, a

“son of thunder” in rebuking sin—ready while doing his Master’s work, as was quaintly said, “to put a king in his pocket”—a Bunyan’s Great-heart to Zion’s pilgrims—a moral Boone to pilgrims of this world—he was just the man to inspire and conduct an emigration like that under consideration. Associated with him in the enterprise, though not in his journey through the wilderness, were *John Haynes* and *Thomas Welles*—the first already a Governor in Massachusetts, and each subsequently Governors of Connecticut—men rich in experience, and eminent alike for their prudence, piety, skill and private worth. Associated with him soon after the commencement of his enterprise, but fairly embraced within it, were *George Wyllys* and *Edward Hopkins*, also Governors subsequently of Connecticut—remarkable, the first for his agricultural, the second for his mercantile enterprise—each signalized afterwards by an intelligent administration of public affairs, by great personal worth, and by energy in throwing out from the primitive nursery, when formed at Hartford, shoots upon which infant settlements in the adjoining country might climb into townships, and affiliate with a new republic. And immediately of Hooker’s party, and his associate as teacher in the Church, was *Samuel Stone*—a theological Socrates—a subtle reasoner and great disputant—ingenious, witty, didactic—remarkable for his frequent fastings and exact Sabbaths—“a man of principles, and in the management of those principles,” says Mather, both a *Load-stone* and a *Flint-stone*.” And there was *William Goodwin*, ruling Elder in the Church, of uncompromising faith, upright in conduct, of tireless enterprise, pioneer in negotiations

with the Indians, of wealth and great influence—and *Matthew Allyn*, and *William Whiting*, and *John Talcott*, and *John Webster*, and *Richard Lord*, and *John Steele*, and *John Cullick*, and *John Pratt*, and *Thomas Standley*, and *Edward Stebbins*, and *William Westwood*, all men of note and prominent influence both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, with more than ordinary possessions for the day, and honored often in after times with offices of high trust. The rest of the party were men, chiefly planters, a very few mechanics, several merchants—members, most of them, of Mr. Hooker's congregation at Cambridge—known to the church for lives upright and godly, and to society for industry, energy, usefulness and respectability. There was probably not a single bad man in all Mr. Hooker's "goodly company"—and as for the women—why it is not always that a good man has a good wife or good children—things sometimes "go by contraries"—but it is a fair inference that wives and daughters who were chiefly church members, and the companions of such men as we have described, and who were willing to risk their all for a perilous life in a wilderness, were pure in their purposes, and blameless and energetic in their conduct.

Such was the band that started from Cambridge, near Boston, to found Hartford. Where will you find another its superior in mind, knowledge, character, purpose? No where. How rarely will you find one its equal in these respects! Well may the citizens of Hartford be proud of their progenitors—no Goths starting from wild lairs to overrun and devastate peopled towns and cities—no Tartars to steal the crown

of any already existing little empire—no Crusaders in the pomp and panoply of earthly might to rescue any worthless Jerusalem—no band of mere trappers and miners, absorbed in thought of peltry and gold—no pioneers for the mere glory of opening new settlements and adding to the halo of dominion—but a company of sober, intelligent, wise, earnest, resolute lovers of God and lovers of man, going forth, freighted with the rich elements of church and state, to scatter them there where a wilderness might be made “to bud and blossom as the rose!”

It was a morning in June, 1636—bright and early we may safely suppose—that this company was collected in Cambridge, to begin its journey—men, women and children, over an hundred, with packs or bundles, most of them, borne on the back or by the hand, and near them a few wagons and carts hitched to horses or oxen, and around an hundred and sixty head of cattle, and swine and goats and kids. The wagons and carts were loaded, heavily no doubt, for ample time had been given for preparation, and uncertainty as to the transmission of effects by sea, and the necessity in their plan of speedy recourse to them, must, we think, have induced the Emigrants to carry with them all that they could, at least in the way of house, and kitchen, and yard, and farming utensils. Would you get an idea of their equipment? Just glance, then, over the note below.*

* For mechanical purposes they had axes broad and narrow, adzes, hatchets, chisels, wimbles, augers, gimlets, files, saws, wedges, beetle rings, and numerous pieces and scraps of iron; for house furniture, a few forms and stools, cushions, tablecloths, napkins, towels, cups, saucers, porringers and

A goodly provision, it would seem! Yes, for that day, and under the circumstances of the party, starting as it was upon an expedition not expected to occupy more than five or six days. Yet not more, nor half so much proportionally, as you may see now, every day, among multitudes who are threading the thousand devious arms of the Mississippi, or making their way to new homes in California or Oregon—nor a provision half so rich in convenience, utility and variety, as that which fills up, daily, the long canvass-covered wagons of our emigrants to the West. Such is progress!

But the Hartford settlers were doomed in one respect to disappointment. The journey they expected to make in five or six days occupied them a full fortnight. Think of making the same journey now, Hartford citizen, in four hours! No record remains of their progress. We know, however, that it was through a pathless wilderness, the abode of wild beasts, and savages more wild than these. No roads, no fences, no bridges—mountains, ravines, swamps, thickets—the felling of trees, the filling up of hollows, the clipping

candlesticks, both of wood and of pewter, feather beds, flock beds, bolsters, pillows, sheets of flax or hemp, coverlids, blankets, curtains, curtain rods, knives, spoons, dishes chiefly of wood or pewter, and a few mirrors. For the kitchen they had pots and kettles both of brass and iron, pans for baking, warming and frying, skimmers, skillets, ladles, pestles, mortars, cansticks, cullenders, chafing dishes, bottles of pewter, of leather and of glass, cob irons, gridirons, smoothing irons, trunnels, and pot hooks, and spits, wooden and pewter platters, tongs, shovels, andirons, pails, firkins, brewing vessels, bowls, tumblers, drinking horns, &c. For yard and farming purposes they had plow-shares and colters, scythes, hoes, spades, mattocks, cleavers, saddles, ropes, collars, harnesses, bridles, halters, &c. Besides these articles, they had pieces of cloth, linen and woolen, wearing apparel, paper, some bundles of leather, provisions for the way, beside the milk of cows, of corn, wheat, pease, oats, butter, cheese, &c., and arms and ammunition.

of banks, the removal of rocks, the construction of rafts, the swimming of cattle—the bivouac on the hill, in the valley, amid the thatch of the meadow or the underbrush of the wood—the dark, eternal forest, the howl of the wolf, the snarl of the bear, the cry of the panther, the hiss of the snake, the prowl of the Indian—these are the associations which paint but too truly the difficulty and the danger the Emigrants underwent. They had no guide but the compass, no cover but the heavens. The sun their illuminator. by day, the flare of their camp fires was their only light by night. The gun, the pistol, the sword, were almost constantly in their hands—for game and for defence against danger.

And so on they came, the weary riding in wagons, the sick, as was Mrs. Hooker, borne on litters, the rest trudging resolutely on foot—on they came, these pioneers of the olden time—vocalizing the woods with the triple melody of their voices and axes and guns—the turf literally their “fragrant shrine,” God’s “arch” literally their “temple”—till about the middle of the soft, leafy month of June, they stood on the banks of that river,

———“the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,”

the fair, the noble, the glorious Connecticut!

Where did they strike this river? Perhaps high up as Springfield, for Hutchinson mentions the Chicopee River as one which on their route they could not well avoid—perhaps between Springfield and Hartford—perhaps lower down. But no matter—here they are, thank God, at last, on the site of Hartford, tired,

safe, thankful, hopeful, at their journey's end! Hark to their voice of prayer, to their songs of thanksgiving!

How do things appear to them? We will look through their eyes, Reader, in another article.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS FIRST APPEARANCE TO THE SETTLERS.

No. 2.

"Thy parent stream, fair Hartford, met the eye,
Far lessening upward to the northern sky;
No watery glades thro' richer valleys shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

Joel Barlow.

CONCEIVE Connecticut River, Reader, in front of our city, running much farther east than at present, and receiving the tributary North Meadow Creek at the foot of our present Ferry Street continued east. Stretching from its banks on either side, but sloping soon into uplands on the west, behold level, extensive meadows, as now, but which here and there are to quite an extent wooded and covered with underbrush. Fire, however, at frequent intervals, has consumed trees, bushes and foliage. It was the Indian's remorseless agent for clearing land, that it might look upon the sun, and forget its deep, cold gloom. Large spaces appear wholly destitute of timber and covered with a long, wiry grass, the primitive thatch, or, if without grass, are undulated by rows of Indian hillocks, the beds of corn and hemp and squashes. To the west and north are several uplands, one main one on the present site of our city, cleared also like the meadows by fire, but locked in on most sides by the tall, green

trees of a primeval forest, which now rising, now sinking, but never with any great elevation or depression, stretches miles away east and west, till it climbs and overruns two long ranges of mountains. The pine, the cedar, the oak, the maple, the walnut, the basswood, the whitewood, the ash, the elm, the beech, figure conspicuously in this perspective, while beneath climb and thicken, in great profusion, the vines of the wild grape, the raspberry and blackberry, and the bushes of the currant, and of the bay and dew and whortle and straw berries, and the small trees of the wild cherry and plum. And here and there scattered in open spaces on the banks of the Great River, and along the Little River, here and there beneath tall and majestic trees, or on little cleared elevations in different parts of our present city, the smoke rises from numerous Indian wigwams. It rises, dense as the fumes from their pipe bowls, plainly from the fort of the Dutchmen at the Point, and now and then from the solitary hut of some resolute Englishman, remnant of former emigrations, who in spite of cold and famine and disease, still maintains his foothold in the wilderness. It is June—the middle of it. Trees, plants and shrubs are all in foliage. Corn and hemp in much abundance have started from the ground. The earth has on its carpet of green. Birds carol every where amid verdant branches. The sturgeon and the salmon have not yet ceased to leap in the river. The Indian is busy spearing them, or dragging his hempen net “by mossy bank and darkly waving wood.” His tiny canoe is shooting up and down a stream—broad, deep and majestic enough it looks, to



W. A. A. A.

W. A. A. A.

The first appearance of Hartford to the settlers.

float all the pinnaces that commerce can gather, on, freighted with every exchangeable commodity that industry can create, on to the ocean and a market.

Such was the first aspect of Hartford to the primitive Settlers. Truly it was a goodly one!

A more minute view but improved it. It showed that the soil was indeed, as reported, naturally most fruitful—that it produced a remarkable variety of most valuable roots and herbs—and that the groves around were filled with natural fruits and excellent game, and the waters with fish. Ground-nuts, artichokes, wild leeks, onions, garlic, turnips, wild pease, plantain, radishes, and other esculent roots, grew spontaneously. There was hardly a medicinal vegetable, of common use, that could not be found in profusion. There was enough of bloodroot, and liquorice root, and spikenard, and elecampane, and sarsaparilla, and senna, and ginseng, and angelica, and masterwort, and lungwort, and centaury, and flag, and elder, and pennyroyal, and rattlesnake weed, and mallow, and celandine—enough of these, and of many other medicinal roots and barks and buds, to supply scores of druggists and cullers of simples for centuries. Walnuts, chestnuts, butternuts, hazelnuts and acorns, filled the groves. What a time the children were to have! Wild game was also to be found in the richest abundance. There were the deer, moose, bear, turkey, partridge, quail, and pigeons in such extraordinary numbers as frequently “to obscure the light” as they swept in flocks along. And there were water-fowl, too, in great variety—the wild goose, the wild duck, the widgeon, the broadbill, the teal. How

appetizing! What a lure to deglutition and digestion! One would think the Hartford Settlers need never have thought of being troubled with "anxious stomachs," there was around them a natural bill of fare so showy and tempting, and apparently exhaustless—more so than that of any modern Delmonico, or of even that world-renowned *chef de cuisine* Carème—one worthy of the *Rocher Cancale**—enough to make epicures of all the fathers and mothers of Hartford, and to render surfeit "the father of much fast."

But more than all, as bearing upon future trade and commerce, and so upon the pecuniary prospects of the Settlers, there were the otter, the beaver, the fox, the raccoon, the mink, the muskrat, most abundant, not only where the Settlers paused, but along the whole Connecticut River from its source down. The river would form a natural highway for the transmission of their valuable skins. It communicated with numerous tribes of Indians to the north, with the lakes and the natives of Canada, and the site of Hartford could be reached by vessels from the ocean. There already had the Dutch, for some time past, purchased annually no less than ten thousand skins, and not unfrequently Massachusetts and Plymouth had sent in ships to England one thousand pounds sterling worth of them at a time, brought chiefly from the Connecticut. Well might Hooker and his party, then, delight in their pecuniary prospects! All the consid-

* A Paris restaurant, where, as John Sanderson metaphorically says, "you would think the servants were bearing along the sacred things of Mother Vesta—their feet are muffled, and the dishes are of velvet."

erations which now a days, with materials of commerce entirely different, have impelled the citizens of Hartford to urge new facilities of travel down the Connecticut valley to this city, and to improve and keep open navigation hence to the sea, operated in modified forms on the minds of the Hartford Settlers in choosing their locality, and rallied chiefly around the trade in skins—especially the skins of the quick, slender, shrewd, soft-skinned otter, and the broad-tailed, ingenious, industrious, epicurean beaver. Well, in this view, as they survey the Connecticut, and see the log canoe of the Indian skimming its waters, and think of their own commercial future, of their own pinnaces soon to come and return freighted with the stores of their settlement—well may we put in their mouths the graphic language of Brainard:

“ ’Tis here the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds;
And as the unharmed swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves, and touch thy noble shores !”

Thus upon a nearer view, in respect to its fertility and trade, appeared the site of Hartford to the first Settlers.

But upon it, as already suggested, and around it, were Indians—many. On the site itself was a tribe which, for the want of any other known appellative, we may designate from the known name of the site itself, as the tribe of *Suckiage*. South of the site was a tribe tributary to the Mattabesetts. North were sev-

eral tribes known as the Mattanag, subsequently as the Windsor Indians. East were the Podunk and the Hoccanum Indians, and west the Tunxis tribe. They numbered in all, probably some three thousand. Wild, artful, active, sullen in anger, courageous under torture, superstitious—dressing in skins of wild beasts, with belts of wampum and ornaments carved of bone, shells and stones—frightful with paints and feathers, and figures, indelible in their skins, of birds and beasts of prey—they were occupied, the men in hunting, fishing, shooting, in martial exercises and in war, and the women, both in and out of doors, as drudges. Their weapons were the bow, strung with the sinew of the deer—the arrow, headed with flint—the spear, headed with bone or stone—and the tomahawk and scalping-knife, made of wood or stone. They had canoes hollowed from the whitewood, pine and chestnut, and nets wrought with cords of hemp, and fish-hooks made of flexible bones. They were domesticated in wigwams made of young trees bent and covered with mats of bark, and furnished with a few simple utensils, such as knives, pestles, mortars and chisels, made of stone, shells and reeds. They fed on wild animals, their entrails as well as their flesh, on nuts, acorns, the gleanings of the forest, and on corn, beans and squashes. They worshipped a Great Spirit whom they called *Kitchtan*, an Evil Spirit whom they called *Hobammocko*, and led on by priests denominated *Powaws*, paid homage to fire, and water, and thunder, and lightning. They had a plurality of wives. They were impure in their morals. Their justice was rude and severe. Their government was an absolute mon-

archy. The will of their Sachems, aided by a few chosen counsellors, called the *Paniese*, was held in profound awe, and obeyed without question.

Such were the aboriginal inhabitants of the country into which the Hartford Settlers came! Yet, though wild, though fierce and intractable in their commerce with each other, circumstances had rendered them as a mass friendly to the whites. They lived in and around the site of Hartford, tributary to and in perpetual fear of both the Mohawks and the Pequots. The English, they thought, would aid in their protection. Hence, in past years, they had sent on to Massachusetts and Plymouth, soliciting the white men to settle among them, and offering them, if they would do so, as did Wahquimacont a Sachem, in 1631, annual presents of corn and beaver skins. Hooker and his party, then, had no immediate dread of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. They were received by the natives with great kindness, aided with provisions, and instructed by them in a knowledge of the country. Watchfulness and jealousy came afterwards, not at first.

Truly, in view of the spot they had chosen for settlement, its soil, its scenery, its wood, its timber, its water, its marketable attraction, its security, and the long, broad, cheerful vista it opened to the eye of improvement, truly the Hartford Settlers might feel that their lot had fallen in a pleasant place! And so they did!

SCENA.

Hartford.

ITS PURCHASE.—ITS DISTRIBUTION AND PLAN.

No. 3.

“Hither the neighboring Indian Kings resort,
And join with them in articles of peace,
And of their lands make firm conveyances;
And being now by deeds and leagues secure,
Their towns they build, their purchased lands manure.”

Roger Wolcott.

THE first step of the Settlers after their arrival was, of course, to purchase land. They had been for some time close neighbors and friends, were already organized as a church, had been members of townships, and were familiar therefore with action as a body. They agreed then, in the first place, to purchase territory jointly, and afterwards to parcel it out. Accordingly Mr. Samuel Stone and Mr. William Goodwin were appointed, in behalf of the proprietors, to treat for land with the tribe of Suckiage.

At this time Sequassen was its chief Sachem. He was an Indian of considerable notoriety. He was of the blood royal—was proud. It was his boast that he never had been conquered by the Pequots, nor paid them tribute. He was warlike. He met the renowned Uncas in battle, and though vanquished, retired without disgrace. He was persevering. When his friend

and ally, a neighboring sagamore, was slain, he thundered his claim for the "meane" murderer at the fort of the Podunks, allied Uncas actively with his purpose of revenge, and was with difficulty appeased, if at all so, by the intervention of the General Court. He had occasional differences with the whites. He burned Mr. Andrew Warner's hedge, and paid damages only after he had been brought before Governor Haynes and threatened with an attachment. Once he was strongly suspected of conspiring with Miantinomo "to draw the Indians into a confederation" against the English, but without, it seems, just foundation. Once he was charged with conspiring the death of certain magistrates among the English—was arrested, imprisoned, tried before the Commissioners of the United Colonies, and, for want of proof, was acquitted. He was a landholder of some consequence. Besides Hartford he had land east "beyond the river." He was rather extensively connected both by blood and treaty with surrounding Sachems. He was upon the whole friendly to the English, and once testified strongly in their favor, in open Court, against the Dutch. Though vindictive and wary, he seems to have loved his friends, and adhered to his promises. He was quite fair for an Indian.

Such was the chief with whom Mr. Stone and Mr. Goodwin had to negotiate. They were successful, and so far as appears without trouble. With Sequassen's consent, and that of "those of his tribe also who were of age" to declare it, and "with the consent of the rest of the inhabitants of the place," they soon purchased an area about the same as our present

township. It was to extend from a tree marked N. F., which was "the dividant between Hartford and Wethersfield" on the south, to Windsor bounds on the north, and from the Great River on the east "full six miles" into the wilderness on the west—and it embraced all "meadows, pastures, woodes, underwood, stones, quarries, brookes, ponds, rivers, profitts, comodities and appurtenances whatsoever." The original deed, witnessed by "many natives and English inhabitants," is lost. A renewal of it, however, by the heirs and successors of the Sachem who granted it, bearing date 1670, and reciting its subsequent confirmation by Sequassen, and his enlargement of the original grant "westward as far as his country went," is still preserved. These heirs and successors have strange names—Masseekcup, Williamsqua, Wawarme, who was the sister and only heir of Sequassen, Keepequam, Seacutt, Jack Spiner, Currecombe, Weehassatucka squa, and Seacunk squa! What jawbreakers! Try and pronounce them! And the original marks of these Indians are as grotesque as their names are strangely compounded. Caliban, invoking all the charms of his mother Sycorax, could not have traced stranger figures.

The consideration of the deed no where appears. It would be curious to know what it was—probably cloth, axes, kettles, knives, &c., as were paid by the Dutch in their purchase of the Point. That a consideration was given, that it was increased when Sequassen confirmed his grant, and was enlarged again when his heirs and successors renewed it, "to near the value the land was esteemed at before the English came in-

to these parts," is apparent from the deed of renewal itself. The fathers of Hartford then honorably and satisfactorily paid for the township. This is a gratifying fact.

Soon as acquired, the land, one large portion of it required for immediate use, was at once distributed to the new proprietors, one part for houselots, and another for farms, for plow and meadow lots. In this distribution, as was just, the few settlers who had preceded Hooker and his party shared. The first part was in lots of about two acres each, and was arranged so as nearly to cover the present thickly settled portion of our city. Each Settler had one of these. The second part stretched in every direction out from the first, and was distributed to the Settlers in different proportions, according to their means, their contributions towards the purchase, sometimes according to their services, sometimes their necessities, and sometimes their dignity. Each grant was upon condition that the land should be improved, or else returned to the town. These lots, with occasional relaxations of the rule, were to be built upon within twelve months, and the houses, by way of precaution against fire, were to have each a ladder or a tree running to within two feet of their tops. In case any proprietor wished to sell, the town, paying only for any labor expended, was to have the preference as purchaser. It was to hold also in reversion all lots abandoned for four years by the removal of any grantee from the settlement, and could at any time, upon compensation made, run highways wherever deemed necessary.

These highways it is important to know, at least

generally, if we would get a proper conception of Hartford, as originally laid out. Dull of course, Reader, the statement must prove to some of you, we are aware. But it is essential to our purpose—important to you if you feel interest enough in the town to be versed in its history. Start not then, “nor deem our spirit fled,” if carefully and coldly we unbury for a moment the bones of Hartford, dry though they be, for our own city is their monument:

“Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.”

Walk with us then, if you please, to the foot of the present State House Square. This spot was fixed upon by the Settlers as a site for their Meeting-house. Running hence down present State Street, winding a little distance through present Front Street, and striking diagonally to the foot of present Kilbourn Street to the river, they laid out a highway which they called “*Road to the Ferry*,” and also “*Road to the Little Meadow*.” The meadow here mentioned was the level area, then much larger than now, which extends from Little River to the North Meadow Creek. At the foot of Ferry Street a “*Town Landing*” was established. There was another “*Landing*,” at the corner of present Arch and Front Streets—and running from this point north was a “*Road from Little River to North Meadow*,” a name which the meadow still preserves—and running from the same point, on both sides of Little River, to near the present Railroad Depot, were two roads, called each “*Highway by the Little River*.” From the junction of the present North

Main and Trumbull Streets, south to the bridge, was another highway called "*Road from Centinel Hill to the Palisado.*" Centinel Hill was then quite an elevation, and for many years supplied the town with a sentry-place, and with dirt and gravel. The Palisado was probably some fortification. From the present State House Square again, turning at the corner of present Pearl Street, and running along the bank of Little River to the foot of present West Pearl Street, where the first site for a mill was chosen, was another highway called "*Meeting House to the Mill,*" and which, continued on over present Lord's Hill, was called "*Road from the Mill to the Country.*" On the south-west corner of present Pearl Street, was a house lot set off to Seth Grant. From this point then north, in the line of present Trumbull Street, was another highway called "*Centinel Hill to Seth Grant's House.*" From Centinel Hill, one road led off in the line of the present Albany Turnpike, and was called "*Centinel Hill to the Cow Pasture,*"—a pasture embracing about one thousand acres, and lying north of the turnpike and west of the present Windsor road. Continued on, this road was called "*Cow Pasture to the Country.*" Another road led from the Hill named, to the North Meadow, and was called "*Centinel Hill to the North Meadow.*" It joined the highway from Little River, and the two ran off, either through the meadow or along on the bank in the adjacent Neck, in a "*Road to Windsor.*" South of the present Main Street Bridge again, and running from it to a tract of about four hundred and fifty acres, which extended from the present Burying Ground on the New Haven Turnpike

east to the South Meadow, and was called the "*Ox Pasture*," was another highway designated as the "*Road to the Ox Pasture*," and also as the "*Road to Wethersfield*." Nearly parallel with this, and running from the site of the mill heretofore mentioned, on by the present Trinity College, through Cooper Lane, thence diagonally, till it struck the south part of present Washington Street, past the present Insane Retreat, and so on to the large, level tract beyond which crosses the New Haven Turnpike, was a road called, the first portion of it, "*Road from the Mill to the Country*," and the second portion "*Road from George Steel's to the Great Swamp*." Nearly parallel again with this, but winding as it joins present Main Street, was another highway, present Cole Street, called the "*Road to Wethersfield*," or "*to the Ox Pasture*." Intersecting these roads, besides that along Little River already mentioned, was another, which starting in present Washington Street, ran partly through present Buckingham Street and through Charter Street, down to the meadow then designated and now known as the "*South Meadow*." This road was called, its upper portion, "*George Steel's to the South Meadow*," the part from present Main to Cole Street, "*Giles Smith's to William Gibbon's*," the part below "*Road to the South Meadow*" or "*to the Indian's Land*."

Various cart paths and alleys ran through the original plat as now described, and in every direction around and beyond it were land locations designated by a great variety of names, and set off sometimes to one, sometimes to a number of proprietors in common. Such were, besides some above mentioned, the *West*

Field, Brick Hill, Bridgefield, Blue Hills, Pine Field, Venturer's Field, Poke Hill, Rocky Hill, Indian's Land, Soldier's Field, &c.,* and towards present West Hartford, reaching from Wethersfield to Windsor, there was a large strip of land called the "*Commons*," which was set apart for public use, for pasture, timber and wood. The rest of the town was reserved undivided in the hands of the Proprietors, to be distributed from time to time thereafter as occasion should require.

Of the house-lots those chiefly were first improved, by the erection of buildings, which lay along Little River, and the present Main, Front and Cole Streets. In present Arch Street, Hooker and Stone and Wm. Goodwin and Richard Webb planted themselves, and on the opposite side of the river, among others were

* This last location doubtless has some history. What it is we know not, but think that the present worthy Treasurer of the Town can enlighten the Public about it. We invite him to do so. And by way of compensation we will treat him in advance to the first record establishing the office which he now holds, and appointing the first officer.

"Feb. 14, 1659, Ensign John Talcott was chosen by a vote of the Town, to be a Town Treasurer, or *husband for the town*, to preserve the town stock, until the Town see cause to alter their order."

"*Husband for the town!*" Good enough! We had always hitherto wondered at the confirmed celibacy of the present excellent successor of Ensign John Talcott. For him no love "learned in a lady's eyes," no courtship's smiling day, no rosy bondage, no babies dear!

"In vain to soothe *his* solitary shade,
Has Love his notes in mingling measure played."

Yet, consistently with the Record, he could not have yielded to the siren without committing bigamy, and being a gentleman of singular uprightness, he is "fain not to sin." It is perhaps fortunate for the town, that its present *Husband* has no other wife!

[The Treasurer cheerfully complied with the suggestion in the note above, as will be seen hereafter. Ed.]

Andrew Bacon, Nathaniel Ward and Andrew Wake-man.

Along Front Street, among others, were James Olmsted, Timothy Standley, William Bull, William Westwood and Stephen Hart.

Along Main Street, among others, were John Steele, our first Town Clerk, Richard Olmsted, Richard Lord, Clement Chaplin, John Pratt, John Talcott and Nathaniel Ely.

South of West Pearl Street, and on the banks of Little River, were Thomas Stanton and Nathaniel Richards.

Along Trumbull Street, among others, were William Wadsworth, John Clark, Thomas Burchwood and Thomas Hale.

On the road from present Buckingham Square to Washington Street, were, among others, John Moody, Richard Lyman and Thomas Bull.

Along present Cole Street, were at first Thomas Hosmer and William Whiting, and subsequently Edward Hopkins, John Webster, Thomas Wells and George Wyllys, four Governors, as they became, of Connecticut. On this street now lives our present Governor, his Excellency Thomas H. Seymour. Boston, also, the last of the Negro Governors, lived and died upon it. Five Governors of Connecticut from one street in Hartford, besides a sixth one of ebony! The fact is most remarkable! It deserves commemoration. A petition for this purpose is in progress, praying that the present name of the street in question may be changed to "*Governor's Street*." Our municipal officers cannot we think but make the

change. It will be pleasing, appropriate, and we doubt not, find favor with all.*

Behold our town now, Reader, platted, nearly as we can plat it in brief description. Take a pen or pencil, if you feel interest enough, and draw it! You will in this way get an idea of its appearance, sufficiently correct for the general purpose we have in view. But we will furnish you with a map of it soon, an exact one. It is afoot.

Meanwhile look at Hartford as it is forming—fast! The Settlers are busy providing shelters for themselves—houses and huts. Listen to the reverberation of their axes, the buzz of their saws, the blows of their hammers! They are felling trees, shaping timber, sawing boards, cleaving shingles, digging cellars, digging wells, and carting earth and stones. Their stock is turned out in wood and meadow to crop and graze. Already milk-maids sing, perhaps to some “responsive swains.” Plows are busy opening here and there the virgin soil. Bareheaded Indians in fantastic attire—their hair stiffened by paint and bear’s grease into the straightness of cock’s-combs and crests, or falling in thick, heavy plaits about their tawny necks—come, in fringed shirts and skirts, and beaded breeches, leggins and moccasins, up from the North and South Meadows, where they soon began chiefly to hut, to supply the new comers with corn and game, and receive in return trinkets and wampum. The children of the whites

* A cheerful response was given to this suggestion, and March 10th, 1851, by a unanimous vote of the Common Council of Hartford, Cole Street became *Governor’s Street*.

stare at them, as they pass, with wonder not unmingled with fear, then turn to their sports again beneath the trees,

“ And many a gambol frolic on the ground,
While the loud laughter titters round.”

Their fathers are thinking of a school-house for them, and will make it. So pass the week-days to the Settlers, in bustle, labor, contrivance for present subsistence, and preparation for permanent conveniences—and at that fortunate “purple” period of the year when zephyrs fling their fragrance through the clear, blue sky, and “the insect youth are on the wing,” and herds low for their young, and warblers pour their notes—while the Rivulet, as the Settlers often beautifully called our present Little River, chimed over the rocks and pebbles in its bed, and the winds gently swept the skirts of those far spreading woods, which to them were “far more free from peril than the envious court.” And Sundays, and “Lecture Days,” how careful the devotion! Regularly on these occasions, and morning and evening daily, collected either in some house or in the open air, perhaps in some barn or beneath some spreading oak, as were the New Haven Colonists at first, the pious Settlers of Hartford proffer unquestionably to Heaven the warm request,

“ That He who stills the raven’s clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.”

We will look at their progress in another article.

SC. EVA.

Black Governors in Connecticut.

No. 4.

BY WAY OF NOTE TO "HARTFORD, NO. 3."

"Laugh an' sing until to-morrow,
'Tis de Darkies holiday!

Chorus. Let's be gay, &c."

NOT a veritable, constitutional, black Governor for the whites, Reader—no—but a chief executive black officer, among the blacks, for themselves! We alluded to the circumstance in our Article Third on Hartford, but finding it little understood, we cheerfully comply with a request from several sources to explain it.

For many years previous to the American Revolution, throughout this event, and long after—down nearly to 1820, and perhaps a little later—it was the custom of the negroes of Connecticut, in imitation of the whites, to elect a Governor for themselves. This they generally effected on some day, usually the Saturday next succeeding the Election Day of the whites, and they called it *their* "Lection Day." At this time they were generally assembled in unusual numbers, with their masters, in one of the capitals of the State. They of course made their election to a large extent, deputatively, as all could not be present, but uniform-

ly yielded to it their assent—and their confidence was at times so unlimited, that without any choice by themselves, they readily permitted their existing Governor to assign his office over to another one of his color—as will be seen in a case we shall soon quote.

The person they selected for the office in question, was usually one of much note among themselves, of imposing presence, strength, firmness and volubility, who was quick to decide, ready to command, and able to flog. If he was inclined to be a little arbitrary, belonged to a master of distinction, and was ready to pay freely for diversions—these were circumstances in his favor. Still it was necessary he should be an honest negro, and be, or appear to be, “wise above his fellows.” When elected, he had his aids, his parade, and appointed military officers, sheriffs, and justices of the peace. The precise sphere of his power we cannot ascertain. Probably it embraced “matters and things in general” among the blacks, morals, manners, and ceremonies. He settled all grave disputes in the last resort, questioned conduct, and imposed penalties and punishments sometimes for vice or misconduct. He was respected as “Gubernor,” say many old gentlemen to us, by the negroes throughout the State, and obeyed almost implicitly.

His parade days were marked by much that was showy, and by some things that were ludicrous. A troop of blacks, sometimes an hundred in number, marching sometimes two and two on foot, sometimes mounted in true military style and dress on horseback, escorted him through the streets, with drums beating, colors flying, and fifes, fiddles, clarionets, and every

"sonorous metal" that could be found, "uttering martial sound." After marching to their content, they would retire to some large room which they would engage for the purpose, for refreshments and deliberation. This was all done with the greatest regard to ceremony. His ebony excellency would pass through the files of his procession, supported by his aids, with an air of consummate dignity, to his quarters, and there receive the congratulations of his friends, and dispense the favor of his salutations, his opinions and his appointments. One of these occasions, in Hinsdale's tavern, on the site now occupied by Hon. H. Barnard, is well remembered by an old gentleman now living, who informs us that *Quaw*, a negro then belonging to Col. George Wyllys, enacted the Governor at this time to great satisfaction, and was the stiffest and proudest "Darkie" he ever saw.

Another of the black governors at one time was *Peleg Nott*, who belonged to Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth. Peleg was a "first-rate feller," we are told—remarkable for his exact dress and military bearing. He superintended his master's farm in West Hartford, the same now occupied by Z. Alden, Esq., and was, to use the language of our informant, "the most independent man in the West Division." He drove a Provision Cart in the war while Col. Wadsworth was Commissary. When elected Governor, a curious accident befel him. The place of the election was on the Neck, near the north burying yard. Peleg, after he was chosen, had no sooner mounted his horse, booted and spurred, than his impatient and fiery steed started at once for a pond which then lay a little south of the

cemetery mentioned, and plunging headlong into it, bespattered his excellency from head to foot with mud and water. Not long after this occurrence, Peleg met Col. Wadsworth one day, and the following dialogue occurred. "Massa, me want to be free," said Peleg. "What do you want to be free for?" said Col. Wadsworth. "Oh Massa, freedom's sweet," replied Peleg. "Well then," said his master, "I'll make you free." "When will you make me so?" inquired Peleg. "Now," answered Col. Wadsworth—"you are free from this day." And he became so.

Boston, belonging to a Mr. Nichols, who left him a handsome estate, was another of the black governors. He lived in Cole Street, and was a genuine African. He used to boast that the real Guinea negro never stole, but only negroes born in this country. All who remember him, and there are many, concur in giving him the character of "a stable, respectable man." He held his office many years—and when he died, which was about forty years ago, he was buried with funeral honors. With his cocked hat and sword upon his coffin, and followed by a numerous train, he was carried into the South Congregational Church, and there Dr. Flint pronounced a sort of funeral eulogy over his remains, which were afterwards deposited in the Centre Burying Ground. He had a son named *Roman*, who was crazy, and in his craziness was intolerably filthy. A ludicrous anecdote is told of Roman and Dr. Strong. The latter once employed Roman to hive a swarm of bees. When within about twenty feet of the swarm, it suddenly formed in a solid battalion about six inches deep and three feet long, and poured on directly to-

wards Roman with such impetuosity that Dr. Strong thought the poor fellow would certainly be killed. But the swarm, soon as it approached within two feet of him, abruptly turned off in another direction and left him undisturbed. "The bees," added our informant, "couldn't stand Roman!"

There were many other black governors from other parts of the State than Hartford; from Middletown, Norwich, Wallingford, *Peter Freeman* from Farmington, &c. Others from Hartford were *Cuff* and *John Anderson*.

The following extract from Hinman's American Revolution presents curious facts with regard to these blacks, and to whites also. They will richly reward perusal:

"At the early period of the war, (May 14, 1776.) the Americans were jealous and alarmed at the rustling of every leaf, and watchful of every movement. At this time, *Cuff* was Governor of the blacks in Connecticut. He had held the office for ten years, and on the 11th of May aforesaid, he resigned his office to John Anderson, a negro servant of Gov. Skeen, which resignation and appointment were in the words and figures following, viz:

"Hartford, 11th May, 1776.

"I Governor Cuff of the Niegro's in the province of Connecticut, do Resign my Governmentshipe to John Anderson, Niegor Man to Governor Skene.

"And I hope that you will obeye him as you have Done me for this ten years past, when Colonel Willis' Niegor Diyed. I was the next. But being weak and unfit for that office do Resine the said Governmentshipe to John Anderson.

"I: John Anderson having the Honour to be appointed Governor

over you, I will do my utmost endevare to serve you in Every Respect, and I hope you will obey me accordingly.

JOHN ANDERSON, Governor
over the Niegors in Connecticut.

Witnesses present,

The late Governor Cuff, Hartford,
Quackow,
Petter Wadsworth,
Titows,
Pomp Willis,
John Jones,
Fraday."

"May, 1776. At this appointment, the citizens of Hartford became alarmed; Gov. Skeen was at once suspected of being concerned in his negro's election, with some design upon the citizens of the state. Therefore the Governor and Council of the colony convened at Hartford, took the subject into solemn consideration, and appointed a committee to investigate the subject, of which Jesse Root Esq., was chairman; the committee took with them a constable and immediately repaired to Gov. Skeen's lodgings, found his door locked, and the governor absent. One of the committee remained to guard his room, while others proceeded after him, and found him returning home, and brought him before the committee, and on enquiry whether he had carried on any correspondence with our enemies, he answered he had sacredly kept his engagements in his parole, and had no papers but his own private papers, and offered his keys to the committee to examine his papers. He was asked if he had any previous knowledge of the negroes electing his servant governor of the negroes, or had any hand in effecting said election—which he denied, except a few words that passed between a Mr. Williams and his negro, which he supposed was mere sport, and had no hand in bringing it to pass, directly or indirectly. He was enquired of if he gave his negro money to make a feast for the negroes—he answered that he gave him a half-joe to keep election, but that he knew nothing of the treat at Knox's; that on Friday he heard his negro was chosen governor, and was fearful it might excite jealousy, and even avoided speaking to

him to avoid suspicion, and declared upon his honor he had no papers about him.

"The committee then proceeded to examine the negro governor, who stated that one Sharper, a negro man, first mentioned to him about being governor, and that he informed the negroes, if they would elect him, he would treat them to the amount of \$20, and it had cost him \$25, but declared that no regular officer or soldier had spoken to him on the subject; that there was no scheme or plot, and that he had done it as a matter of sport, and intended no injury to the country, but had the curiosity of seeing an election; that he had been informed the negroes chose a governor annually, and thought he would set up for it. He stated that he got his \$25 by going in a vessel on the lakes, where he had certain perquisites of his own.

The committee made many other enquiries of Gov. Skeen and his servants, together with the captain, (Delaplace.) And ex-Governor Cuff stated that he had been advised to resign his office to Skeen's negro by some of his black friends and some of the regulars, and that he appointed him without an election, as some of them declared they would not have a tory for a governor. On Friday night after the election, the negroes had a dance and entertainment at Mr. Knox's, in Hartford, at an expense of 50s., which was paid by others, and Gov. Skeen's negroes were not allowed to pay anything. This bill was paid by Majors French and Dermet; which facts were stated to the Governor and Council by Jesse Root Esq., Chairman, May 22d, 1776."

Curious, Reader, is it not? You will laugh and wonder, no doubt—perhaps inquire what on the whole was the influence of the custom under consideration? Well, we are satisfied from all we have heard that this influence was a useful one. "It kept the blacks in good order," say many old gentlemen to us, "while it at the same time innocently gratified their fondness for enjoyment." Their peace justices or *Squires*, as they were called, really at times entertained important

cases, but decided them most generally with a leaning towards severity. Here is a case illustrating this last statement. A black in Hartford, who had been guilty of thieving, was taken before Jonathan Bull Esq., for trial. "Better carry him down to Squire Nep," said Mr. Bull. It was accordingly done. Now *Nep*, or *Neptune* as he was called at length, was a black justice of the peace—a barber by trade, and noted for his integrity, sternness, and influence with those of his own color. He was much respected too by the whites. Squire Nep heard the case, ordered the criminal to give up all his tobacco and his gun by way of restitution, and sentenced him to receive thirty lashes on his bare back. This sentence was carried into effect on the South Green—by candle light. The lashes were put on, says our informant, "most unmercifully"—and though the candle went out two or three times during the process, it was re-lighted, that the sentence might be carried into full effect. A threat to be carried to "old Nep," always operated as a terror to the blacks, and kept them orderly.

We have got a well-behaved set of them now, taken as a whole—it is certain. Many of them are "prime" in a better than a mercantile sense. Our city is in this respect favored.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

MAP OF THE TOWN IN 1640.

No. 5.

"Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen.

* * * * Can we so describe

That you may fairly streets and buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?

This cannot be; yet moved by your request,
A part I paint—let Fancy form the rest."

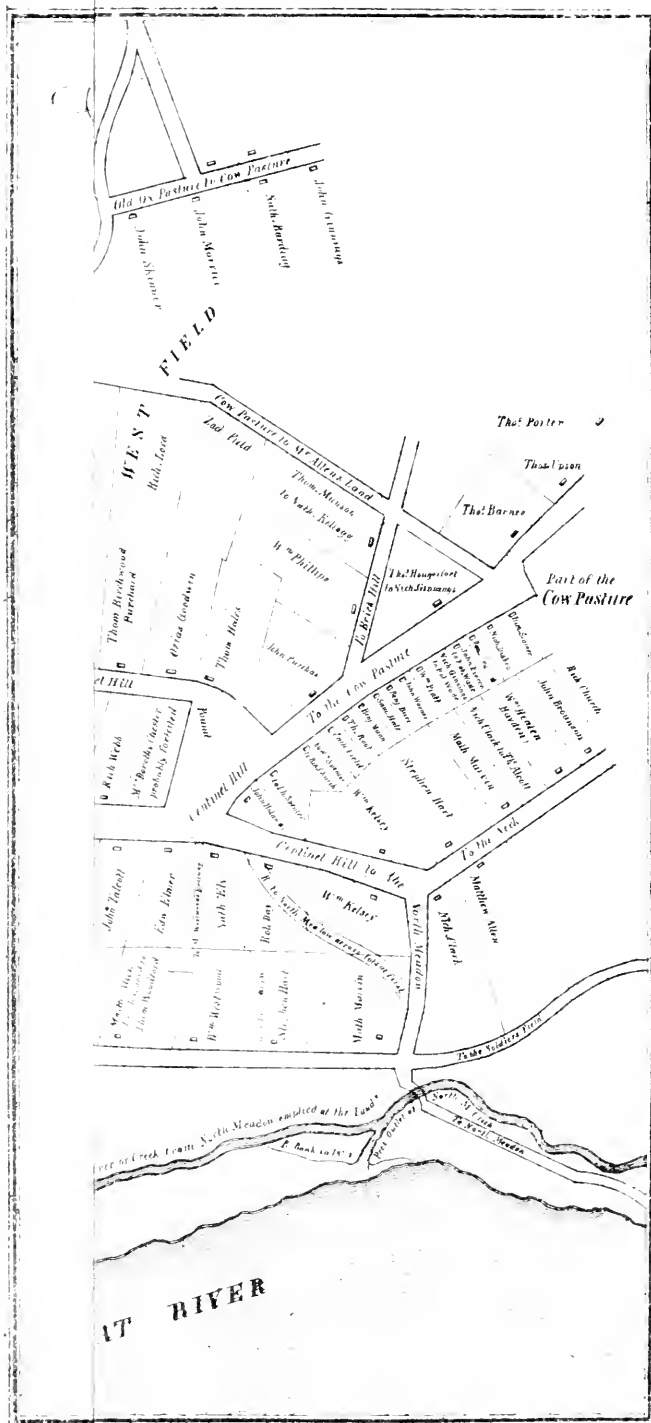
Crabbe.

WE promised it to you, Reader—and here it is—a Map of Hartford, as it appeared two hundred and thirteen years ago! It is the same, "with reverend mosses gray," to which we referred in Article Third of our Historical Series.

December 10th, 1838, its execution was ordered by the Town, upon a motion made by our venerable and respected fellow-citizen, James Ward Esq., who has ever been honorably distinguished for his thoughtfulness and devotion in throwing light upon the past. It was voted "that the Selectmen be authorized to procure a Survey of our Town as originally laid out, with reference to its ancient history, and with the alterations in its public roads since that time, at an expense

not exceeding three hundred dollars." December 30th, 1839, Mr. Ward, and Messrs. Nathaniel Goodwin, Alfred Smith, and James B. Hosmer, were appointed a Committee to carry this vote into effect, and for this purpose engaged the services of William S. Porter Esq., of Farmington.

Mr. Porter has been long and favorably known as a careful investigator of records, and as a skilful surveyor and mapper. He entered upon his task, and from deeds and historic memorials, with patience and exactness, accomplished it, perfecting the map as he progressed, in all cases of doubt, by surveys made by himself. And he has recently, in preparation for its publication, carefully reviewed it in connection with his own notes and memoranda, and rendered it unquestionably accurate. With our worthy Town Treasurer, we carefully corrected its proof impressions, compared the Map with our records, and can testify, as can many others who have examined it, that it is a most reliable topographical picture of Hartford in its infancy. In the ancestral and historical associations which it cannot fail to awaken, you will be able, Reader, we trust, to lay up for yourself a store of comfort. By it you can pleasantly contrast Hartford as it was, with Hartford as it is, especially with the aid of Smith's recent Map of our City. Upon it you will find, many of you, the very spots—designated on the Map by little squares—on which the dwellings of your ancestors stood, when the wilderness and the savage howled around them. Was your Grandfather, Reader, generations back, located on this spot—or on that—or on that—or on which? Look on the Map,



(HARTFORD)

1640

Printed by J. H. Smith, at the
Press of J. H. Smith, at the
Press of J. H. Smith, at the

Part of the
Ox Pasture

Woods to the Pasture and the Pasture

SOUTH SIDE

LITTLE MIDDLE

GREAT RIVER

HART FIELD

The Pasture

The Pasture

The Pasture

Part of the
Ox Pasture

and find the homestead of the "Stock from which you sprung!"

"Mark his old mansion, frowning through the trees"—

and as you wander over and around it, seek sweet inspiration from those household deities

"whose guardian eye
Marks each pure thought, ere registered on high,"

and sing fancies to the consecrated spot, and sigh and strive for a life pure as that passed by the first Settlers of Hartford.*

SC.EVA.

* The Map—through the ready contributions of a few gentlemen interested in the object, and especially of Messrs Boswell & Faxon—was first published in a beautiful form, on the sheet of the Hartford Daily Courant, after having been lithographed by Messrs Case & Green, of this city, with a taste and skill and exactness, in all respects worthy of the beautiful art which they profess.

Hartford.

ITS FIRST ORGANIZATION, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS.

No. 6.

"Law is the faint reflection in man's turbid mind
Of the bright Order first by Heaven designed;
Religion the deep homage of his finite soul
In awful reverence of the Supreme control."

Anon.

"England, sir, is a nation which still I hope respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant: and they took their bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands."

Speech of Edmund Burke.

It is to be regretted that our Town records, previous to 1639, are but exceedingly few in number. Printed altogether they would occupy but little more than a half-page of this work. From these however, from those of the General Court, and from references to the past and implications in records which succeed the founding of the town, we are able to glean an idea of its first organization. We have already referred to Settlers as preceding Hooker and his party. Who were they? How many of them? Enough, we answer, to have commenced an organization town-wise, and, in connection with Windsor and Wethersfield, statewise. Previous to June, 1636, they held

town meetings—one, the earliest, bearing date 1635. Previous to this time also they elected members of a General Court, which was held, the first one in our State, in Hartford, April 6th, 1636.* But everything

* The two members of this Court from Hartford, were *John Steele* and *William Westwood*. The following notices of these men, are from the pen of Hon. Thomas Day, of this city.

"*John Steele*, one of the Commissioners from Massachusetts for governing the contemplated settlement in Connecticut, was a respectable and useful magistrate, though not a great or learned man. He was admitted a freeman in Massachusetts, in May, 1634. In March, 1635, and again in September following, he was a deputy from Newtown in the general court of that colony. [1 *Winth.* 285, *n.*] He came to Connecticut and settled in Hartford, either in October, 1635, or early in the spring of 1636. He was present at the first general court held under the commission, in April, 1636, and attended every other court during the continuance of that instrument. His name appears also among the magistrates in the general court, held on the 1st of May, 1637. He was afterwards a member of that body, in the capacity of deputy, for more than twenty years, his last attendance being in March, 1659. [1 & 2 *Col. Rec.* *passim.*]

"He was the first Secretary of the government, and the first town-clerk of the town of Hartford.

"In 1644, he was associated with Edward Hopkins, John Haynes, John Mason and James Boosey, as agents of the government, to treat with George Fenwick for the transfer of the fort at Saybrook, with its appurtenances; and, in that capacity, he was a party to the agreement of December 5th, 1644. [1 *Trumb.* 538. 541.]

"His homestead in Hartford, containing two acres, abutted, in the language of the record, 'on the highway leading from the Palisado to the meeting-house, on the West: on the alley to the meeting-house, on the East: on the land of Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Stone, on the South; and on Clement Chaplin's land, on the North:' comprehending the greater part of the land on the East side of Main Street, between Wadsworth's alley and Grove Street, and extending Eastward a few rods beyond Prospect Street. [*Orig. Distrib.* 461. 474.]

"In the year 1651, he removed to Farmington, and there spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1664.

"*William Westwood* was a native of Essex county, in England; whence he migrated to this country in or about the year 1632, and settled at Newtown, Mass.—since Cambridge. On the 4th of March, 1635, he was admitted a freeman of that community. [2 *Winth.* 364. *app.*] He removed to Connecticut, and

with these first emigrants was comparatively feeble and inefficient, "scarce half made up," until the arrival of Hooker and his party, who, from their superior numbers, preparation, influence, and firmness of establishment, are justly looked upon as the Founders of our town. They infused new activity, skill, knowledge and confidence, into the infant plantation. On their arrival the Settlement ceased to grope. It began to look upon the light, to breathe freely, to sink deeply the pillars of Church and State, and to clutch them with a firm grasp. Its aspect now, nearly as we can, though scantily of course from want of materials, we will present.

The organization of the town was democratic, purely so as regards the action of those who, as *In-*

settled at Hartford, either in the fall of 1635, or early in the spring of 1636. He was present at the first court held in Connecticut, on the 26th of April, 1636. He attended also every subsequent court, during the continuance of the commission; but his name does not appear among the magistrates, after its expiration. He was, however, a deputy from Hartford, in the years 1642, 1643, 1644, 1646, 1648, and for the last time, in 1656.

"In 1639, he was one of the select-men of the town of Hartford; and was chosen to that office once or twice afterwards. His name appears occasionally as one of the jurors in the trial of causes before the particular court.

"His home-lot in Hartford, consisting of three acres, was on the West side of 'the highway leading from the little river to the North meadow,' now Front Street, with a cart-way through it to Sentinel Hill, being nearly or quite where Morgan Street now is.

"In or about the year 1658, he removed to Hadley, Mass., where he spent the residue of his life. In 1659, he was one of the committee for laying out home-lots in that town; and was often employed on other committees in public service. In 1663, he was one of the select-men of Hadley.

"He died at Hadley, April 9th, 1669, aged about sixty-two. His wife Bridget, died May 12th, 1676. He had one daughter, Sarah, who married Aaron Cook, son of Capt Aaron Cook, of Northampton. To her he gave by will all his lands in Hartford. Her son, Aaron Cook, inheriting from her the same lands, removed to Hartford, and settled thereon."

habitants, framed it, and set it in motion. But who constituted Inhabitants, and as such participated in the construction? The question is an important one.

No persons, we answer, but those who were admitted as such by a vote of the town in public meeting. The Settlers were peculiarly careful and circumspect with regard to this matter. No idler, pauper, beggar, vagrant or vagabond, no vicious or abandoned person, coming to the place, stood the least chance of gaining a settlement with them, or of being permitted even to tarry. Even any young man, *unmarried*, no matter what his character, could not sojourn in any family without allowance from the town—nor could he, though belonging to the town, keep house by himself, under a penalty of twenty shillings, unless he had a servant or was a public officer. It was a great object with the Settlers to keep their body pure, and, so far as possible, to found it on the family—an object which it has been the policy of our Town and State to secure ever since, and which has always figured conspicuously in our jurisprudence.

We now permit no aliens to acquire a settlement with us, but by a vote of our inhabitants, or the consent of a majority of our civil authority and Selectmen. We receive no one, as an inhabitant, from any other State or District or Territory of the United States, nor even from any other town in our own State, but upon certain express and watchful conditions. We shut out paupers from other towns and other States, so far as we can, and forbid the entertainment, harboring or hire of all persons whom we have

once removed, or warned to depart. We do not, it is true, treat young bachelors as did the Founders of our town—not deeming them so young, if they behave themselves, as not to be useful inhabitants, nor so iey as not to be melted into wedlock by the rays of love. If we did, we should have a nest of them about our ears directly, buzzing and fretting like so many angry bees, and should encounter also the somewhat deadened sting of a few old ones in the hive, whose enfeebled, not to say fussy wings, fail to lift them into the nuptial state. But the principle of all our legislation with regard to inhabitaney was established, as appears, with Hartford itself. It has come down to us, modified in its application, but unimpaired in vitality—an essential, conservative principle, whose useful operation it is to protect morals, to promote intelligence, and guard against expense.

Constituted as we have described, the first Inhabitants of Hartford made their own assemblage the medium of their legislation. They established the *Town Meeting*—that little primitive nursery of republican truth, whose fruit now feeds and thrills the free soul of every man, woman and child among us. They made it the duty of every man who was an Inhabitant to attend it—under penalty of a fine, without good excuse for each act of failure—nor would they allow him to leave the meeting until its conclusion, without sufficient reason. The fine in this case was at first small—but sixpence—yet its imposition indicates a strong sense of public duty. Every man, the Founders of Hartford thought, was interested, and deeply, in

the town—was bound to be acquainted with its affairs, to participate in them both by counsel and with will—was to contribute actively towards their due administration. Alas that such is not more generally the feeling now!

The officers first created by the town for the administration of its affairs, were *Townsmen*, *Constables*, one or more, *Surveyors*, *Chimney-Viewers*, and occasionally *Committees* and *Arbitrators*. The duties of Townsmen were, in general, similar to those of our Selectmen at the present day, but were more extensive. Exempted from training, watching and warding, they were “to order the common occasions of the town” in all cases except those involving the admission of new inhabitants, taxes, the grant of lands, and the alteration of highways. These matters were reserved for meetings of the town. They were also to exercise a supervision, somewhat minute, over the morals, manners, and even the private affairs of inhabitants—a supervision which, though not now tolerated to its former extent, is yet a part of our present municipal system, and is seen spread out upon our Statute-Book in its application to taverners, victualling-house keepers, lunatics, spendthrifts, children employed in factories, paupers, vagabonds, and resurrectionists. The rest of the town functionaries mentioned, explain themselves sufficiently by their titles. Their duties were in all respects like those of similar officers in our own day, but it was much more common at first than now, to appoint temporary committees for the execution of municipal purposes, and to settle differences among inhabitants by an appeal to arbitration. Besides these

already mentioned, the town had two other annual officers. These were its *Deputies* or *Representatives* to the General Court, who, in common with other Deputies from Windsor and Wethersfield, regulated the general concerns of the united towns, provided for their common defence, and acted judicially for the administration of estates, and for the settlement of important, but sometimes even of trivial differences.

From the two sources now indicated, the Town Assembly and the General Court, all the laws and regulations of Hartford as a town, emanated from the beginning. It is worthy of remark, however obvious, that the same are the two present fountains of all its civil action. With wisdom and foresight, and in a spirit truly just and patriotic, the Fathers of Hartford established them—blasted them through the rocks of a wilderness into a well of republican truth, whose waters have gushed unfailingly to irrigate and bless a town freedom of more than two centuries.

The earliest town laws passed, relate to the duties of town officers, inhabitants and householders, to grants of house-lots and lands, to the employment of men and cattle in public service, to rates of wages, to taxes, highways, fences, to stray swine and cattle, to pounds, to defence, and to trade with the Indians.

There were doubtless also laws relating to schools, though none of them are preserved previous to 1642, at which time "thirty pounds a year," are settled upon "the town school." This entry, as well as numerous succeeding entries, and the character and circumstances of the Settlers, plainly indicate that among

the earliest subjects which claimed their attention, that of education was one. The School-House doubtless stood side by side in formation with the Church—and had its master too, of whom

“The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could read and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and times presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.”

Blessed, thrice blessed be the Founders of Hartford, that they established the SCHOOL—that noble instrumentality which not alone made their own immediate settlement successful, but which has been woven, as with gold and steel, into the web of our prosperity to the present day, and which—while many of our sister States have their twenties, and thirties, and forties, and even fifties of thousands to whom books are a sealed letter and paper a blank—makes it the proud boast, not alone of Hartford, but of every citizen of Connecticut, in a territory numbering nearly four hundred thousand souls, that *here is a State in which but about three hundred of its native population cannot read and write!**

There is nothing peculiar in the laws of Hartford, at the time of which we speak, which has not already been noted in connection with other topics, save that which relates to defence. The Indians in and around the town, though generally friendly, were many of them thievish, and at times menacing. Bands too of

* The computation in the text includes all incapacitated by idiocy or disease of any description, as well as those who from other causes do not know how to read and write.

marauding Mohawks or Pequots, hostile in their disposition, would occasionally appear and create alarm. It was necessary therefore to keep up a constant watch. Their chief positions were on Centinel Hill at the corner in North Main Street near Messrs Tuttle's store—in South Main Street just below the South Congregational Church—and on Charter Oak Hill. It is tradition that the locations of the sentries at Tuttle's corner, and below the Church mentioned, were in two elm trees, now remembered by many inhabitants, within the crotches of each of which sentry-boxes were placed, so that the watch could easily communicate by signals, and distinctly see the flash of a pistol, from one end of the town to the other. Every male inhabitant over sixteen years of age, with exceptions in favor of certain magistrates and of Church officers, was to take his turn as watchman. A guard besides, with arms fixed, and two charges at least of powder and shot, were to attend "upon every publique meeting for religious use." They were to be free from other wardings, to have seats provided for them near the Meeting-House door, and were to have in their employ two servants, one of whom was to act as "sentinall every meeting." Besides all these precautions, it was forbidden to any man to "trade with the natives or Indians any peece or pistoll or gunn or powder or shott." It was deemed dangerous to supply Indians with weapons so formidable. They were "mortal engines whose rude throats"—"nearer, clearer, deadlier" in their notes than whizzing arrows—were prudently reserved for the white man's use alone. It is not probable, in the first settlement of our town, that their

roar often "opened" in the clang of conflict with any sons of the forest.

A few words now on the first religious organization of Hartford. This was purely Congregational, and we may add also, purely republican. Non-conformists all to the liturgy, ceremonies and discipline of the Church of England, though firm believers in its faith—feeling that the simplicity of the gospel was "marred by association with the display of surplices, caps, copes and cassocks"—the Settlers claimed the right, independently of all external or foreign power, to choose and establish their own ministers, to enact their own ecclesiastical laws, and exercise their own discipline—and so, with a Pastor, Teacher, Ruling Elder, and Deacons, for officers, in a Meeting-House which those who preceded Hooker and his party had already erected, they started the first systematized Church of God in this then "wilderness town." Their Deacons were as deacons now, but their Pastor and their Teacher were somewhat peculiar in their functions. Exhortation chiefly was the duty of the former—it was his province to work on the will and the affections. The latter was the *Doctor in ecclesia*, as he was styled—it was his province to teach, explain and defend the doctrines of Christianity. The Ruling Elder, who was ordained with all the solemnity of a Pastor or Teacher, was "to assist in the government of the church, to watch over all its members, to prepare and bring forward all cases of discipline, to visit and pray with the sick, and, in the absence of the Pastor and Teacher, to pray with the congregation and expound the Scriptures." The views of the Set-

tlers on ordination, baptism, the atonement, on Christian duties, on repentance, on ecclesiastical power and discipline, their solemn mode of Covenanting, their imposing Confession of Faith avouching "the Lord Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be their Sovereign Lord and Supreme Good," will receive no comment at our hands. We are, we frankly concede, "in school-divinity not able," nor is our heart, perhaps, precisely attuned to the task. We have assigned it therefore, with his consent, to the charge of a gentleman peculiarly fitted to perform it, on whom, in view of his long, useful and unaffected life of piety as a Congregational clergyman, the mantle of Hooker may be said to have fallen, and to be worn with grace and dignity.*

Yet we cannot dismiss this topic without paying our tribute to the fidelity, integrity and zeal, at its commencement, of the first church in Hartford. It pro-

* We refer to Rev. Dr. Thomas Robbins, now the Librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society. Perhaps he will think it was our province to speak of the Tithing-man, since the duty of this officer—that of taking care of "boys playing or misbehaving in or out and around the meeting-house"—was more civil than religious in its character. But we confess to a great aversion towards this functionary. We have an unpleasant memory of one, a tall, strong, most demure-looking personage, who, in our boyhood, once screwed our right ear between his bony fingers till it almost gushed blood—and all because we laughed a little louder, and with less impediment than the rest of the congregation, when one of the catguts of a bass-viol snapped asunder, with a loud and ludicrous twang, in the midst of a grave "Hallelujah." We commit the Tithing-man gladly to *you*, Doctor! Don't speak well of him, pray, if you can help it! Especially forbear to trace him back to the good old Saxon times of King Alfred! We would not have him *legitimated* for the world!

[Since the preceding was written, the Doctor has accomplished the task suggested. We hope he will give the public the benefit of his labor. Ed.]

moted piety, good morals and knowledge in an eminent degree—and this too, without that severity and bitterness of doctrinal disputation, which afterwards, it must be conceded, characterized it at times, and which served, soon after Mr. Hooker's death, to stir up the pools of uncharitableness, and split the town in twain. But hardly an act of vice or immorality deformed the first stage of our existence as a town—a fact to be attributed in great part to the influence of a religion happily administered. Though the ministry were “weighty and abundant in prayer,” their voices seem to have fallen on hearts sweetly attuned to the notes of supplication. Though they kept in public and in private numerous fasts, abstinence from food seems never to have dulled their appetite for religious meditation. Though they compelled all to “go to meeting,” even this pious despotism generated no rebellion. Though they laboriously and almost daily seasoned the little ones of their flock with the condiment of what afterwards formed the Catechism of Westminster,* “Larger and Shorter,” yet the children do not seem to have disrelished the banquet. If they refused to wear the canonical square cap, the scholar's gown, priest-like, the tippet and the linen surplice,

* Mr. *Hooker*, together with Mr. Davenport and Mr. Cotton, of New England, were invited to sit in that famous Assembly of Divines which convened at Westminster, London, in 1642, and gave to the Christian world the famous digests, referred to in the text, of religious faith and practice. Mr. Hooker, quotes his biographer from Hutchinson, “did not like the business, and thought it not a sufficient call, to go a thousand leagues to confer about matters of church government.” Being a pure Congregationalist, he was a little afraid, doubtless, that the Assembly would be too deeply imbued with Presbyterianism.

something must be allowed to their memory of the Council Table, the Star Chamber, and the Court of High Commissions. It is certain that, though they kept not "the unity of apparel," they kept the unity of faith—and as they stood before their Maker in simple attire, with white neckcloths, and broad, white, pendent bands, or perhaps, like Davenport, with dark, cross-barred hoods interlacing with their locks of hair, the good God, we doubt not, listened to their cry as freely and mercifully as if they had been habited in all the ecclesiastical "decencies" of the land from which they had fled. At all events, he blessed them in their beginning.

Thus much on the civil and religious organization of Hartford when it started upon its career as a town. It is worthy of remark that there are scarce any municipal principles operating daily with us now which may not be traced back to this primitive period. Modified they were, sometimes singularly, by circumstances. This is to be expected—was necessary. But there they were among the Settlers, and here they are now among us—working out all those grand and beautiful results which, each day and hour and minute, gladden our eyes and hearts. We have each our due share of republican power—so had the first Settlers. Though they came here nominally under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, it was soon discovered that they were beyond it—and the old Bay State never got one aid or subsidy, neither scutage, hydragage or talliage, first-fruit or tenth, fish or fowl, waif or estray, not even a pepper-corn, in token of municipal fealty from Hartford! We exercise our civil power through

the organism of an Assembly—so did the Settlers—by means of functionaries of our own choice—so did they. We are fully protected in life, limb, property and reputation—so were they. We are fully encouraged in social and industrial activity—so were they. We can acquire, exchange, accumulate in security and in hope, and lay up for our families, for old age, and our biers—so could they. We receive for our children the boon of education—so did they. We are hedged in conservatively by walls of good morals—so were they. We breathe, in short, an atmosphere of liberty, labor, virtue and religion. So did they.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS FIRST MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

No. 7.

“ Civil governments, in their first institutions, are voluntary associations for mutual defence.” *Gibbon.*

“ If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.” *Washington.*

ANGLO-SAXON like, the Settlers of Hartford at once established a militia, and their idea of its organization and purpose was fundamentally republican. It recognized the right of resistance and self-preservation in all cases in which the sanctions of society and the laws are found insufficient to restrain the violence of oppression—and not only guaranteed, but practically enforced that great protective right which figures so conspicuously in all free constitutions, and is the effective check to assumption and arbitrary power, the right of the people to keep and bear arms. No standing army in time of peace as a body distinct from the people—they designed it not. No camp or barracks and fortresses to be kept up, at enormous expense, for the separate life of men bred exclusively to the profes-

sion of arms, to afford to ambitious and unprincipled rulers the ready means of subverting liberty, and trampling on human rights—the Settlers would have none of this. No inconvenient and perilous billeting of soldiers upon the people in time of peace, the ready resort of despotic power—they abominated this, and with memories, many of them, freshened by bitter experience in the Old World. But in their intent the citizen and the soldier were to be united—the hearth and the camp were in this view to join their blaze—and a militia, well ordered and patriotic, was to act solely for the safeguard and defence of their little community.

With a few exceptions then, in favor of certain magistrates and church officers, every male person between the ages of sixteen and sixty was to perform military duty once a month—was to keep his arms, subject to inspection, always in a serviceable state, and to have in his house, in readiness, two pounds of powder and twenty bullets of lead. Default of appearance on parade was punished by a fine of five shillings, default in arms by a fine of one shilling, the total want of arms by being “bounde over to answer it at the next Corte,” and the failure of either powder or bullets by a fine of ten shillings.

The militia was embodied in what was called, and long known in our history as the *Train-Band*. This Band was composed properly one-third of Pikemen, and two-thirds of Musketeers, the tallest men being always selected for the former soldiery, and those lowest in stature assigned to the latter. Pikes were deemed the more honorable arms, as being most an-

cient, and because the military standard was carried at their head. Their bearers, conspicuous for height and carriage as well as for dignity of position in the ranks, would naturally excite envy but for the quaint military rule of the day, that "Gentlemen of the Pikes and Gentlemen of the Musketeers should go hand in hand in love like dear Brothers, and neither of them should envy each other"—a rule which was persuasively urged by the consideration that "in so doing God would give a blessing to their undertakings." Their duties, as private soldiers of each class, were carefully laid down in treatises of the day, and have in no way been improved upon since. They were to be "very active, not slothful or idle," and to inform themselves, through their officers, "of the true use and handling of their arms, always keeping them neat, clean and well fixed." They were to avoid all quarrelling, mutinies, swearing, cursing or lying, and be content with their wages. They were to be "good husbands in the managing of their means," to keep themselves handsome in their apparel, to avoid drunkenness and all manner of gaming, and were likewise "truly to serve and fear God, be obedient to all the commands of their superiors, cheerfully go on upon all duties, and to be loving, kind and courteous unto each other." The best of them were always selected for File-Leaders, those who were "able, willing and ready to teach the Files."

The officers of a Train-Band were a Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, and Sergeants. The Captain, according to the military theory of the day, one admirably applicable in all time, was to know well all martial

duties, to behave himself courageously and wisely, to be temperate, to have "a fatherly care" over his soldiers, "to teach them how to fight upon all occasions," and, if in battle, to lead them up first against the enemy, "cheerfully animating them to fall on." The Lieutenant was to be a good, just and able soldier, skilled in the duty of a Captain, and frequent in exercising the Company "in all their military motions, skirmishings and firings in the pan." The Ensign was to be "a proper man, grave, valiant and discreet, and well skilled in the postures of the pike," as well as "in all the lofty figures of the displaying of the colors above the head." He was to know how gracefully "to vail his colors," when a General, or "any such man of worth," should pass by, and was, in contest, "to stick by his colors, and not to stir from them at such a time, although he should hazard his last drop of blood, or make them his winding-sheet." The Sergeants, usually from two to four in number according to the size of the Company, were to know how to teach all "to handle their arms in a handsome and serviceable way," to be "helpful to their Captain or other superior officer," to provide the Company with ammunition, matches and other materials, and in time of skirmishing to see that the Musketeers presented "all even abreast, with their matches all cockt, giving fire all together in good order, and falling off and rallying again in the rear of their own Divisions." Besides the functionaries now mentioned, each Train-Band had its Clerk, and Drummers—no fifers at first. The former was to keep the Master-roll and the Pay-roll—he was to be "very just and honest." The

Drummers, at least two in number, usually three or four, were to be skilled in beating the several Points of War—named the first a *Call*, the second a *Troop*, the third a *March*, the fourth a *Preparative*, the fifth a *Battle* or *Charge*, the sixth a *Retreat*, besides the *Reveille* and the *Tattoo*. In theory also, it was deemed expedient that they should be “good Linguists, in respect that sometimes they might be sent into an enemy’s camp for the ransoming of prisoners.”

Such in theory was the constitution of a Train-Band. It was that of the first military company of Hartford, as well as of the first military companies in all the early towns of our State. Let us see now how it was equipped.

With muskets and pikes chiefly, as the terms applied to the two kinds of soldiers comprising the Band imply. They had no ordnance at first—this came at a later period. The muskets were of the old match-lock variety, with Bandoleers* and Rests.† A match, usually made of tow slightly twisted in three strands, and a scouring stick, were of course indispensable to the Musketeers. The Pikemen usually bore half-

**Bandoleers* were wooden cases answering to our modern cartridge-boxes, and were covered with leather. They were made to contain each a charge of powder, or of powder and ball, and were worn by each Musketeer, usually twelve in number, suspended on a shoulder belt or collar.

†The *Rest* was a stick, small like a cane, and forked at one end for the musket to rest in when aim was taken, with a string attached to it so that it could be tied to the wrist. It was used as a cane also, to aid in marching. The customary orders, “join your Rest to the outside of your musket—present upon your Rest—take your musket off the Rest—take your Rest into your right hand, clearing the string from your left wrist—lay down your Rest”—these orders plainly indicate the use of the Rest.

pikes, which were "ten foote in length at least in the wood," and were pointed with spears. In addition to their pikes, they wore also swords with belts. Half-pikes, sometimes called Leading-Staffs, and swords, were also generally carried by officers. In addition to the arms now stated, the Train-Band soldiers of Hartford carried also at times, in any emergency of war, pistols and daggers. They wore corslets, and coats basted with cotton-wool, made proof against Indian arrows. As to their apparel otherwise we can judge but little about it, save that if consonant with the military requisition of the period, it must have been "neat and handsome" as circumstances would allow. We have no doubt that they appeared on parade in their best cloth and cotton suits of the day, in coats and jackets, and breeches of shag-cotton and coarse linen, of linsey-woolsey, and kersey and serge, in hats or caps their best, but sometimes of skin, and consorting with doublets made from the leather of bucks and calves. Neither the old hats, or old-colored hats, or short coats made of dornic, or old grey breeches, which we see sometimes noticed in their old inventories, nor the coats they sometimes wore, made from the raccoon, the cat, the fox and the shaggy bear, figured often, we think, on parade—because it was deemed the duty of an ingenious soldier "not to come slovenly habited when he should march forth with his Captain," but then particularly to use apparel "for his better grace and becoming."

As to their military exercises, certainly here there was very great variety—and on overlooking the treatises of the day, those particularly which in the old

country, as at the Artillery and Military Gardens of London, and the private meetings of Townsditch and Cripplegate, were deemed of the highest authority in the art-military, and which furnished to the New as well as the Old World its first and recognized lessons on the management of Train-Bands, we are satisfied that in the diversity and complexity of the combinations they describe, no modern treatises can surpass them. Facings, doublings, the inversion and conversion of ranks and files, marches and countermarches, wheelings, firings, the figures of battle with their reducements, all these with their endless subdivisions, with their countless openings and closings of ranks and files, and particularities of distance and order, and dignities of place, and phrases of command, had their application to single Train-Bands as well as to regiments and armies. They were varied, and minute, and exact enough to challenge the application and test the skill of the most ardent and studious of soldiers. And we wonder not, in view of their intricacy and extent, that Captain Mason was specially charged by order of the General Court, a little while subsequently to the period upon which we dwell, to train the 'unskilful' of Hartford, as well as of Windsor and Wethersfield, oftener than once a month, if necessary.

Yet the simple postures and charges of the pike were not very numerous or difficult. To raise them, to open them to closest order and to order, to advance, shoulder, port, comport, cheeke and trail them, and to charge to the front, right, left and rear—these were the ordinary commands for their management.

The postures of the musket and its appendages were more numerous. To order, rest, poise and shoulder this arm, to balance it and the Rest on the right side with the barrel upwards, and on the left side with the barrel downwards, trailing the Rest, to recover it and perform the sentinel-posture, and from this to perform the funeral-posture, to open, clear, prime and shut the pan, to find and open the charge, to charge, to draw, cock and fit the match, to present upon the Rest, and give fire breast-high—these were the familiar commands in the management of the musket. The conformities of postures between the muskets and the pikes were also matters of careful attention in a Train-Band—as the musket shouldered to the pike shouldered, the former porting to the latter porting, the musket poised to the pike advanced, the former reversed to the latter trailing, the former rested to the latter checked, and the former presented to the latter charged.

The officers and soldiers then of the first military company in Hartford, it is obvious, had enough to do in the matter of discipline. We should like to see them just now, in their garb and arms of more than two centuries ago, drawn up in front of our State House, or marching through Main Street. We think we can—and enable our Readers to see them too—through the politeness of Lieutenant Colonel Richard Elton, a decidedly venerable gentleman, who one hundred and eighty-three years ago wrote “the compleat Body of the Art-Military,” and who, after having bequeathed the work for a while to the possession of Benjamin Webb, and of John Adams the grandfather

of the second President of the United States,* has kindly loaned it to us by the hands of E. Smith, Esq., of this city. In the representation we propose, we shall employ types for soldiers, p standing for Pikemen, m for Musketeers, C for Captain, L for Lieutenant, E for Ensign, S for Sergeant, with numerals to mark the first, second, third, and fourth, and D for Drummers. We will first draw the 'Train-Band up in a favorite *Stand*. The Captain has ordered the Pikemen to the right, the left half-ranks of Musketeers to face to the left, and then to march and interchange ground, facing afterwards to their leaders, and closing files inward to order. They will then appear as underneath, the Pikemen flanked by the Musketeers. Look at them!

| | | |
|------------|---------------|------------|
| | C | |
| S1 | E | 4S |
| mmmmmmmmmm | DDpppppppppDD | mmmmmmmmmm |
| mmmmmmmmmm | ppppppppp | mmmmmmmmmm |
| mmmmmmmmmm | ppppppppp | mmmmmmmmmm |
| mmmmmmmmmm | ppppppppp | mmmmmmmmmm |
| mmmmmmmmmm | ppppppppp | mmmmmmmmmm |
| mmmmmmmmmm | ppppppppp | mmmmmmmmmm |
| S3 | L | 2S |

We will next marshal them, as they are tired of standing and love exercise, in their favorite *Long March*. See them, through our *typifiers*, with their

* So we are informed. The following handwriting appears on a blank leaf in the end of the volume to which reference is made. "John Adams' Book. Boston, March the 30. 1696. bought and paid to brother Benjamin Webb for the other half of this Book and the whole is now mine. p me John Adams."

pikes and muskets shouldered, their colors flying and drums beating, with bold port and martial frown, and

"Free born thoughts which league the soldier with the laws,"

moving with measured tread along Main Street!

C

mmmm

mmmm

D

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

4 S

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

mmmm

E

p p p p

p p p p

D

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

2 S

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

p p p p

Don't they look well? How many of your grandfathers, generations back, Reader, can you discern among them? Don't you wish we had their portraits for the above representation, instead of these types that make them look so all alike? The first Train-Band of Hartford though, we think you will acknowledge, might have presented a handsome appearance—and not only handsome but also formidable! The Pequots found it so in about two years after it was formed! It exterminated the foe! And the Narragansets found it so—and all enemies to the infant Commonwealth of Connecticut would have found it so! Our present Governor, one of the most accomplished soldiers in the State, could he have led it in Mexico, would have headed it, we believe, in pride, even though composed, as it undoubtedly was, of rampant Whigs, and would not have

1 S

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D

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3 S

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L

envied the glory of even its humblest private, had the hand of the latter, instead of his Excellency's own brave arm, struck down the hostile banner of Chepultepec! Thanks to the Settlers of Hartford that they looked at once and wisely to a system for defence—that they constituted the citizen-soldier, honored him with respect, endeared him by affection, and threw over his art the chastening, restraining, and encouraging influences of religion and law! Connecticut has deep reason, in view of their efforts and those of sister

towns, in forming and disciplining Train-Bands, to be grateful. Their influence has been felt, oh in how many desperate yet triumphant struggles for liberty! We *were* royal subjects. We *are*, thanks to the Train-Band power, free!

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS FIRST BURYING-GROUND.

No. 8.



"Dull grave, thou spoilst the dance of youthful blood," &c.

Young—when melancholy.

"Why start at Death? Where is he? Death arrived
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here."

Young—more cheerful.

Room for the dead! So from time immemorial saith both Pagan and Christian! How else be sure of your body when the soul, after its transmigrations of three thousand years, shall return to occupy again its tenement of clay, exclaimed the old Egyptian. How else, said the Greek and the Roman, reach the Elysian Fields—the body unburied, your soul must wait for its blessedness one hundred years. How else, reasons the savage, will you feed and clothe the disembodied spirit in the other world? You must leave implements of the chase and dishes of food by the body in some shallow tabernacle of earth, and hang some of its garments to sway in the wind upon some neighboring tree. How else, reasoned the ancient Hebrew, guard your deceased friend from the approach of the Evil One? In the earth, within his

coffin, you must with his bent thumb figure the name of God, that you may say to him in confidence, as you turn his face towards heaven, "Go in peace!" How else, says the unsuperstitious Christian, guard against the corruptions of clay, impress the solemn lesson of man's mortality, and affectionately memorialize the departed? "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—and

"At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands and the lands,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is betrayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then Heaven be the aid
Of the dead!"*

Such, the Christian, were the solemn sentiments of the Hartford Settlers upon death and burial. And they acted upon them without parade—with a sober simplicity which had at least this merit, that it did not mock the grave. To wash the body, to dress it in a shroud,† to place it in a plain coffin—to assem-

*Brainard—slightly varied in the last two lines.

†We should prefer to see the dead dressed in their coffins as in their lives, handsomely and characteristically. There is enough awful about death without the addition of that ugly, horrifying and in fact unmeaning shroud—enough painfully attractive both to memory and to hope to require the relief of pleasant associations—and what one more pleasant than that which arises from dressing the dead in their wonted attire, made specially neat and graceful for their last appearance—so that they may look as if they were not going to leave us—instead of dressing them as we do now, with nothing on hardly but their skins—almost like the beasts that perish, that we dig a careless hole for and toss in. Pope, in our judgment, though he treats the subject a little lightly, makes Narcissa in her last moments give to her maid an excel-

ble, to pray and sing a mournful tune—to bear to the grave, sometimes to the House of God first for services and then to the grave, on some dark litter—the Train-Band often escorting if the deceased was a soldier, with black feathers or ribbons on their hats, and their colors stripped from the staff and tied about the waist of their standard-bearer, and their drums covered with black bays—to utter a little epitome over the grave—to pray and sing again—to lower the

lent direction, be it or not, as the poet designs it to be, the expression of a ruling passion strong in death.

“Odious! in woolen! t’would a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)
 No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face!
One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
 And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.”

We have no hope, however, of changing our burial practice, nor shall we assume in regard to it the task of a Reformer. We trust, for one however, to be buried in no unmanly, effeminating night-gown, but in a full citizen’s dress! And so we put this our wish on record, as a guide to our Undertaker.

[What high sanction has been given to Scæva’s suggestion in the above note by the manner in which, lately, the remains of the immortal Webster were coffined! A letter in the New York Times, written from Marshfield by one who was present at the funeral of the illustrious statesman, says: “The corpse is arrayed in such habiliments as his compeers of the Senate have often seen him in, when on a bright Summer morning he sought the Senate Hall, to pour the words of wisdom and the light of truth upon some topic of surpassing public interest. A blue coat, with plain gilt buttons, vest and pants of spotless white, are substituted for the shroud. A white neckcloth encircles the throat, over which is turned the shirt collar. The feet are encased in silken hose and shoes of patent leather. The hair of the deceased is parted and disposed as in life; and his white-gloved hands are crossed upon his breast. The lips are slightly parted, just as when about to speak. How fitting is the appearance of these remains! They seem, indeed, to sleep but for an hour; and their habiliments, though prepared for the grave, still suggest life, and feed the lingering imagination which would reanimate the helpless clay.” Ed.]

coffin—to fire, if over a soldier, three volleys—to cover the coffin, mound it, and put the event, through their ministers, to spiritual use the next Sunday or Lecture Day—such were their simple customs and rites. What would they have thought of many of the funeral affectations of the present day—of that French nobleman Brumoi for instance, who on the death of his mother, put his park into mourning, craped his deer, put blackfish in his ponds, and carried several barrels of black ink from Paris to supply his jets d’eaux! They would have told him, we think, that all his contrived blackness was but the type of that real one which would be sure to envelope himself and his folly in the world hereafter. A plain-spoken people were these Settlers! In funeral rites far removed too from every superstition, as well as every affectation! For them no heathen Styx! A godly people that they were, we do not suppose the course of their departed souls often lay that way. Charon surely was no Ferryman for an enlightened Puritan—nor Pope Adrian the Eighth either! But with Christ for a guide, his simple doctrines for a panoply, and immortal hope to wing their flight, their souls, after they had “shuffled off this mortal coil,” started through pure, empyrean air, we think, for that world

“untravell’d by the sun,
Where Time’s far wandering tide has never run”—

leaving the bodies they had volatilized on earth to be immured in white oak or pine boxes, roofed or plain at the top, as funereal fancy dictated, and to be depos-

ited in the manner we have described, in solemn keeping, at the corner of present Market Street and State House Square.

Yes, Reader, there was the site of the first Burying-Ground of Hartford—an area close by the first Meeting-House, and running north from the Square towards the present City Hall, and west from present Market Street up, a little distance, the hill. It was then much more elevated than now—ten to twelve feet. It has been cut down since, low enough to carry away all the dust both of the bodies and coffins of those who slept in its cold embrace. Its monuments, many of them, as they stood upon the site, were well remembered and frequently spoken of to his sons by the father of Messrs J. B. and C. Hosmer of this city, and also by the late Samuel Olcott. The latter said that many of the stones composing them were used in laying the foundations of some of the oldest buildings fronting on the Square, on its north side.

But they are gone to our view—and the Settlers have transmitted to us none of their mummied bodies ‘loaded with biography.’ We have not even the name of a solitary one of those who were buried there. Their dust, distinguished or undistinguished in its day, is undistinguishable now. It is plain however, from the customs and economy of the time, that those who first died in Hartford, did not retire to any resting-places that were made splendid with gravelled walks, and terraces and flowery banks, and costly trees and shrubs, like those of Mount Auburn, Greenwood, and our own North Cemetery—least of all to any magnificent villas like those of Père la Chaise.

They were not laid up for eternity on shelves either of marble or of stone. No heaps of granite or of bronze, of lime or freestone, pedantic with inscriptions and chiselled with the exquisiteness of art—no pompous urns, or pyramids, or statues—no Winged Angels or Victories, wrought as if to make one think that “Hymen and Cupid, and not Death, walked through the Yard”—figured in Hartford’s primitive Burying-Ground. But a few simple, upright stones, with plain inscriptions, and never any double Christian names—this would have been deemed a great innovation—possibly one or two somewhat massive slabs supported by five pillars on a foundation of stone, such as are seen now in old Grounds—these were the simple memorials erected over the graves of our first Settlers.

The turf was green above these graves. It may also have been smooth, for the Town, judging from its subsequent practice in this respect, allowed horses and calves to feed upon its herbage. Yet there was a neat and ‘sufficient’ fence around, with pales and post heads ‘handsomely shaped,’ both for ornament, and to keep out the swine. Affection may have decorated some of the mounds, and doubtless did, with little shelters of shrubbery, with fern and woodbine and jessamine—there was plenty of these plants in the woods around. It may have strewn chaplets, and wreaths of flowers, over youth and innocence and beauty. It may have planted the cypress, the willow and the hemlock. But adornment was all simple, save that which nature perhaps furnished in some of

the stately trees of the time, some gnarled oak, or tall whitewood, or majestic pines, through which the raven might caw in his plumage of crape, and the breezes might sigh, or thunder storms roll their bass, or the clouds weep and the spheres play their sweetest harmony, above the sheeted dead.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS NAME. A COAT OF ARMS.

No. 9.

“What’s in a name?”

Shakspeare.

“Good name——dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel.”

Shakspeare, in reply.

“Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by *his own standard, with the ensign of their father’s house*; far off about the tabernacle of the congregation shall they pitch.”

Numbers, chap. ii. v. 2.

WHITSUNDAY has arrived—it is time to baptize the town! We have kept it for some time in swaddling clothes, manly infant though it was. We have continued it awhile as a catechumen. This was proper. The settlement should have had time to open its eyes, to stretch its limbs, to grow a little, and give signs of civil regeneration and municipal grace, ere it could be taken to the baptistry of the General Court, and formally receive the rite of lay-baptism. In its mere babyhood, its parents called it from its transitory mother in Massachusetts—“*Newtown*”—but they soon grew tired of the name of the Bay State widow,

and February 21st, 1636, Mr. Ludlowe, Mr. Steele, Mr. Swaine, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Westwood, laid their legislative hands upon it, and called it "*Harteford*." This was the name of the town in England in which Samuel Stone was born, and seems to have been adopted in commemoration of the fact. Why Chelmsford, the birthplace of Mr. Hooker, was not selected, or the name of some other town in which some of the most distinguished of the Settlers were born, is nowhere apparent. Probably Mr. Stone and his friends were most active in the baptism.

At any event a good and an honorable name was selected. Hartford in England, now called Hertford, was the leading town of a shire called after itself, as is our own town now. It lies on the river Lea, relatively as Hartford here on the river Connecticut, and is twenty-one miles north of London. It is a town very considerable for its antiquity. The East-Saxon kings often kept their courts there. Its burgesses were of note in the time of William the Conqueror. A remarkable and expensive cell for the monks of St. Albans figured early among its curiosities. King Edward the elder erected a castle* there, just in the forks of the Y-shaped town, and the famous John of Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Richmond, received it subsequently from the hands of Edward the Third, "together with the Town and Honour of Hartford,

*A picture of this castle, as it appeared in 1772, with angular towers, one of which supports the gable of a dwelling-house built on the wall, may be seen in volume second of Grose's Antiquities of England and Wales.

that there he might keep a house suitable to his quality, and have a decent habitation.”*

But the feature which interests us now most, and we trust it will our Readers, is an heraldic one. Our own Hartford must have its *Coat of Arms*! It is entitled to one. Not to the arms of Dominion—we want no lions-rampant or fleurs-de-lis to mark any monarchical sway. Nor to the arms of Pretension—we claim no kingdom but our own. Nor to the arms of Patronage—we are not, in the sense of the old world, either governors of provinces, or lords of manors, or disposers of benefices. Nor to the arms of Family, Alliance, Succession or Concession—we are distinguished by no aristocratic superiorities, jurisdiction, or augmentations of honor. But we are entitled to the arms of Community; to those, in other words, which, while they may serve to arouse attractive associations, commemorate pleasant facts of history, and inspire warming sentiments, yet specially serve, like a seal, to distinguish us as a body corporate or town.†

*Buckingham's New London Universal Gazetteer, a comparatively recent work, contains the following notice of Hertford. "A town, capital of the county, with a market on Saturday, on the Lea, which is here navigable for barges. It contains two parish churches, a neat sessions house, a town hall, a jail and penitentiary house, and a market house. 2½ miles on the London road stands the E. India College, founded to co-operate with the College at Calcutta in training young men for the company's service. It has also a school belonging to Christ Church Hospital, London, a grammar school, 2 meeting-houses for dissenters and 1 for Quakers. It is governed by a mayor, high-steward, recorder, aldermen, &c., and sends 2 members to parliament. 21 m. N of London. Pop. 4,265."

† We have already a *city* seal. It was ordered and accepted by the city early as 1785. Col. Samuel Wyllys and John Trumbull, Esq., were the Committee appointed to form and report it. They reported as follows:

"That the device for the Seal of the City of Hartford, be as follows—Con-

Just prepare yourself then, Reader, for what we shall have to say on this point, by perusing carefully the three following paragraphs.

Camden, in his *Brittania*, p. 294, speaking of Hartford says, that "some will have the name to signifie the *Red Ford*, others the *Ford of Harts*." The first signification is by Camden's Commentator, and by other writers, repudiated. The second is the true one. We found the name in its original Saxon dress, and caused it to be engraved that all might see it as it looked when it was born. Here it is, and stout and fair to the eye too it appears! Behold it—

Heortƿord!

In the dress of our day the first two syllables form *Heort*, a word which signifies according to Bailey, "a stag five years old." The third syllable is *ford*, and signifies, as is familiar, a place in a river or other water, where it may be passed by man or beast on foot, or by wading. Etymologically, then, Hartford clearly means the *Ford of Harts*!

necticut River, represented by the figure of an old man, crowned with rushes, seated against a Rock, holding an Urn, with a Stream flowing from it—at his feet a net and fish peculiar to the River lying by it, with barrels and bales. Over his head an Oak growing out of a cleft in the Rock. Round the whole these words—*Sigillum Civitatis Hartfordiensis*."

This device is but a modified repetition of old Father Thames. It is that old man crowned with rushes, &c., who is the eternal type of all rivers, and may as well be applied to every city on a river as to the city of Hartford. The fish look like any fish—the nets like all nets. There is nothing distinctive about the device—nothing localising.

[The seal spoken of above was soon changed for another designed by Scæva, as will be noticed farther on. Ed.]

Again. The Commentator on Camden, in the *Brittania*, p. 304, speaks of the name Hartford as "no doubt took from a *Hart*, with which one can easily imagine such a woody County [as Hartfordshire] to have formerly abounded—and the *arms* of the town which (if rightly represented by Spede) are a *Hart couchant in the water*, put it beyond dispute."

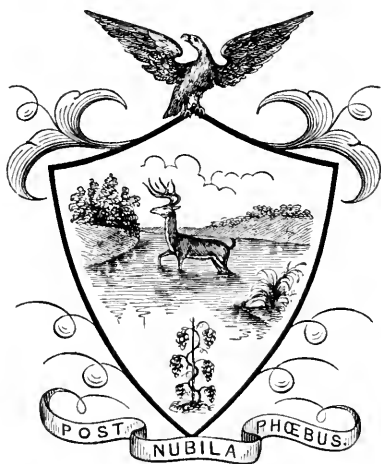
Once more. The author of *England Illustrated*, an elaborate work of high authority, published in London in 1764, quotes Dr. Gibson, a celebrated antiquarian, as deriving Hartford "from a *Hart*, this County, [Hartfordshire] having formerly abounded in deer, and the arms of the town, as represented by Mr. Speed, being a *Hart couchant in the water*." Thomas Kilchin, Geographer and Engraver to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a map, 'drawn from the best authorities,' which accompanies the work now quoted, spells both Hartfordshire and Hartford as we spell them now, that is with an *a* instead of an *e* in the first syllable. So also we have seen them spelt on other old maps.

We have then the etymology of Hartford. We have the armorial bearing of the old town in England from which it is named. Hartford is in Connecticut, on the banks of a river and a riveret, crossed in early times by thousands of deer that lapped their sparkling waters. Connecticut has its Coat of Arms—three grape vines bearing fruit. Connecticut is one of the United States of America. The conspicuous emblem of the United States is the Eagle. Remembering now that armorial bearings are 'honorable in proportion to their simplicity,' we have taken the simple

facts just stated, and thoughtfully, in the main in strict conformity with heraldic rules, and with the variation of a hart *fording*—the better aspect in which to present him—instead of *lying upon* a stream, have designed for our fair Town the following Coat of Arms.

Ar. An American Hart proper, fording a stream, trippant, in fess; in a Landskip, in middle base, a Grape Vine bearing fruit, naissant from a strip of earth—all proper. Crest. An American Eagle proper, displayed. Motto. Post nubila Phœbus.

Is this Arabic to you, Reader? Don't be alarmed! We will explain it all soon, so that you shall comprehend it perfectly. But first glance at the design!*



HARTFORD.

* W. H. Dodd Esq., of our city, with a readiness truly laudable, and from the motive of "public spirit and not of cash," originally engraved it for us on wood. All praise to his courtesy, and to his skill!

Glance again if you please, and with a *friendly* eye—for like Sterne, we “would almost go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man [not to say woman], whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hands—he pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.” When you shall have taken the edge off from your curiosity, then read what we have to say farther!

* * * * *

The *Escutcheon* or *Shield* of a Coat of Arms, which in its form may differ in all countries according to the fancy or pleasure of the bearer, is in our Design, it will be perceived, nearly *heart-shaped*. Its *field*, or in other words its surface, which may be of different colors, is here *white*. This color is denoted in our heraldic description by the syllable *Ar.*, a contraction for *Argent*, the common French word for silver, of which metal all white fields are supposed to consist. The adjective *proper* in heraldry is applied to animals, vegetables, the celestial bodies, &c., when they are painted of their natural color. It is applied in the above technical description three times, and denotes that the *bearings* or *charges* on the field, in other words the devices upon it, and the *crest*, if painted, should appear in their own real and proper hues. *Trippant* is a term used to express a buck, hart, antelope, hind, &c., with his right fore-foot lifted up, and the other three feet on the ground, as if walking. *In fess* denotes any charge placed horizontally across the middle of the field, as

the device of the Hart in the Plate.* *Landskip* denotes the base of an escutcheon when it is painted as a field with a tree or a vine, &c., therein. We apply it, in description, to a part only of the base, to that which is called *middle base*, or in other words to that portion of the bottom part of the shield which, rising from its point, lies between its dexter and sinister, that is its right and left portions. Charges thereon are said to be *in middle base*. *Naissant* means arising or coming forth. *Crest* denotes the highest part of the ornaments of a Coat of Arms. *Displayed* is applied to any bird of prey with wings extended. *Post Nubila Phæbus* means *After the clouds the Sun*. The figure which it fills in the Plate is called the *Scroll*. The other phrases of the heraldic description explain themselves, so that the Reader, familiarizing himself with the meaning, as we give it, of the terms purely technical, will perfectly understand the whole description. The external ornaments of the shield, besides the crest and scroll, called in heraldry *Flourishings*, are fanciful. Our aim has been, in conformity with our device in other particulars, to make them simple.

Let us look at the chief emblems of the Coat of Arms now, briefly, in an associative aspect. A noble Hart, in the pride of his years, with full grown beam

* A nice critic might here suggest that, as we have two charges, and these borne perpendicularly, one above the other, we should describe them as blazoned *in pale*, or *paleways*. But as the leading emblem is the Hart, horizontally placed, and as it occupies a space beyond the limits of the pale proper, we have described it as in the text. We have no fear of a "Visitation" from the "Herald's College" in this day and place.

and antlers,* figures conspicuously on the face of the Plate, and in the very spot which is called in heraldry the *Heart* of the Shield. Innocent, sagacious, graceful, powerful, swift—with an eye in fact one of the most beautiful in the world, ‘sparkling, warm and sensible’—with all his senses exquisitely acute—most delicate in the choice of his pasture—brave in defence—this splendid animal, made, says Goldsmith, “to embellish the forest, and animate the solitudes of nature,” is in our Design fording a stream such as we may conceive our Riveret to have been more than two centuries ago. The banks of the stream are green and tufted. On one side, the bank, somewhat high, is crowned with bushes. Mountains, overtopped by trees, are seen in the distance. The Hart, unstartled and thoughtful of green pastures, is approaching the brink of the stream. Thus then pleasantly associated with noble qualities in one among the noblest of animals, as well as with deep and grateful memories of our own past, and with a chaste etymology—we blazon *Hartford*!

With an extract from our State Coat of Arms—one which, commemorating the mournfully sweet history of the Founders of our Town and Commonwealth, expresses with solemn beauty the wise beneficence of that Almighty Hand which out of Egypt brought the vine, and here in the Connecticut valley cast out the heathen and planted it, and covered the

* Copied from the specimen Hart in the “Natural History of New York”—a work published under the authority of the State of New York by James E. De Kay Esq.

hills with its shadow, and stretched out its boughs, like goodly cedar trees, unto the river, and its branches unto the sea, filling the land when it had taken root,*—with this imposing, familiar emblem from our own State arms, we blazon *Connecticut*!

With the Eagle, bird of empire, whose happy flight, with spreading wings untired, is 'highest towards heaven'—with this bird of piercing, sparkling eye—proud like his own mountain home—magnanimous though fierce—bird of unblenched front and noble brow—that ever watches the nest it once has planted—which, though its plumage is grey with the traces of even an hundred years, still nurses its vigorous young

“Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire,
And fit to raise a kingdom of their own”—

with this majestic child of the sun “to whom ’tis given to guard our banner of the free,” standing as the crest of our device, we blazon Hartford, Connecticut, as belonging to our own “land of the free, and home of the brave!”

The motto, *Post Nubila Phæbus*—we can speak of it freely, as we did not originate, but only newly apply it. Is it not rich, poetical, sublime in meaning? How true as to Hartford in the past—historically! How applicable in all time! The Old World darkly oppressed our Settlers ere they left their home across

* Psalm 80, vv. 8, 9, 10, 11—the origin of our State Coat of Arms. How admirably pertinent here this couplet from Pope—

“Man like the gen’rous vine, supported lives,
The strength he gains is from th’ embrace he gives!”

the seas—the New World set them free. *After the clouds the Sun!* Cold and famine frustrated their first attempts at settlement—their next succeeded. *After the clouds the Sun!* The startled, vindictive savages of our coast threatened them early with destruction, but they were scattered like chaff before the wind—and down in the stream of time the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were again and often brandished for the destruction of our town, but the glimmer of these savage weapons faded in the superior flash of the pistol and gleam of the pike. *After the clouds the Sun!* The soil our early Townsmen tilled forgot at times to yield its increase—cold and rain stifled their seeds and fruits—but the friendly Indians around them and far at the sources of the Connecticut husbanded their stock, and made the pale man's face of famine to smile. *After the clouds the Sun!* The Dutch vexed them from the Point—intruded on their lands—attempted at times to seize the fort which guarded the mouth of the river that floated their commerce—but sequestration made the Point peaceful, and bold hearts and a little ordnance preserved the fort. *After the clouds the Sun!* A tyrant attempted to seize and destroy a Charter that protected their township—the Instrument was hid triumphantly in an Oak. *After the clouds the Sun!* A minion of the Duke of York attempted in our own Main Street to usurp the command of our Train-Band, but fled ingloriously away 'dumbed' and deafened by the drums and menaces of its brave commander. *After the clouds the Sun!* French power severely annoyed our townsmen in common with all English Colonists,

but it was annihilated in the New World at the bastions of Louisburgh. *After the clouds the Sun!* Again and often subsequently the hand of British tyranny lay heavy and sore upon our town liberty—in common with sister towns we triumphantly threw off its pressure. *After the clouds the Sun!* Toil, difficulty, peril, disappointment, occasionally despair even—the lot of all communities—have at various times encompassed the path of our town on its journey of two hundred and seventeen years—but they have seldom long embarrassed, never choked our progress. From about two hundred we are now eighteen thousand souls. From a few colonial thousand pounds worth of property we have now our millions. From a little commerce in skins, now a commerce various almost as human wants, whose merchandise, in heaps almost colossal, stares us daily in the face upon our wharves, in our vessels, or in our warehouses, our depots and our cars. Instead of struggling against foreign foes for life and a livelihood, we are now dandling in the lap of peace, and nursing the useful arts. Instead of want we have abundance. The ‘hope deferred’ of our first Settlers, is the hope fulfilled, and still fulfilling, of our own day. Their wilderness aspirations are our present garden enjoyments. Though thus, in the past, skies have been at intervals dark, and tempests have lowered, and the elements burst in storm, yet day has been sure to break clear, peaceful and radiant, and so in spite of all temporary obstructions, if we but act well our part, will continue to break, long as time on earth, immortal as hope, and

sure as the goodness of Heaven. *After the clouds the Sun!* Let us thank God, and be happy!

And now, if our Readers are pleased with the device we exhibit, who of the fair ones among them will paint one for—SCÆVA? Our Publishers will see that any such reach their destination, if *you* please, Ladies. Only be sure that they are well done! Then you'll richly deserve a device of arms yourselves! Suppose, by way of compensating you in advance, we contrive one for you now—for those of you at least who are yet, like Naiads, floating, unanchored, on your sweet streams of youth, and beauty and hope. Let us see!

We have it! You shall, in the first place, have a pair of arms *couped*, that is arms taken from the body to act representatively, by themselves. These are to be *impaled on a field of gold bordered with silver, interlacing* with the arms of some Adonis, whose “arched brows,” and “hawking eye” and “curls,” mark him out at once as the handsomest of *Supporters* to that firmest of *Shields*, the matrimonial! How pretty it would look—such a device—with Cupid for a crest, holding in his *dexter*[ous] hand an arrow enamelled with flowers, and in the other knots of silken jesses, and to have blazoned among the bearings little Cherubs, *winged* to show that they are capable of rising in the world, and *rayed* to show that they are sunny! Sit and draw such a design awhile, Ladies, on your ‘heart’s table’—and then draw it on your parlor table, on delicate rice paper! But don’t forget to paint the Hartford Coat of Arms! Thank you! “That’s a good girl”—each of you!

SCÆVA.

[Since the publication by Scæva of the foregoing article, many compliments have been paid to his charming and appropriate Coat of Arms. It has been adopted by the City of Hartford for the City Seal. It has been engraved on bank notes and cheques. It embellishes the heading of Insurance policies, and has been carved and emblazoned on our new and beautiful steamer the "City of Hartford."

The Coat of Arms has also awakened the Muse of Poetry in various quarters—and from her effusions we select the following—which were originally contributed to the Hartford Courant.

OUR MOTTO.

"*Post Nubila Phæbus*"—the Hart in the stream,
With his antlers thrown back to the life-giving beam,
And the Monarch of birds, as he soars through the air,
The soul of our motto, exultingly bear. "

Our Fathers!—they toil'd 'mid the storm and the foe,
The seed of a nation in patience to sow,
While the faith of the Christian engrav'd on their breast
"*Post Nubila Phæbus*," and led them to rest.

We rejoice in the home, where as strangers they trod,
And with love to our country, and trust in our God,
Would fain rear a race, of whom history shall say
"*Post Nubila Phæbus*," when we pass away.

Hartford, March, 1851.

L. H. S.



HARTFORD—ITS COAT OF ARMS.

He is fording the stream, the brave, noble HART,
With spirits exulting—not fearing the dart;
He knows that before him the pastures are green,
The birds gay with music, the sun in its sheen—
He will soon reach the bank—his journey then done,
Oh proudly he'll tread on the land he has won!

Land where the Vine from an "Egypt" is brought,
That Vine of Religion our Forefathers sought;
Its roots do implant the bold, happy and free,
It shall shadow the earth, and stretch out to the sea!
God's breath in its tendrils, God's sun on its leaves,
It will bless for all time the land where it cleaves!

The Eagle o'erlooks from his 'own mountain home,'
 With pinions outstretched, and ready to roam—
 He can speed through the clouds, he can speed through the storm—
 He can speed where the fiercest sun blazons his form—
 He can find the green tree which no tempest can shock—
 He can build his loved nest firm-fixed in the rock!

Glorious emblems these are of the way
 Our fathers pressed on in their soul-stirring day!
 Theirs a stern conflict—theirs a stern strife—
 Ending in death, but yet ending in life.
 They died—but we live—aye! mark it each one—
Theirs was the cloud!—but ours is the Sun!

Boston, June, 1851.

LAURA.

A word more. The invitation, at the close of the foregoing Article, to the 'fair ones,' to test their skill in painting the Coat of Arms, was complied with most pleasantly. Scæva received some half dozen pictures of the Design from as many different sources—one painted in oil, two in water colors, and the remainder drawn in pencil. They were beautifully executed, and Scæva desires us, in his behalf, to return his sincere thanks to the fair donors. Ed.]

Hartford.

ITS MUNICIPAL ORGANIZATION—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 10.

"And find the means proportioned to their end."

Pope.

"Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here.

* * * * * To the sight,
Arrangement neat and chastest order reign."

Young.

HARTFORD, Ho! Again to its history, Readers of *Scæva*—because many of you have solicited us to resume—we would fain oblige—and because the fit of writing is upon us, and we cannot easily resist the convulsion.* Pleasant it is to us that our former Articles were received with favor. More pleasant it is to find, with *you* Readers, the mind and the heart to appreciate, for the sake of its instruction, and as a source of just pride, the facts and the sentiments which give tongue to the life of our beloved Town in the olden time!

In our first series of Articles we launched the Town. In the series we now propose we shall fol-

* [An interval of two months and a half elapsed between the publication of this and the preceding Article. Ed.]

low it down the stream of time for fifteen years—to 1650. What we have to say will embrace facts and circumstances true within this period, which, for the sake of convenience, we shall denominate the *First Period* of the Town, and we shall present its features distributed under appropriate heads. The first in order is that which hangs in capitals over the top of the paper structure built for you to-day, the *Municipal Organization* of the Town. Hear us now for our cause, and “have patience that you may hear!”

In the feature then under present consideration, Hartford, during its *First Period*, made much improvement. Its powers and duties as a township, through the double force of its own legislation and that of the General Court, became better defined, more ample, and more effective. Increased security was thrown over the character of its population, and over rights and property of every description.

The policy adopted on the first organization of the Town with regard to *Inhabitants*, was steadily pursued and improved. Good character, an honest life and conversation, and the vote of the major part of the Town, were still absolutely essential to the admission of new citizens. Still vagrants and vicious persons were excluded from the privileges of settlement. Still the sojourn of strangers in families was looked upon with jealousy, and by a new precaution their entertainment above one month, without leave from the Town, exposed their hosts “to be called in question for the same,” and to the necessity of discharging the Town “from any cost or trouble that might come

thereby." Whether young *unmarried* men were still compelled, as at first, to secure public permission in order to dwell in such families as they pleased, or to keep house by themselves, is doubtful. The system of the Settlers in this respect, founded, as it seems to have been, upon rather too strict a view of wedded love as the 'true source of human offspring,' and 'sole propriety' in the new 'paradise' they were forming, soon gave way, we are inclined to think, to the natural resentment, importunity or independence of the bachelors. The implication it carried that those 'loveless, joyless, unendeared' members of society, who have never yet chosen "to light their constant lamp, and wave their purple wings," were incapable of behaving themselves with propriety, could hardly have been borne for any great length of time, we think, with patience, and breaches of the Orders which consigned them to the particular surveillance of the Town, began soon, doubtless, to be winked at by the authorities, as we find no renewal or mention of these Orders in the Records subsequent to their first passage. Still the eye of the Settlers was vigilant, keenly so, upon every Inhabitant. Their high sense of his duties, of those which devolved upon every citizen, and their solemn purpose of committing each, through the profound and awe-inspiring obligations of religious faith, to the due discharge of these duties, is strikingly shown in the following *Oath of Fidelity*—which, framed in 1640, by the General Court, was administered during the Period now under consideration, by any two or three Magistrates, to all male persons above sixteen years of age, upon a certificate of

good behavior. Read it—and contrasting with it, if you please, our present Freeman's oath, mark the far superior gravity and significance of the Oath of the olden time!

“I, A. B. being by the Providence of God an inhabitant within
“the Jurisdiction of Conectecott, doe acknowledge myselfe to be
“subjecte to the Government thereof, and doe sweare by the great
“and dreadfull name of the everliveing God, to be true and faithfull
“unto the same, and doe submit boath my person and estate there-
“unto, according to all the holosome lawes and orders that there are,
“or that hereafter shall be made, and established by lawfull authority,
“and that I will neither plott nor practice any evell against the same,
“nor consent to any that shall so do, but will tymely discover the
“same to lawfull authority there established; and that I will, as in
“duty bound mayntayne the honner of the same and of the lawfull
“magestratts thereof, promoting the publike good of it, whilst I shall
“soe continue an Inhabitant there; and whensoever I shall give my
“voate or suffrage touching any matter which concerns this Com-
“monwealth being cauld thereunto, will give it as in my conscience
“I shall judge may conduce to the best good of the same, without re-
“spect of persons or favor of any man. So helpe me God in our
“Lord Jesus Christe.”

While the organization of the Town was thus improved as respects Inhabitants, it was also advanced in regard to its public functionaries. From time to time old officers were clothed with new powers, and new officers were created. To the ordinary duties of Selectmen were added, a supervision of the estates of persons deceased, a supervision of the common lands, and certain judicial powers in the regulation of wages and prices. Their care of estates on the death of owners, deserves particular notice, founded as it was upon a public anxiety that the rights of kindred, lega-

tees and creditors, should be fully secured, and "justice and equity be done." For this purpose the Selectmen were empowered and directed to take inventories, and copies of wills, if made, and report them carefully, together with the names of the parties interested, to the Public Court for registry and for orders of administration—and meanwhile they were to watch over and improve with assiduity the property placed in their custody. To attend upon them in these matters, as well as 'in all such things as they should appoint,' two persons were chosen by the Town. The first chosen were Arthur Smith and Thomas Wood.

In 1639, a Town Recorder or Clerk was for the first time appointed. Previous to this period town entries were made loosely, more as memoranda than as grave records, and by one or more of the Selectmen. Now they were to be made regularly, in a book kept for the purpose, and by an exclusive and competent officer. Every man's house and land, with the bounds and quantity of the same, both property of this kind in possession and that to be subsequently acquired—and all bargains and mortgages of land—were *to be recorded*, and a transcript of the same, fairly written, was to be presented to every General Court to be again recorded by the Secretary of the Colony. If copies were wanted they were to be made out by the Clerk, and to be signed by himself and any two of the Selectmen. It was made the duty of the Town Clerk besides to keep a record of all marriages and births—to enter *caveats* of creditors against the real estate of debtors who were suspected of an intention to defraud—to return these caveats to the next Partic-

ular Court, and, in case the creditor failed to prosecute, to enter a *vacat* upon them. Thus was system introduced into transfers of real property. Order and publicity gave security to titles, and the fraudulent alienation of real estate was in a great degree prevented. The first clerk in the office now described was *John Steele*—an original commissioner of the colony, a magistrate, a member for more than twenty years of the General Court, subsequently Town Clerk of Farmington, and in all respects a useful and respectable man.

Nearly at the same time with the establishment of a Town Clerk, another new officer was created—a *Town Crier*. *Thomas Woodford*, 1640, received this appointment. Was anything lost—two pence were to be paid for the use of his lungs in public meeting. Were stray goods placed in the hands of either of two men who were appointed, one for the North and one for the South side of Little River, to receive them, Thomas cried them through the streets, for the Settlers were very particular about restoring lost property. It is rather a striking proof of their exactness in this respect, that, by one of their town acts, they make the finder who fails to place such property in the hands of the proper authority guilty of *theft*.

Two other new officers were soon added, called *Fence-Viewers*. The stock of cattle, swine, goats and horses possessed by the Settlers was quite large. The mischief they might do, running at large, is obvious. The extreme importance of crops is also obvious. Hence a system of fencing and of pounding was at once established. Fences shut out the North and the

South and the Little Meadows from the rest of the Town. Fences enclosed cultivated tracts in all parts of the Town. Fences shut out the Town from the Dutch grounds. These were all to be "good and sufficient," and were to be judged so by the Fence-Viewers. In consideration of their good construction lands were frequently given to individuals, as in one instance thirty acres even. The letters of the names of proprietors, in many cases, were to be set on stakes—and children, alas for their joyous pastime, were forbidden to swing upon the public gates. If a Fence-Viewer or the Constable caught them 'at it,' wo to the little urchins! Hard, was it not, to disturb such their juvenile luxury of motion? It is the child's by prescriptive right!

We have heretofore spoken of *Surveyors* and *Chimney-Viewers* as instituted by the Town at its start. The powers and duties of these officers increased with the progress of time within the period upon which we dwell.

The *Surveyors*, two of whom were annually chosen, were specially charged with the construction and care of highways. They were to call out in their course, one day in every year, every person and team fit for labor, to make and mend the roads, and to construct little causeways or sidewalks in various parts of the town. In addition to this they were to survey the lines of fences and the common lands, for which purpose the Town owned and kept a *chain*, which was let out at two pence a day, and was to be mended, if broken, by the person using it. It finally, 1644, passed into the hands of John Talcott and his heirs for twen-

ty years, upon a special agreement to pay the Town for its use.

The *Chimney-Viewers* were to examine chimneys generally once a month, and exact two shillings and sixpence for each failure to cleanse them. They were to see that ladders were kept at each house, or trees in place of the ladders. No person was to carry any fire out of doors, unless safely covered, under a penalty of twelpence. It is obvious that great care in regard to fires was taken by the Town. Orders upon this subject are very frequent. They are the foundation of our Fire Department.

Thus, as now described, did Hartford improve its municipal organization within its first fifteen years. Cemented also, by the Constitution of 1639, in warmer sympathy with her sister towns upon the River, and by the Confederation of 1644, in closer alliance with all New England towns, she felt the grateful force of strong arms about her to sustain and defend the institutions she was cherishing, and to urge along, with one hope, one life, one destiny, one glory, upon the waves, as it were, of a wilderness, the Ark of New England liberty.

SC.EVA.

Hartford.

ITS JUDICIAL ORGANIZATION—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 11.

"1. That, in the administration of justice, I am intrusted for God, the king, and my country, and therefore,

"2. That it be done, first, uprightly; secondly, deliberately; thirdly, resolutely.

"3. That I rest not on my own understanding and strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God."

Sir Matthew Hale, on becoming a Judge.

LAW—"the perfection of reason," or that *should* be! Abstractly, like *Truth* in the sublime conception of Plato—"the *Body of God!*" Would not all so think, could the ideas, above, of the illustrious Hale be realized in mortal practice—could Law be made, in human administration, to rest ever upon "the direction and strength" of the Almighty Fountain of its great triune elements of justice, and equity, and mercy? Yet such is not experience, in this world. We fear it never will be till the millenium—nor then if there is one woe or even one little quarrelsome impulse left to play its discordant part, or one lawyer, doctor or divine to take its side. Well however is it that the Ideal of Law be lifted, as Hale lifts it, high as Heaven! Well that Law can be thus touched and exalted

with hues other than those of earth—that the splendors of a loftier world can drape its elemental form, and the glory of Eternity embalm its existence! Else, in the weakness of man, it would be without support,

“Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin’s sure perquisite”—

or in the sea of man’s passion, when the black blast blows hard, would become at once a wreck—

“the tide returning hoarse
To sweep it from our sight.”

Heavenward, with Hale, did the Settlers of Hartford look for the deep foundation of *their* Law—Bibleward too strictly in adopting the death penalties of the Jewish dispensation, as in their ten Capital Crimes—yet, though thus theocratic somewhat in their views, earthward they looked for the forms of Law, and necessarily for its agencies. They had their differences and disputes, of course. How were these settled? By the General Court—by the Particular Court—by a Town Court—by a colonial Magistrate, one or more—by Constables—by the Selectmen—by Arbitrators, and by Committees. Instrumentalities enough—one would think! To be sure—and the Settlers intended to have enough, for justice lay near to their hearts!

The General Court, not judicial in its structure, entertained occasionally, where parties were concerned, questions of morals, manners and religion, and contracts involving the general interests. It enforced or prohibited acts, gave counsel, or administered censure,

somewhat at discretion, but always within what were deemed the bounds of prudence and equity, and the rules of "God's word." The Particular Court dealt chiefly, and always judicially, with debts or trespasses involving above forty shillings in value, and with grave crimes, wrongs and misdemeanors—and Juries, the great palladium of liberty, thanks to the Founders of our Commonwealth, were coeval with Hartford. The Town Court, instituted for the first time in 1639, was that in which all controversies, either trespasses or debts not exceeding forty shillings, were tried, whenever both parties lived in the same town. Hartford, once every year, elected three, five, or seven of its chief inhabitants, one of whom, with a casting voice, was chosen Moderator, and these persons, or the major part of them, met once every two months—summoned parties to answer—administered oaths to witnesses—heard and determined, subject to appeal, all cases which fell within their jurisdiction, and gave judgment and execution against the party offending.

Magistrates, by whom is here meant the assistants or judges of the Particular Court, sworn as they were to administer justice according to established laws, and "for want thereof according to the rule of the word of God," exercised much authority *out of* as well as *in* term time. To them controversies were frequently referred—by them arbitrated. They exercised a power, in early times, somewhat undefined, enforcing rights, preventing wrongs and punishing misdemeanors, in the places of their residence as well as in other towns, and were armed by statute with

special authority to protect the public peace from marauding or trespassing Indians. Read the Oath which the Hartford Settlers, in common with those of Wethersfield and Windsor, provided for such Magistrates! Mark the depth of its solemn invocation, the grandeur of its aim, the simple yet firm terms in which it imposes responsibility, and its lofty recognition of Almighty Justice!

“I, N. W. being chosen a Magistrate within this Jurisdiction for
“the yeare ensuing, do sweare by the great and dreadfull name of
“the everliveing God, to promote the publike good and peace of the
“same, according to the best of my skill, and that I will mayntayne
“all the lawfull priviledges thereof according to my understanding,
“as also to assist in the execution of all such wholesome laws as are
“made or shall be made by lawfull authority heare established, and
“will further the execution of Justice for the tyme aforesaid accord-
“ing to the righteous rule of God’s word: so help me God, etc.”

Constables, two of them at first, of town appointment, besides their duties as instruments of justice to execute the orders of magistrates and courts, were specially charged with preserving the peace of our Town, with executing its laws when resisted, with the enforcement of penalties, with the collection often of rates, and with the oversight of watches and wards. Read also the solemn Oath which they were obliged to take!

“I, A. B. of W, doe sweare by the greate and dreadfull name of
“the everliveing God, that for the yeare ensuing, and untill a new be
“chosen, I will faythfully execute the office and place of a Constable
“for and within the said plantation of W, and the lymits thereof, and
“that I will endeavor to presearve the publike peace of the said place,
“and Commonwealth, and will doe my best endeavor to see all watch-

"es and wards executed, and to obey and execute all lawful commands or warrants that come from any Magistrat or Magistrats or Courte, so helpe me God, in the Lord Jesus Christ."

To the conservators of the public peace were added, in 1643, *Grand Jurors*, who were distributed through the three towns of the Colony. Of course Hartford had its share, and in the power of these officers "to make presentment of the breaches of any laws or orders or any other misdemeanors known of in the jurisdiction," had a new safeguard added to its good order and security.

The *Selectmen*, *Arbitrators* and *Committees*, very often in the period under consideration, constituted tribunals for the settlement of disputes and adjustment of grievances. To the first, besides difficulties which grew out of their ordinary administration of town affairs, were specially referred all those arising from unreasonable prices in the sale of commodities, as well as all oppressions resulting from any "overburdened or disproportioned" labor done by individuals for the Town, and occasioned by "the ignorance or corruption" of those to whom the management of such work was entrusted. Their decisions, as well as those made by Arbitrators and Committees, so far as appears, were made in a spirit of kindness, moderation and justice, and appeals from them were rarely, if ever, made in the period upon which we dwell.

Thus fortified with Courts and Juries, and with numerous ministers of the law, whose functions, though of necessity accommodated to the exigencies of a new settlement, and modified by the peculiar spirit of those who braved a wilderness, yet rested firmly on

the broad foundations of liberty and truth, Hartford enjoyed, during its First Period, an easy, cheap and effective administration of justice. The Town therefore, so far as the machinery of law is concerned, was at once prepared to prosper. Fundamental rule of civil conduct as law is—entering as it does vitally into every interest of society—protecting as it does all civilized effort for the superior development of life and liberty and for the acquisition of property—the Settlers of Hartford gave it immediately a full and free space in their system. That it occupied with them such a space, and was withal so simple yet so strong, at a period too when in the old country it was not yet half emancipated from feudal complexity and restraint—when rights and property were still precarious, still hung trembling on the lips of power—is matter of grateful surprise. That it has endured, in its principles as they apply to our Town unchanged to the present day, with the names and functions of almost all its officers still nearly the same, and its practical forms really in no great degree improved, certainly not in simplicity, bespeaks a sagacity, practical good sense, and love of liberty, on the part of the Settlers of our valley, which are worthy of the highest reverence. Hartford deserved to prosper under the legal and municipal system which was first established. It was truly patriotic and philosophic. It nobly answered its end more than two centuries ago. It has been fulfilling it ever since—and is now—yet it does not exhaust! Be it the fervent wish of all that the rush of years may never break its strength!

SCEVA.

Hartford.

ITS MILITARY HISTORY—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 12.

"Tell me, man of military renown, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England?"

Everett.

"No! by the marvels of thine hand,
Thou wilt save thy chosen band."

Milman.

SPITE of the prudence and kindness with which the Settlers of Hartford, and of Connecticut generally, treated the Indians, their lives, during the First Period, were passed in almost constant apprehension. The Indian *would* steal, by day, by night, whenever he got a chance—whatever he could get. He would lurk in dwellings, or break them open, for plunder. Cattle and swine he would "spoil or kill with trappes, dogges or arrowes." He would threaten, insult, plot, waylay. True to his savage instincts, he would do mischief and create alarm. Hartford therefore, in common with her sister towns, was ever on the defensive. The Records show her precautions. Watch and ward were maintained constantly by night, much of the time by day. The Meeting House was always

specially guarded. It was amid the tramp of armed men that, most of the time, public prayer and praise went up to God. The Settlers had often to take their weapons of war with their instruments of husbandry to the fields they tilled. The Town kept ammunition, several barrels, always on hand, and each soldier always had enough. Indians were forbidden to handle "Englishmen's weapons of any sorte," and if they possessed any, were to deliver them up or be accounted enemies. Smiths were not to work for them. Trade with them "in any instrument or matter made of iron or steele" was forbidden. They could have no powder or shot. They were not permitted to walk in the Town by night, and might be shot if they ran from the watch. They were forbidden to enter houses except under certain fixed restrictions as to time and numbers, or persons.

Such, down to 1650, was the every-day condition, almost, of Hartford in regard to the Indians, save when the Pequot War in 1637, and the supposed Narragansett Plot in 1642, multiplied its dangers and deepened its alarm. Both of these occasions, of course, increased the public precautions—the first especially so.

Inappeasably jealous of the whites, the Pequots, it is well known, gave way to the fiercest impulses of their barbarous nature. Lurking everywhere almost, they would rob, captivate, kill, torture, and fire dwellings, storehouses and crops. Their murder of Stone, and Norton, and Oldham, of numbers of the garrison at the mouth of the Connecticut, of more than thirty in all of the English—the slow, fearful tortures with

which they dispatched Butterfield and Tilly, and the mocking, marauding and murdering expedition of one hundred of them to Wethersfield, created general consternation. The Settlers of Hartford could not go to work in the fields, not even to church, nor eat, nor sleep, nor travel, but with arms in their hands. The Pequots, to use the language of Mason, were "thorns in their eyes and slashing scourges in their sides." No pibroch 'savage shrill,' as of a 'Cameron's gathering,' sounded their approach, either 'in the noon of night' or by day. They were silent and skulking as adders. Hartford, therefore, doubled and trebled its sentinels, 'the drums beating' as they took their stations "in every convenient place," and each soldier of the Town was "commanded to be in readiness upon an alarm, upon a penalty of five pound." And this state of dread and watchfulness continued until the daring, well devised, triumphant expedition of Mason exterminated, as if through the vengeance of the Almighty, the wily and powerful Sassacus and his tribe.

To this great undertaking Hartford contributed more men and supplies than any other town. Of the ninety soldiers under Mason, it supplied forty-two—of armor fourteen pieces—and of provisions, eighty-four bushels of corn, the half of it baked in biscuit and half in meal, three firkins of suet and two of butter, together "with that at the River's mouth," four bushels of oatmeal, two of peas, two of salt, and "500 of fish."

Who were these "*Soldiers under Mason*" from Hartford—these warriors, the first from our Town in the

first military expedition of new-born Connecticut? Thanks to the researches of N. Goodwin and J. H. Trumbull Esquires in aid of our own, we are able to give their names—nearly all of them. Pioneers these men were in a fearful risk of life and treasure to save a State, and it is gratifying indeed to learn who they were. Defenders of liberty against barbaric wiles and fierceness—eagle-eyed and eagle-hearted champions as they were, in days black with peril, of that glorious gem of civilization in whose effulgence their posterity of Hartford now bathes and wantons—it is good that they should be commemorated. Their's the laurel wreath! Their's reverence! Their's affection! And it was but just in Connecticut to reward them as it did in their day—and as we do those who bravely fight our battles now—with grants of land. That *Soldier's Field*, of which we spoke in Article Third—and with a hint to the worthy '*Husband*' of our Town, which has proved most productive—was a gift to *them*, and received its name from the fact.* It is by following the distribution of this tract of land,

**Soldier's Field* lay west of our North Meadow Creek, its eastern bound nearly coinciding with the line of the Branch Railroad. It extended to the Meadow Hill, on which Dr. Bushnell's house now stands, on the west—and to Village Street on the south. Its bounds on the north cannot now be exactly ascertained. It embraced an area of from sixty to eighty acres. Among other proofs that it was used as stated in the text are the following depositions—quite conclusive in themselves—of Thomas Burr and of Joseph Wadsworth, the hero who saved the Charter of Connecticut, made in 1721, in support of a petition of Benjamin Munn for a grant of land.

"These may informe ye Honour'd General Courte that my Hon'rd Father having been a first planter of Hartford, I in my youth, who am now 74 years old, did often hear my said Father say that those Lots called the Soldier's Field were Lots granted to ye Pequoit soldiers only, and that for their good service in said War.

JOSEPH WADSWORTH."

as it appears in the old first book of our Town Records, that, chiefly, we secure their names. And here they are! Read them, pray, with that thoughtfulness which their memory deserves!

John Brunson, William Blumfield, Thomas Bull, Thomas Bunce, Thomas Barnes, Peter Blachford, Benjamin Burr, John Clarke, Nicholas Clarke, Capt. John Cullick, Sergeant Philip Davis, Nicholas Disborough, William Heyden, Thomas Hales, Samuel Hales, John Hills, Thomas Hollybut, (Hurlbut,) John Halloway, Jonathan Ince, Benjamin Munn, Nicholas Olmsted, Richard Olmsted, John Purchas, (Purkas or Perkins,) William Pratt, William Phillips, Thomas Root, Thomas Spencer, Thomas Stanton, Rev. Samuel Stone, George Steele, Samuel Whitehead, John Warner. To these may probably be added the names of *Thomas Munson, Stephen Hart, Zachary Field, and William Cornwell.*

Shortly after the Pequot conquest it became necessary to maintain it by force of arms, and here Hartford was again forward. Of the forty men sent under Lieutenant Seely to accomplish this purpose, our Town furnished nineteen, and in supplies twenty-eight bushels of corn, forty pounds of butter, half a hundred of cheese, and a hundred pounds of beef, besides fish. Of forty men sent again under Mason, to enforce against the Pequots the treaty rights of the

"I Thomas Burr of Hartford aged 75 years, testify as above written, that I heard my Father say as aforesaid, and also remember said Mun when he lived in Hartford and often heard my Father and other Pequot soldiers say that said Mun was a soldier in said war with them.

THOMAS BURR."

Colony, Hartford supplied seventeen, while of the six hundred and twenty pounds which the whole war cost, this town paid two hundred and fifty-one pounds and two shillings. Among the Hartford citizens particularly distinguished in the expedition, were Rev. Mr. Hooker, Rev. Mr. Stone, Thomas Stanton, and Lieutenant Bull.

Mr. *Hooker* it was who—when the forces, in a pink, in Mr. Pyncheon's shallop, in a pinnace and in many Indian canoes, started from Hartford—here on the banks of our River, amid weeping, startled wives and children and kindred, “with that superior piety, spirit and majesty which were peculiar to him, like an ancient prophet” addressed the soldiers—and commending them warmly to divine protection, bade them “in martial power to fight the battles of the Lord and of his people.” “I still remember,” says Major Mason, “a speech of Mr. Hooker's on our going aboard—that they [the heathen savages] should be bread for us.” “Going,” says Roger Wolcott in his poetical account of the Pequot War—

“Going on board, Oraculous Hooker said,
Fear not the foe, they shall become your bread!”

Mr. *Stone* it was who, attending the soldiers as chaplain, kept their courage ever high and holy through pious mindfulness—who went to pray with them as they sailed, as they marched, in fatigue, in pain, and during the perils of a mortal struggle. He it was who by “spending most of one Thursday night in prayer,” seemed to solve their chief and weighty embarrassment when they lay at Saybrook

wholly uncertain as to the course they should take. He it was whose supplication that Heaven would afford the Expedition some sure proof of the fidelity of the accompanying Indians, was so fully and singularly answered by the exploits of Uncas and his party in slaughtering hostile Pequots on their way through the forests to Saybrook, and at Bass River. Captain Underhill refers to this fact, and gives some of the language of Mr. Stone's pious entreaty. It is worth reading.

"Lying aboard the vessel with my boat," he says, "the minister, "one master Stone, that was sent to instruct the company, was then "in prayer solemnly before God, in the midst of the soldiers.—The "hearts of all in general being much perplexed, fearing the infidelity "of these Indians [those accompanying] having not heard what an "exploit they had wrought, it pleased God to put into the heart of "master Stone this passage in prayer, while myself lay under the "vessel and heard it, himself not knowing that God had sent him a "messenger to tell him his prayer was granted—*O Lord God, if it "be thy blessed will, vouchsafe so much favor to thy poor, distressed "servants as to manifest one pledge of thy love, that may confirm us of "the fidelity of these Indians towards us, that now pretend friendship "and service to us, that our hearts may be encouraged the more in this "work of thine.* Immediately myself stepping up, told him that God "had answered his desire, and that I had brought him this news, that "these Indians had brought in five Pequots heads, one prisoner, and "wounded one mortally—which did much encourage the hearts of "all, and replenish them exceedingly, and gave them all occasion to "rejoice and be thankful to God."

Mr. Stanton it was who, as Indian Interpreter as well as soldier, parleyed usefully at all times, and especially so at the Casco swamp in Fairfield, when he induced two hundred of the old men, women and children of the Pequots to surrender themselves. He

subsequently distinguished himself at Pawcatuck by shooting an Indian murderer through both thighs, "at such a vast distance" as to be "a wonderment."

Lieutenant *Bull* it was who, after Mason's troops had given that volley in upon the Pequot Fort which Captain Underhill admired as so 'complete' that "*the finger of God seemed to have touched both match and flint,*" and when the Fort was in flames, pushed in at the imminent risk of his own life, and rescued the wounded soldier Arthur Smith from the devouring element. Brave and efficient soldier that Bull was, Providence seems to have taken especial care of him—for we learn that a hard piece of cheese which he carried in his pocket diverted an Indian arrow from his groin and saved his life, the Lieutenant, says Major Mason, "having no other defence—which may verify the old saying, that *a little armor would serve if a man knew where to place it.*"

But a few years after the Pequot War, and the supposed plot of the Narragansetts to confederate the Indians generally for the destruction of the whites, renewed the alarm in Hartford as it did in other towns. The means of defence were therefore again strengthened. Fresh ammunition, new cartridges, new pikes, and forty arrow-proof coats were provided. Forty men were to remain in the Town for its defence, and forty 'compleat in arms' were to attend every public religious assembly. The Selectmen and Militia Officers were charged by a vote of the Town with the duty of directing persons, in case of any alarm, where to repair and how to make defence. By vote of the Town also the watch were ordered to ring a

bell every morning before day-break—"to begin at the Bridge, and so ring the bell all the way forth and back from Master Moody's (Wyllys Hill) to John Pratts" [near the present Courant office.] One person was then to get up in every house, and show a light within a quarter of an hour after the ringing of the bell, or at least half an hour before day-break, on penalty, for any failure, of thirteen shillings and sixpence to any informer, and of sixpence to the Town.

The means and measures of defence now described curbed the savage, and kept Hartford, during its First Period, safe. The Town was able to run in the main a prosperous career. Once only, and this immediately after the Pequot War, does it appear to have suffered at all from want of any of the necessaries of life. Then there was a temporary scarcity of corn, and for the reason that the Settlers, so many of them, were taken, in planting time, from the field of tillage to the field of blood. This scarcity, however, was soon relieved by active measures on the part of the General Court to procure corn from up the River—and the scalp of Sassacus, brought hither from the Mohawks, gave assurance of the death of Hartford's deadliest foe, and left its inhabitants to pursue in peace their agricultural labors.

What a sight must have been to them *that Scalp*—the bronzed, shrivelled, blood-stained integument of that savage head, which, with method and with madness, had plotted more mischief and wrought out more perils for the whites, than the brains of all the Indians of New England besides!

Yet did Sassacus do aught more, aught less, than

stick to his tribe? Hath not his offence 'this extent—no more?' Identified with Pequot power and pride, their embodiment—the fond, watchful, jealous exponent of its sovereignty—"lord of a thousand bowmen"—a king—ought he not by every contrivance, at all hazards, to have protected his people—and the more so as, to his eye at least, the green leaves of his tribe's prosperity seemed to wither under the basilisk of the white man? Is patriotism less a virtue in the Indian than in the Pale Face? Is his love of life and home and liberty less natural, less strong—is it a mere animal, a four-footed love, that may be butchered, as we do cattle, for meat to satiate Anglo-Saxon appetite? On the other hand, shall the Anglo-Saxon, trusted as he is with the rich, priceless boon of law, liberty and religion, pause in his career because of barbarian opposition? May he not carry his civilization even at the point of the sword, in an extremity, a dark and dangerous one, and for a preservation that is vital? We think he may, and so, spite of its havoc, spite of its extermination, exonerate the Settlers of our valley from all blame in their Pequot War. The Indian must fade as doth the leaf—must "pass away like the winged breeze!" Doth he not? Lo and answer the Setting Sun! It is his fate, gloomy, inexorable, inscrutable—but his fate!

That Scalp of Sassacus however—what became of it? Mr. Ludlow carried a lock of its long, black, wiry hair to Boston, "as a rare sight and a sure demonstration," to the people of Massachusetts, "of the death of their mortal enemy." But what became of the rest? Gone with Sassacus himself, and with

his tribe, to dust—perhaps, as too black-boding a trophy, designedly thrown away—or lost and wasted in the oblivious peace which followed its acquisition. Would it were here though now, in our Historical Hall, to meet the curious eye! It would be a *grateful* terror at this day—darkly, with King Philip's War Club, telling of dire days to New England, and memorializing one of the haughtiest and most implacable of its savage foes! What a royal “bugbear for a winter's eve!”

SCENA.

Hartford.

ITS LAND POLICY—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 13.

"A *plot* set down for farmers quiet."

Tusser's Husbandry.

Soon after its settlement, Hartford increased its territorial domain. By 1639, it had acquired a large extent of land on the east side of the Connecticut River, reaching from between Windsor on the north and Wethersfield on the south three miles to the eastward. The particulars of this acquisition are nowhere given, but the fact is conclusively established by an order of the Town, dated 1640, which directs that "all the upland of the east side of the Great River, from Podunk River to Pewterpot River, shall be divided to the three-miles end, that is to say, half a mile of it measured and staked, and each man's proportion to run up the country to the three-miles end." This tract embraces nearly that of present East Hartford—a fine town in spite of its sands—likely child of a likely mother—and which in its modern independence, forgets not church or state, nor to render its worthy progenitor its annual tribute of the

earliest peas, the best melons, the choicest pop-corn, and best nectar-beer of the region round about.

It will be remembered, by those who have read our previous Articles, that lands were first distributed by the Settlers on condition that they should be improved, and house-lots on condition that dwellings should be erected. This policy, founded in a desire to stimulate industry, to fix inhabitants to the soil, and in a measure to insure their good conduct, was pursued quite steadily during the period under consideration. Sometimes we find it relaxed in favor of persons rendering some essential service to the public—sometimes in case of those who gave plausible reasons for its violation, and who expiated their default by the payment of small fines—but generally lands and lots were forfeited for any breaches of the fundamental orders. The original restraint upon their free alienation was, 1640, modified so as to permit all who had been inhabitants for four years to sell as they pleased—and this continued till, 1651, the General Court reinstated the old system, by which the consent of the Town was required to sales, and the Town itself to be preferred as a purchaser.

In other respects the Land System of Hartford was wise and liberal. It constantly, as occasions arose either by the accession of new Settlers, or from the increased wants of the old, parcelled out its unappropriated lands to suit the demand. It provided, at first through committees annually appointed by the Town, and subsequently through the Selectmen, for the careful superintendence of lands which remained under the common charge—securing them from dam-

age by swine or cattle—preserving their timber by the restraint of licenses to cut and carry away—fencing them where required—and occasionally converting them to agricultural use, especially where necessity, “in the beginnings wherein” the Settlers were, constrained it. Sometimes it made donations of portions of them, in consideration of ditching, clearing, or some other important improvement, and sometimes bestowed them in reward of public service, or as a boon to poor and honest industry. The course of the Settlers in this respect was just and enlightened. Its large fund of common land was made to serve the common good. The knowledge and consent of all inhabitants of the Town were essential to its distribution. All mistakes in its allotment were rectified by committees appointed for the purpose. Each man had his share on easy terms, and it was his own fault if he did not work his agricultural mine to his own advantage.

As for appropriated lands, these were all to be recorded, as we have already had occasion to state, and to be bounded, every particular parcel, with mere-stones, and so were to be recorded bargains and mortgages of all real estate—a simple, cheap and effective policy, which assured titles, prevented frauds, and confirmed the rights of heirs, legatees, creditors, and of all parties in interest. The Settlers—thanks to their good sense and foresight—left the feudal law, save a few of its harmless forms and phrases, they left it, with its tedious, costly and oppressive intricacies, almost wholly behind them. More thoughtful

than the Colonists of New York, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, whose jurisprudence long retained many marked traits of feudalism—not yet in all of them entirely obliterated—they at once, with their sister towns both in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, abrogated in practice the cumbrous legal machinery of the Old World, and annihilated almost every vestige of its law of tenures. No knight service with them as a condition of holding lands! None of the oppressive exactions of relief, wardship and marriage! No right of primogeniture! No preference of males in the title by descent! No practice of subinfeudation! No endless and involved restraints on alienation! No locking up of real estate within the jaws of mortmain and entail to bury it from the natural wants of commerce, and the just control of proprietors! But ownership upon the defined, certain, predial and pacific services of free and common socage—ownership subject only to that easy fealty, and those equitable rents and services, which do but compensate for its protection, and support the just authority of the Public—ownership that is subservient to the purposes of business, that is in the main alienable at the will of the owner, that may be taken and sold for debt, that passes to children equally by inheritance—vital ownership in fee simple, by allodial title, by the grasp of an absolute and direct property and dominion—such was the simple, complete, inspiring interest which a Hartford Settler had in his lands. Save in the idea that he held under an ultimate superior authority, with certain corresponding obligations on his own part, his possession

was free as air. And this superior authority was, curiously enough, during the first thirty years of Hartford, not even King Charles the First, nor the Protector Cromwell—for the oath of allegiance to the incarnation of old England's sovereignty never passed the lips of a Hartford Settler till after the Charter of 1662 was granted—but the authority in question was the People, that new republican supremacy which a noble patriotism substituted, amid the wild woods of a new continent, for monarchy, tyranny and folly across the seas—that grand power on which true liberty ever leans in securest repose, which it should devoutly seek ever to cherish, and in a sweet, solemn sense of loyalty love ever to revere. Good for old Hartford!

SC EVA.

Hartford.

ITS SUMPTUARY POLICY—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 14.

"And they fixed the prices thereof."

Anon.

"The apparel oft denotes the man."

Hamlet.

"Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

Pope.

In the age upon which we dwell, Sumptuary Laws, restraining by checks more or less severe extravagance in dress, furniture, food and private expenditure generally, and laws regulating the prices of commodities and of labor, existed in nearly every civilized government, and were deemed essential parts of a true political economy. The evils of luxury, the effeminacies and wastefulness supposed to be engendered by wealth, the fundamental importance of frugality to a State, the impositions often involved in large prices, these circumstances, together with the notion derived from the classical ages, that simple habits of living were essential to the preservation of true heroism and patriotism, to the growth of all the hardy virtues of a primitive golden age, made it the

prominent doctrine of the day, that freedom in property and labor were inconsistent with a sound and enlightened civil liberty. Spirits of Horace, Juvenal and Sallust, Shade of the Twelve Tables, what a legacy in this respect did ye leave the world! It was the doctrine not alone of courts and monarchies, but of democracies—not alone of England, and France, and Sweden, and of other European governments, but also of every American Colony. It has taken centuries to overthrow it—centuries to establish the freedom of industry, and that just and liberal doctrine which, in the language of Adam Smith, makes it “an act of the highest impertinence and presumption for kings and rulers to pretend to watch over the economy and expenditure of private persons.” It was not until late as 1824, that in England the last traces of interference with the rights of operative industry were swept from the British Statute Books. Late as 1777, a Committee of our own American Congress recommended the several States to regulate by law the price of labor, manufactures, and internal produce, and the charges of innholders. Following up this suggestion, late as 1778, acts of the Legislatures of New York, Connecticut, and probably of other States, limited the price of labor and its products, and tavern charges, and prices in inns were still, late as 1836, fixed by law in New Jersey and Alabama.

Our Readers, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that the Hartford Settlers, sharing the views of the day, dealt in sumptuary legislation. “Ordered,” 1641, says the General Court, in which Hartford then had

the chief influence, in view of "excess in apparel, by divers persons of several ranks, ordered that the Constables of every Town within these Liberties, shall observe and take notice of any particular person or persons within their several limits, and all such as they judge to exceed their condition therein [to wit, in apparel] they shall present and warn to appear at the Particular Court—and the said Court hath power to censure any disorder in the particulars before mentioned."

Strange—is it not? To walk about with your dress each moment subject to the espionage of a Constable—in dread each minute of being summoned to receive a grave, frowning rebuke, in a public Court Room, from the lips of the highest judges of the land—think of it! Yet the principle of this order is the same with that of many which have issued from kings of England against short doublets and long coats—the same with that of Henry Fourth's proclamation, that no man should wear shoes above six inches broad at the toes because "*pride had got so much into the foot.*" It is the same with that of Queen Bess's regulation of the apparel of apprentices, and of the dress, and hair, and beards of her lawyers—the same with that of the admonition, in James the First's time, to the students of Oxford, against the 'fearful enormities' of peccadilloes, vast bands, huge ruffs, shoe-roses, and tufts, locks and tops of hair, as "unbecoming their modesty and carriage." It is the same with that of thousands of laws, from the time when the old Loerian legislator Zaleucus ordained that no woman should go attended

with more than one maid in the street, '*unless she was drunk;*' down to the present day.

Yet what upon earth had the Settlers of Hartford, a plain people—in garments, as one supposes, usually of serge, and kersey, and cotton and hemp, of a dark and sober hue—with scarcely more of means than they plucked day by day, with hard toil, from the jaws of a wilderness—what had they to do with any "excess in apparelling?" Not to their men certainly belonged

"The spangled garters worth a copyhold,
Nor hose and doublet which a lordship cost,
Nor a gaudy cloak three manors worth almost,
Nor a beaver band and feather for the head
Prised at the church's tithe—the poor man's bread."

Nor to their women seemingly could it befall to be fanned 'with the soft wind of whispering silks,' to rustle in spangles, furbelows and flouncees, or to move in bulky petticoats of taffety surmounted with velvet kirtles, or in dresses furred with ermine, or with bugle-embroidered capes of lace. Fugitives, and Puritan fugitives too, all of them, from a land of pomp and vanities—who could not bear the low-crowned Flemish beaver, or Naples hat, and the Savoy chain or Milan sword, or ruff and cuff of Flanders, or the "cloak of Geneva with Brabant buttons set"—to whom fardingales, and scented lovelocks, and patches of court plaster bewitchingly laid on, and perfumed rings and necklaces, and lotions and unguents, and gloves 'breathing an air as sweet as damask roses,' were an abomination—why should such a people find it so soon necessary among themselves, in their new and

straitened circumstances, to lay the strong hand of the law on dress? Were silk stockings, or birds-eye hoods, too much in vogue? Were shoes too enormously high-heeled? Had any rich, tenuous lawns or muslins stolen into the settlement to furnish caps, 'with silver curlings, white as snow?' Did ointment and perfume begin 'to rejoice the heart?' Did the ladies, for dressing too low, begin to require the non-conformist's 'just and seasonable reprehension?' Or were the falling collars of the men too nicely pointed with lace, their cuffs too elaborate, their hose too gay-colored, their shoe-roses too trim with ribbons? Did their

"High-crowned hats, with a widish brim,
Tied all around with a wrinkled string,"

become too low, or steal a gracefully drooping feather or so from the plume of the Cavalier?

Some, probably several of the causes now suggested, combined to draw down upon the lovers of dress, in the first years of Hartford, the restraining law to which we have referred. A strange law to us—yet excusably so! But what were its effects? Here history is silent. We'll venture the opinion, however, that it never was enforced with much strictness. In spite of any denunciations from the Courts, the pulpit, or the grave social circle, spite of the fact that proverbially no Cromwellite could bear silks and satins, and spite of the Constables, we have no doubt that all who wanted to dress handsomely did so to the extent of their means—not eschewing ornaments, when they could get them, nor deeming even a little

finery irreligious—and feeling all the better and the merrier the while, in their loves and their friendships, for the reason that they could note and talk a little about some innocent embellishment of attire, or some pretty trinket, or of even the flowing ringlets, and slashed doublets, and white-laced waistcoats, and crimson short-petticoats, and hair *à la negligence*, of the cavaliers and dames of the Court across the Atlantic. The love of dress is innate, and fashion in this respect, always grasping at display, is more omnipotent than law. How much of elegance and richness, of ruffling and costly embroidery, do we not see in the costumes which have come down to us from the early days of Connecticut!

But now as regards labor. About this, Hartford very early passed an act regulating its price. The wages of the ordinary day-laborer varied, according to the season and his ability, from eighteen pence to two shillings and sixpence a day. He was to work eleven hours in the summer and nine in the winter. The labor of cattle varied, according to their goodness and the season, from fourteen to eighteen pence the pair a day, and for the use of a cart from three pence to sixpence a day was to be paid. ‘Also,’ says a vote of the town—

“No man shall take above 4s. 6p. for sawing of boards, and 5s. 6p. for slitwork, the timber being squared and laid at the pit; nor above 8p. a C. for riving six foot poles or clapboard, and 6p. a C. for three foot: nor above 7s. for boards, and 2s. 6p. for three foot clapboards: and whosoever gives or takes more, directly or indirectly shall forfeit for every time 5s.”

It was also ordered that the Townsmen should settle, through arbitration, any difficulties, involving oppression, which might arise in any labor contracts of importance, and that they should fine, according to the offence, every person who sold any commodity, and took "unreasonable fair or work in men's necessity." To the Town regulations now stated, and bearing of course directly on the Town, were added regulations of the same character by the General Court. The last were from time to time repealed, in the hope that in the matters they concerned "men would have been a law unto themselves"—a glimmer here of true political economy—but were reinstated when 'little reformation' was found 'therein,' and wages were in excess. By these regulations, carpenters, plowwrits, wheelwrights, masons, joiners, smiths, coopers and mowers, were to receive according to the season, working eleven hours in the summer and nine in the winter, from eighteen to twenty pence per day—and all other artificers, and handicraftsmen and chief laborers, from fourteen to eighteen pence a day, and in proportion for parts of a day. Sawyers were to receive four shillings and sixpence for slit-work or three inch plank—three shillings and sixpence for boards by the hundred—and boards were not to be sold for more than five shillings and sixpence the hundred. From four shillings to four and sixpence a day were to be charged for "four of the better sort of oxen or horses with their tackling," more being allowed for breaking up upland ground than any other, and the penalty for disobedience of any of the above orders was, *the Cen-*

sure of the Court—a penalty too grave and impressive in former times to be easily disregarded.

Thus in the early days of Hartford was labor regulated, and to some extent the prices of commodities. Unsound as we know this policy to be, it is yet worthy of remark that the Hartford Settlers ameliorated it much, in comparison with their cotemporaries in England. With the latter a precise and stringent *Statute for Laborers*, passed early as 1349, and repeatedly confirmed by successive Parliaments, had for more than three centuries borne oppressively upon all branches of industry. With the former a few laws, not severe in their character, not formidable in their penalties, and intermitted in their execution, bore only upon a part of labor. With the latter the Proclamations of Justices every Easter and Michaelmas, backed by the whole civil authority of the realm, left a tyrannous discretion over labor in the hands of a few. With the former such regulation of labor as did exist, emanated from the people, and left no discretion in fickle hands. With the latter not only the prices of all commodities were generally fixed, but even the food and the clothing of laborers, what they should eat and wherewithal they should be clad, were determined by law. With the former a low price was established for but a few commodities, and there never was a particle of interference with food, or with raiment, save to check its "excess"—had there been, the republican stomach of the Town would at once, we believe, have burst out in rebellion. With the latter it was a frequent provision that if any unemployed person refused to work at the established rates,

he might be *imprisoned*. With the former no such despotic rule ever found a place. The Hartford Settlers then, it is apparent, were, in respect to the policy now under consideration, far in advance of their mother country. Source of a just pride is this! But at the same time they were much behind the views of the present day. They had not yet, though they had some perceptions of it, not yet learned the fundamental rule that no legislation can advantageously fix either the minimum or the maximum of wages—that no employer can give more, and no workman take less, than he can afford without impoverishment—that the interests of each, without any combinations by either to raise or depress prices, should be left to furnish the standard of emolument—that, in short, the price of Labor, as well as of commodities generally, is to be regulated by the natural, wise Law of Supply and Demand.

SCÉVA.

Hartford.

ITS AGRICULTURE—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 15.

“ Good farne and well stored, good housing and drie,
Good corne and good dairy, good market and rie,
Good shepherd, good tillman, good Jaeke and good Gill,
Makes husband and huswife their coffers to fill.”

Tusser's Husbandry.

AGRICULTURE, at the time when Hartford was settled, had made considerable progress in England. For about a century it had been studied as a science. Authors like Fitzherbert, Tusser, Sir Hugh Platt, and Sir Richard Weston, had contributed quite profoundly to its elucidation. Its principal grains, grasses, and roots, except clover, the potatoe and the turnip, were known and cultivated. Agricultural implements, though vastly improved since, were quite various. The plow, the hoe, the spade, the shovel, the fork, the wain, the wheelbarrow, the hack for breaking clods, the clotting beetle, the weeding nippers, the scythe, the vine and pruning knife, the hammer with the file and chisel, and other grafting instruments, were all in use. The domestic animals were known and carefully bred. Tillage was practised with much skill. Horticulture had become an art. The system

of enclosures, drainage and manures was applied, and many important principles of agricultural chemistry were well understood.

The Hartford Settlers brought with them, of course, the agricultural knowledge of the Old Country—its plants, its fruit trees, its animals, its implements, its experience. They had however at first but few plows, and ‘fell’ consequently to tearing up the bushy lands, in Indian style, with their hands and with their hoes. But they had carts and teams both of oxen and of horses, the former being used by the pair, or pairs, but sometimes three only. To the plants which they brought from England they added the cultivation of many peculiar to the New World, particularly Indian Corn, that noble vegetable, which, according to aboriginal tradition, the sacred blackbird first brought into New England.* How many mouths has it fed—how many doth it continue to feed—how many carcasses fattened, both of man and beast, and its annual heap of five hundred millions of bushels in our country now how colossal! ‘Mercies’ indeed were its meal pottage unparched, and its milk or butter samp to the Hartford Settlers, “mercies beyond the natives plain water, and dishes exceedingly wholesome to English bodies!” And they enjoyed them, most of the time, to the extent of their wants, for the natural increase of corn is great—“the Lord did miti-

* Hear Benjamin Tomson, the first native poet of America, describe it, as it soothed Indian appetite!

* * * * *

“The dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clump shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatch’d hutts without the cry of rent,
And the best sawee to every dish, content.”

gate their labors in planting it by reason of the Indian's frequent firing of the fields"—and with the exception only of two or three years, their upland and valleys, then as now, laughed abundantly with the rich, ripe crop.

Besides this vegetable the Settlers had wheat, which though with them as with us subject to the blast, was yet in such abundance that "good white and wheaten bread was no rarity, but every ordinary man had his choice of it, if gay clothing and a liquorish tooth after sack, sugar and plums, did not lick it away too fast." They had also barley, rye, oats and pease. Of beans, the contribution, according to the Indians, of the crow to agriculture, they had a great variety, white, black, red, yellow, blue and spotted. They had tobacco, that sovereign plant, whose virtues, in the received opinion of the day, were that it helped digestion, the gout and toothache, prevented infection by scents, "heated the cold, cooled them that sweat, fed the hungry, spent spirits restored, purged the stomach, and besides killed nits and lice." Cured with molasses and rum it was pronounced "very palatable." To encourage its growth, a law for sometime forbade the use of any for "drink," that is for smoking, except what was grown within the liberties of Connecticut, under a penalty of five shillings. And yet, "forasmuch as it was observed that many abuses were committed by the frequent taking" of it, it was ordered by the General Court, 1647, that no person under the age of twenty years, nor any other that had not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, should take any tobacco without license from

the Court, and a certificate of its usefulness in the particular case, under the hand of some one approved for knowledge and skill in physic—and then he was not to take it “publicly in the street,” nor in the fields, or woods, unless on a journey of at least ten miles, or unless at that “ordinary tyme of repast commonly called dynmer.” Nor was he to take it “above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other”—nor could any one using tobacco take it in the society of more than one who also used it. Lovers of the ‘weed’ were thus limited by law to squads of two, and there was a penalty of sixpence for each offence against the above orders, “in any of the particulars thereof, to be paid without gainsaying, upon conviction by the testimony of one witness before any Magistrate,” and the Constables were required to make presentment of all transgressors. Soul of Pocahontas, Shade of John Nicot, Ghost of Ralph Lane, Spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh, Pocket of Virginia, Custom Houses of Great Britain and the world, what a law! Brain of Scæva, that under the gentle, genial soothing of the ‘weed’ inditeth this and all thine Articles on the olden time of Hartford, how would thy thought-engendering pulses cease to beat, if each quid of the *Nicotiana Tabacum* was a grave transgression of law, to be appalled by the Constable, and to cost thee a “sixpence!”

The Settlers also had hemp and flax. With the former plant they took particular pains. Long known to the Aborigines, and by them used for making lines and nets, it became essential to the Settlers not only for the same purposes, but also for clothing and the

sails and cordage of their vessels. Early as 1640, it and its sister flax, received the particular attention of the General Court, and a law was passed compelling their cultivation. Every family, that year, was to plant one spoonful of English hempseed, in some fruitful soil, "at least a foot distant betwixt every seed, and the same so planted to preserve and keep in a husbandly manner for supply of seed for another year." The second year every family keeping a team was to sow at least one rood of hemp or flax, and every person keeping any cattle was to sow twenty perches, and every family, though keeping no cattle, was to sow ten perches, and to provide at least half a pound of hemp or flax, or in default thereof to undergo the censure of the Court. And again, in 1641, there being some difficulty in procuring hemp seed, it was ordered that such persons as had more than the quantity of a spoonful, and who refused to sell to those who were unprovided, should plant the more themselves. Thus were two plants, two of the highest importance to the clothing arts, early introduced into Hartford. The deep and friable loams of our meadow lands were very favorable to their growth, and their culture and management were probably as well understood here as at that time in England. The rippling of the flax, the management of its capsules, the separation of the seed, and the separation of the fibre from the bark, and the watering, bleaching and grassing of hemp, were all processes with which the Settlers were familiar, and they were soon able in these ways, and with good crops, to supply themselves, to quite a large extent, with cloth, and

nets, and sails and cordage. Fortunate were they in coming to lands so fruitful, which opened so cheerfully to receive seeds the most useful, and to convert them by the kind and magic benevolence of nature into the necessaries of life!

Garden vegetables the Settlers had in good variety, among others particularly the vine-apple or squash, of several colors, which made 'a sweet, light, wholesome refreshing'—and radishes 'big as a man's arm'—and pumpkins, which, says Johnson in his *Wonder-Working Providence*, "let no man make a jest at, for with this fruit the Lord was pleased to feed his people to their good content, till Corn and Cattell were increased." Of pear and apple trees, particularly of the last, they had a plenty. Orchards 'prospered abundantly.' One *Apple Tree*, from which some of their own hands plucked fruit, still survives, gnarled and hoary with age, to tell of two hundred and fourteen years ago! It is upon the premises known as the Charter Oak Place, and its portrait, taken at our request by George Flagg Esq., of New York, may be seen on Smith's recent map of the City. Though tottering it yet has strength—trembling at once with energy and age. New but vigorous branches, amid a few withered hands that still stretch out, continue to shoot from its dilapidated trunk, as if it hated yet to yield its life, and clung, monument and memorializer of the sturdy hands that planted it, to the soil in which its roots were first sunk. It still yields its annual tribute of a few apples, the English Pearmain. Its proprietor very kindly gives us two or three each year. We eat them with intense satisfaction! They

feed the nerves and glands of our appetite as amply, and thrillingly, as if they came straight down from Eve's own witch of an apple tree in the garden of Eden! Who, on looking at the venerable relic which yields them, would not exclaim with the writer, in fond respect—

"Then with eternal greenness on thy form,
Stand thou forever there to battle with the storm!"

Besides garden vegetables the Settlers had many garden fruits—as the cherry, plum and quince, the water melon, a fruit proper to the country, grapes, of which they made good wine, and strawberries, a fruit of itself so excellent that "one of the chiefest doctors of England," says Roger Williams, "was wont to say that God could have made, but never did make a better berry." Oh for a piece, just now, of that strawberry-bread, with which, after the fruit was pounded in a mortar, and mixed with meal and cream, and baked, the Hartford Settlers used to regale themselves! Flanked with some of that marmalade, and those preserved damsons, and those pumpkin tarts, which were 'to be found in every house,' where could one get now-a-days a more tempting confection? And then with a Puritan father to say grace, and a Puritan mother with her 'bairns' to flavor the meal, and among them a Puritan Jenny, 'woman grown,'

"In youthfn' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,"

to help you eat it, and keep your heart all the while in harmonious titillation with your tongue! What a

confection, a soft electuary of moral as well as physical sweetness this would be! We think we could endure it—possibly—that is to say we could were we not a married man! But now to us,

“Upon his wing of golden light,
Cupid has passed with an eaglet's flight,
And, flitting on, doth seem to say,
Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!”

But to return. We have said nothing as yet about the domestic animals of the Settlers, and these, as is familiar, play a very important part in agriculture. They did in the early agriculture of our town. Besides oxen the Settlers had cows, of course—most of the time enough—and they took much pains to improve the breed of their cattle, for we find committees often appointed, and by the Town, ‘to view Bull-calves, and have them kept for Bulls,’ and of these only ‘such as had liberty from the townsmen,’ were ‘to go into the herds.’ All cattle were carefully earmarked with all manner of crops and slits, and thus bearing the distinguishing marks of proprietorship, they fed, doubtless with great satisfaction, on the virgin grass of our valley, and lowed their complaints and their afflictions both in numbers and in blood highly respectable for the times. They were surrounded on all sides by families of goats—“he was accounted nobody that had not a trip or flock of these”—and by families of sheep, of which there was ‘a good store’—and as for hogs, judging from the frequent mention made of these in town legislation, one would almost think their name was Legion. These

unruly and perverse yet indispensable creatures, that have no sense certainly of cleanliness, and not much sense of any other kind, that are continually running their noses into every body's business, and are proverbially headstrong, were seldom allowed the privilege of wandering unless with rings in their snouts, and a malefactor's yoke upon their necks. Such of them as were "violent in breaking down fences, and were noted to kill poultry," were not by law to be kept at all—they were consigned, without chance of redemption, to the knife. No laws, in our early Town records, are of more frequent occurrence than those relating to the restraint, by pounds and fences, of most of the domestic animals. Cattle were not to run at large—goats were not to be put in the 'Common,' or in the streets, without a keeper, and keepers, or herdsmen, were frequently appointed for cattle and flocks. Two pence were exacted from the owner of each incarcerated animal, and pound breach was punished by a fine of ten shillings.

As for horses, they were common, but we do not hear of any among them professing Arabian, Andalusian or Flemish descent. There was among them no blood of the Barb—no Flying Childers, or Eclipse, but most were of the common English draught horse breed, with perhaps here and there a road horse, a galloway, or a pony. Josselyn does not speak well of the New England horses generally about this period. He says they were numerous, with here and there a good one, but that their owners, except 'Magistrates, Great Masters and Troopers,' seldom provided fodder for them in the winter, by reason of which they were

"brought very low in flesh till the spring, and so crest-fallen that their crests would never rise again!" We believe this, so far as Hartford is concerned, to be a slander, and that the Settlers, though they were not all 'big bugs,' took just as good care of their horses as they did of themselves.

As for poultry, this abounded. Josselyn speaks of one variety in New England which had 'commonly three broods in a year.' It was customary then as now, to bring any choice breeds from England, though we do not find that the modern 'hen fever' ever prevailed. The Settlers probably never heard of a Dorking, Poland, Chittagong or Madagascar fowl. The breed they had was, we think, pretty much the Creole, resulting from the ordinary intermixture among the fowls, without regard to any laws of taste, of their ordinary door-yard friendships. Josselyn, to be sure, speaks of one variety which was somewhat peculiar, a cock and a hen "that had horns like spurs growing out of each side of their combs," which 'a good woman' brought aboard with her in 1637, for a voyage to New England, but 'she spoiled the breed,' he says, by "killing of them at sea to feed upon, for *she loved a fresh bit*"—so that Hartford, it will be seen, never got the advantage of this stock—and all owing, like sin in the world, to the perverse appetite of angel woman! To the creatures now mentioned add cats, which were 'common here as in England'—and dogs, which were 'gallant both for fowl and for wild beast'—and the birds and the squirrels, and the rabbits, and the fawn, that the children tamed, and it will be apparent that so far as the domestic animals

are concerned, the Settlers of Hartford were well provided.

We leave them then in their agriculture, and with their quadrupeds and bipeds, to their enjoyments. It is night, and they have laid aside their implements of husbandry, and shut their stable doors, and locked up their houses, and have ceased in their sleep to think of farming or stock, of Church or State, or the Indian. Their chickens have long gone to roost, and so must we!

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS TRADES AND COMMERCE—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 16.

“And thy sons
From their sweet sleep at early dawn dost call,
Mindless of wintry blast, or sultry suns,
Some goodly task proportioning to all.”

Mrs. Sigourney.

“Market, and fair, and warehouse help the scene.”

Anon.

“I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming towards far lands, or hastening home
From the old world.”

Bryant.

WHAT do you expect, Reader, in this Article? Something, or we shall ‘miss fire,’ and this we should hate to do. We like a *report*, sound it loud or not, both for self’s sake and for your own. But we can not promise you a treat of positive richness to-day, for our material is comparatively sparse. Still it is good so far as it goes, because it is history, and that of—*Hartford*. Try and think so!

What would be your first-blush impression about *trades* in our Town during the Period upon which we dwell? Were they many or few—skilfully executed or not—and what? We can tell you but little as to

their practical management, but that they existed in good variety is certain. We find mention often made of carpenters, wheelwrights, plow-wrights, masons, joiners, hatters, smiths, butchers, coopers, tanners and curriers, and weavers. Other 'artificers and handicraftsmen,' including doubtless shoemakers, tailors, and ropers, are alluded to in the Records, but are not particularly described. The business of a sawyer was a common one, and was performed by the hand, and by means of two laborers, one of whom stood at one end of the saw in a pit dug in the ground, and the other above on a frame upon which the timber to be sawed was placed. The business of a miller was of course pursued, but did not engross many hands. The first mill, Mr. Allyn's, was at the foot of present West Pearl street—the second a few rods below the present site of Mr. Inlay's flouring mill, near the residence of J. Catlin, Esq., and the third upon this last mentioned site. Mills were a frequent subject of town legislation in early times. Tanning also received much attention, and at the hands too of the General Court. It is even called a 'mystery' in their Records, and they provided by law for the "prudent preserving and seasonable bringing forth to dressing" of the skins and pelts particularly of cows and goats, and at one time, 1645, for the supply of leather, ordered that no calves should be killed within the Plantations "without the approbation of two men within each Town, upon forfeiture of ten shillings to the Country." Thus watchful of the interests of artisans was the General Court, in early times. And its interference then was provident—it ensured the supply of

necessaries at a period when their acquisition was difficult, and when their failure would have been deeply felt. It was therefore encouraging. We should not, any of us, like it now. Of course not, for we have grown big! Labor is endlessly multiplied. Production heaps our warehouses. We have plenty of leather—the best—and the name of calves is Legion. Who can't eat veal now—without compunction too on the score of the tanner's product—and calve's-foot jelly to boot, not to speak of that tempting best part of the cow's child, the delicious sweet-bread?

As to the commerce of the Town, though subject to interruptions from the hostile or wayward conduct of the Indians, and from occasional scarcity, it was considerable for the time. The system, in this respect, by which the Settlers were governed, though in some aspects peculiar, yet embraced many of the principles and practices which obtain at the present day. The theoretical doctrines of production, distribution and consumption, we do not suppose ever puzzled their brains, but, guided by a few maxims of common sense, they went on to smite industriously both land and sea for tribute.

They had their money, of course—but their 'Abrahams' did not 'weigh' out to their 'Ephrons' of business any shekels of silver, nor did they get much of the precious metals even by tale, nor bank paper at all, but corn, pease, beaver and wampum chiefly formed their circulating medium. Most of their exchanges were made in kind—commodity for commodity. They had their system of accounting—sim-

ple but effective. They used the instrumentality, to every extent necessary with them, of business paper. They had their merchants, or chapmen as they are sometimes called in the Records, to mediate their exchanges. Two of these were particularly eminent—Governor Hopkins and Mr. Whiting—men whose untiring mercantile industry and skill contributed largely to the good of the Town. They had their warehouses. These were at first, however, but few in number, and were concentrated chiefly in present Governors Street, and at the two Landings. They had their trading-houses, scattered not only through the Town, but also in the country, where ‘the benefit and liberty of free trade,’ with the exclusive use of a number of acres of ground, were frequently bestowed by act of the General Court, upon certain merchants, as at Waranoke upon Governor Hopkins, and at Pawcatuck on Thomas Stanton. Thus did trade begin at once to lay the nest eggs of new settlements throughout Connecticut. Hartford very early too, 1643, had its *Market*, and established by law, to be held weekly, every Wednesday, and for the sale and exchange of “all manner of commodities that should be brought in, for cattle or any merchandize whatsoever.” In addition to this, 1645, the Town had two *Fairs* instituted by law, “to be kept yearly, one upon the second Wednesday of May, the other the second Wednesday in September.” Once a week then, and upon grander occasions, twice every year, Hartford became a mart for the whole surrounding country, under the auspices of the supreme authority of the State—a fact true, in the period of which we speak,

of no other town in Connecticut—a fact that shows for our Town, even at its birth, a superior business activity and importance. In the years that have since flown, she has amply sustained this predominance, and will, we trust, to the end of time. Long may her merchants and tradesmen take pride in her commercial character—vie in noble effort with every other town in the creations of industry, and exalt, beyond the success of other competitions, the horns of her plenty!

While thus in early times provided with Markets and Fairs, Hartford, through her own and the fostering legislation of the Colony, took great pains in the production of her commodities. She established inspection laws, particularly for her pipe staves, and leather, and her yarn, both linen and woolen. Her weights and measures were carefully regulated—they were every year, through the Town Clerk, to be compared and tried by standards fixed by the Court. Her chief articles of commerce, besides corn, pipe staves and skins, were deal boards, pork, beef, biscuit, wool, cider, beer and tar.

Of these articles corn, though occasionally, as just after the Pequot War, quite scarce, was most of the time abundant, and at some periods was to be found in great profusion. In 1644, for example, we hear of a ‘multitude of sellers’ of this commodity, of an ‘overfilling,’ from our River, of the markets of Massachusetts and Plymouth, and orders are made for its transportation, through the two chief merchants of Hartford, Governor Hopkins and Mr. Whiting, into ‘parts beyond the seas.’ Pipe staves seem always to

be in abundance, as might naturally be expected, and are always in demand. They are the frequent subject of regulations, as to size, price, inspection, and exportation, both by the Town and the General Court. Beaver and other skins were of course numerous, but the trade in these, so far as the Indians were concerned, was committed to the exclusive charge of one or more men appointed in each town—in Hartford to Mr. Whiting and Thomas Stanton. Of articles exported from the Town, and of those consumed or used in it, a few, in consequence of the purchase of the Fort at Saybrook in 1644, and the agreement with Mr. Fenwick, had for ten years to pay a peculiar duty. Grain exported was taxed two pence per bushel—biscuit sixpence per hundred weight—beaver two pence per pound—every hogshead of beer twenty shillings—while for every hog killed in the town twelve pence per annum was exacted, and twelve pence per annum for every milch cow or mare of three years old and upwards. These payments, to be made in beaver, wampum, wheat, barley or pease, at the common rates, were punctually exacted, and made over to Mr. Fenwick or his assigns, till the terms of the bargain were fulfilled.

To conduct the commerce of the new settlement, the citizens had their boats, their ketches, their pinks, their pinnaces, and their shallops—of from a few to even ninety tons burthen. They had ample materials for ship building around them, and they improved them—timber of oak, pine and spruce for masts, oak boards and pine boards, and tar, pitch and hemp. The manufacture of these last two articles, as well as

the supply of cordage, and the employment of ship carpenters and ropers, were specially encouraged by the General Court. The Court went so far in one instance as to employ a committee of its own to build a ship. It gave facilities to ship owners for procuring freight. It exempted all seamen from training, and imposed on them only the light restraints of not weighing anchor on Sunday, and of carefully paying the Fort dues at Saybrook. It attempted, for the purpose of encouraging marine industry, to establish fisheries and salt-works upon Long Island. It gave to one Hartford merchant, Mr. Whiting, the monopoly for seven years, 'within the liberties' of Connecticut, of taking whale. It provided for another Hartford merchant, Governor Hopkins, who in 1640 undertook to furnish a vessel for the supply of cotton wool—it provided, and the fact is worthy of note, that, in consideration of this the first attempt of the kind to introduce, on anything like a large scale, a commodity so valuable, the towns upon the river, all, on the return of the vessel, should 'by proportion take off the cotton,' and pay for it in English corn or pipe staves.

Thus encouraged, Hartford merchants freighted their vessels with the products of their town and country, and started them forth to pursue the glorious windings of the Connecticut, and kiss the Sound, and vex the seas—on to Boston, to Newfoundland, to New York, to Delaware, to Barbadoes, to Jamaica, to the Caribbee Islands, on occasionally even to Fayal and to the Wine and Madeira Isles. What did they bring back? Clothing chiefly at first, of various

kinds, implements of husbandry, live stock at times, sugar, scythes, nails, glass, pewter, brass, fire-arms, cutlery-ware, rum, wine, cotton wool, and 'some money.' Such was the "Golden Fleece" of the little primitive marine of Hartford—and it was one which Jason and his Argonauts, back in the infancy and experiment of Greek commerce, might have envied! Clothes and utensils "wherewithal to work and subdue a country!" Return cargoes of the necessities and comforts of life—what better—all save perhaps, as some will think, the *rum*—but even this long-suffering, and patient, though almost proscribed member of the family of merchandise, was in the olden time, says officially the Colony of Connecticut, needed "to refresh the spirits of such as labored in the extreme heat and cold, to serve his Majesty's enlargement of Dominions"—and as for wine, who will question St. Paul's 'little' dose of this, or doubt that, in the language of record, it "did good unto the hearts of our wilderness people?" Whatever may be thought on these points, it is at all events sure proof of the commercial activity of the Settlers that at a time when rum and wine were not common, when in the old country their use was confined almost exclusively, like the potato and the cauliflower, to the nobles and the rich, they, these dwellers in the woods of a New World, *had* these articles, and in abundance enough too to warrant, early as 1643, a Temperance Law—the first upon our Statute Book! Their commerce certainly was, for their time, and under their circumstances, large—creditable alike to their industry, their energy, and their boldness! SC.E.VA.

Hartford.

THE SCHOOL—THE CHURCH—THE GRAVE—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 17.

"There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school."

Goldsmith.

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Id.

"The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm."

Young.

THE School! Of course it continued to exist with the Settlers, for they, almost all, had themselves fed on the pabulum of education. They knew its sweetness, its vital nourishment, the quick, noble energies it inspires, and its glorious fruitage. And their "wee ones" were many, for they were a prolific race. How their baptisms stare one in the face in the second volume of our Town Records! They gathered their offspring numerously "as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings"—and tended them with as much care, till feathered and firm with years, the adolescent bipeds could take care of themselves. It is not how-

ever until 1642, that we find any direct notice in the records of their School, though beyond doubt it existed before. Then, December sixth, thirty pounds are settled upon it. Again, 1643, it is directed that sixteen pounds a year shall be paid to Mr. Andrews for keeping it. This is *William Andrews*. He is the first Town Schoolmaster then mentioned in our Records.

He lived on the north corner of the present Elm and Bliss Streets, and had a house on this site. Wonder if he kept school *there*! Probably he did. Wonder *how* he kept it! Was he ‘skilled to rule?’ Did his ‘boding tremblers’ learn to trace

“The day’s disasters in his morning’s face?”

Or was he kind? Had he his ‘jokes’—and if ‘severe in aught,’ was

“The love he bore to learning all his fault?”

Who can tell? And *what* did he teach? A. B. C’s, writing, and arithmetic, of course. The *Psalter*, of course. His pupils sucked too, doubtless, the “*Milk for Babes*,” that Catechism by John Cotton, while their master devoured the “*Meat for Strong Men*” by the same eminent divine. How interesting his biography would be, as that of the first man probably in our Town who taught ‘the young idea how to shoot!’ But Time, that devourer, has eaten up his idiosyncrasy along with the ‘one head’ that carried ‘all he knew’—so that even that day and night-dream of all that relates to schools and schoolmasters, our present able State Superintendent of Common Schools, would not be able to enlighten us about his history.

The same act which gave Mr. Andrews his sixteen pounds a year, provides that the Town shall *pay for the schooling of the poor, and for all deficiencies*—a noble, beneficent provision, that clutches and applies at once, in all its strength, that grand principle of public support for education, which, more than aught besides, has given to Connecticut its prosperity and its glory—a principle which was not confined by the Settlers, be it marked, to the Town alone, but which, in a contribution required, of almost every family, of the quarter part of a bushel of corn, or grain and provisions, or of something equivalent thereto, and of a part of twenty pounds, was extended to the maintenance of poor scholars, and to the support of a fellowship in the College at Cambridge, Massachusetts!

Hartford's first School-house, lamely made up without doubt, like 'the straggling fence' that skirted it, soon wore out—and we find the Town, 1648, appropriating forty pounds for a *new* one, and individuals are requested to add to this sum, since the want of "better conveniency in schooling hath been both uncomfortable to those who have been employed in that service, and prejudicial to the work under hand, *which is looked upon as conducing much to the good of the present age, and that of the future.*" Reflection most profound! Philosophy most solid and immortal! Aye, Spirits of the Founders of our Town, that "*Future Age*" your wise forecast embraced, and for which so signally in love and hope ye strove, now after Time has rolled the circuit of two hundred years, pours from the deep, firm-walled, magnificent Fount

ye established, pours back that floodlight of knowledge which your vision touched, and writes and illuminates upon your tombs the epitaph of "BLESSED!"

From the School to the Church—that first one of Hartford, whose organization we have already, in a former Article, explained. What was its progress during the First Period? In attendance, considerable—for in 1644, the Settlers had to build a gallery in their Meeting-house to accommodate the increased number of worshippers. The Church gained also in equipment—for by 1640 it had obtained *a bell*, and *Thomas Woodford* first taught its clapper 'how to strike.' He was the first *Bell-Ringer* of Hartford! What an improvement—that Bell—over the drum, that of Farmington for instance, which was used "to call folks to meeting on Sunday," and over the hoarse resounding conch shells elsewhere used in olden time! Its voice was dulcet in comparison, and must have been to the Settlers, amid the wild echoes of their new home, imposing even as is to the Parisians at the present day the voice of the "Emanuel"* of their Notre Dame, whose clapper alone enforces tones with the weight of nine hundred and seventy-six pounds! The church also gained in *time*—for in 1640 Henry Packs, by will, bestowed 'uppon' it "the Clocke which [his] Brother Thorneton had bought!" But it did not long adorn the *old* Meeting-House, for this, rudely built at first, though from time to time new clapboarded, and furnished with a gallery, and with a porch, and with new stairs that 'led up into its cham-

* Name of the Bell.

ber,' yielded at last to decay, and in 1649 was given by the Town to Mrs. Hooker. The clock doubtless passed to the new Meeting-house, and clicked, we trust, with special accuracy, the devotional hours to which it was consecrated.

But how many souls, during the First Period, did the First Church of Hartford save? We know not. How many persons adopt into its membership? We know not. How many excommunicate from its embrace? But one that we can learn—Matthew Allen—and this distinguished Settler without cause, *he* says, and unjustly, for in 1644 he presented several petitions to the General Court "in regard of his censure of excommunication," affirming that he had been 'wronged,' and he was ordered to bring into Court the particulars of his accusation. But he did not. Yet we shall never believe him guilty of anything sinful or heinous—for he was a good man, a just man, a high-minded man, and one of the props of the Colony. Perhaps he entertained sentiments on baptism, church-membership, or church discipline, variant from those of a majority of the church, and so "fell under the ban," as did others, not many years after, for the same cause. The South Congregational Church in this City, is the offspring, 1670, of difficulties of this character. Yet notwithstanding these, the First Church in Hartford, during the period under consideration, enjoyed generally great harmony, and was nourished all the while with intense care. Very soon, 1644, the maintenance of ministers, which for nine years previously had been purely voluntary on

the part of the people, was made by law *compulsory*. Good for the clergy! "Let the trees of the field" ecclesiastical throughout Connecticut "clap their hands!" "Let the [pulpit] hills be joyful together!" Two persons indeed were first to solicit contributions for the Church, but in case any one refused 'to pay a meet proportion,' he was then to be "rated by authority in some just and equal way," and the civil power was to be exercised in collecting "as in other just debts."

By the Church a Burying-Yard, of course. We have to notice such Yard here again, because the Town, 1640, appointed a new one, of which we have not spoken, and because this new one contains distinguished dust. It *was* "Richard Olmsted's lot," and for this the Town gave him a parcel of ground lying at the North Meadow gate, and called the Cow Yard. It *is* the present Yard in the rear of the Centre Church, only in former times it was larger than now. Heaps of bones, as well as coffins, in digging cellars for Kellogg's and for Robinson's buildings, and in sinking the foundation of the Church at the north-west corner, were carefully taken up and removed within the present enclosure. Thomas Woodford, the Bell-Ringer and Crier of the Town, was also the first *Sexton* of this Yard. He was 'to attend the making of graves for any corpses deceased'—to lay no corpse less than four feet deep—to lay none 'above four years old less than five feet deep'—none 'above ten less than six feet deep.' He was to keep each grave 'in seemly repair, so that it [should] be known in future time,' and for one of 'the lesser sort' was to

receive two shillings and sixpence, for one of 'the middle sort' three shillings, and for one of 'the highest sort' three shillings and sixpence.

What, we wonder, would the lineal successor of Thomas Woodford say, our present worthy 'man and boy' Sexton of 'thirty years,' if the 'well-plumed' hearses of our day came 'nodding on' to his beautiful "Spring Grove Cemetery," but to leave him for all his painful care, less than four shillings—two shillings even and a meagre sixpence? He 'builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter'—we have Shakspeare's authority for this—but would *he*, for the lean compensation of Hartford's first sexton, build the house that 'lasts till doomsday,' and let the dead 'sup with their progenitors?' Marry, we think not. He could not, now a days, long 'live upon the dead' at the primitive rates of burial, unless some pestilence should huddle corpses. Yet he's a kind-hearted old man, and would not, for all the world, let a poor body go 'ungraved.' Strange that the familiars of death, your sextons and your hangmen, are remarkable for sensibility!

But who did Thomas Woodford, or his successor within the First Period, bury?

James Olmstead—William Spencer—Thomas Scott—Seth Grant—William Butler—Robert Day—Daniel Steel, who was an infant son of our first Town Clerk—*Timothy Standley*—Gov. *George Wylllys*—and Rev. *Thomas Hooker*.

Also the following—whose names have been kindly furnished us by our friend J. Hammond Trumbull Esq.—to wit: *Thomas Johnson*, "the cobbler," as he is

called in the order of the Court for the settlement of his estate—the *first wife* of the Rev. Samuel Stone, who, according to Mr. Hooker, “smoaked out her days in the darknesse of melancholie”—*Richard Lyman*, and soon after him *his widow*—*Thomas Crump*, a servant or retainer of Gov. Hopkins—*John Purchas*—“*Mistress Cullick*,” supposed to have been the first wife of Capt. John Cullick, Secretary of the Colony from 1648 to 1658—*Richard Sawyer*—*William Whiting*—and “*Goody Bets*.” Upon these last three, Mr. Trumbull remarks as follows :

“*Richard Sawyer*, who died in 1648, was a hired servant or retainer of Capt. Cullick. His inventory would lead us to infer that servants in those days were at least as well dressed as their masters,—or that Richard Sawyer was an exception to the general rule, which forbade all persons to ‘exceede their condition and ranks,’ in ‘excesse of apparell.’ Richard had, a ‘musk colored cloth doublet,’ a ‘bucks leather doublet,’ a ‘calves’ leather doublet,’ a ‘liver colored doublet and jacket and breeches,’ a ‘hair colored jacket and breeches,’ a ‘stuff jacket,’ ‘green knit hose,’ ‘colored hats,’ &c. &c., with a good supply of the minor accessories of a well furnished wardrobe.

“*William Whiting*, a prominent, wealthy and influential citizen of the Colony, and one of its magistrates, died July, 1647. He was largely interested in trade and commerce; was for several years Treasurer of the Colony, and seems to have been relied on by the General Court for the transaction of all business requiring the investment of large capital or the exercise of financial skill. In conjunction with his friend and

partner, Gov. Hopkins, he was entrusted with a monopoly of the exportation of corn and grain raised in the Colony; and in 1647, the Court granted him the exclusive privilege of prosecuting the whale fishery, for seven years; a design which he did not live to carry into execution. His estate was inventoried at £2354—a large fortune for that period.

“‘*Goody Bets,*’ was ‘*the School-dame.*’ It appears then that Hartford, at this early period, had at least two schools; the one, taught by William Andrews, an accomplished clerk and scholar, (as the records which are yet preserved, in his exact and beautiful penmanship, sufficiently indicate;) and another, probably under more humble auspices, as a *primary* school—

‘Lest weakly *wights of* smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
Where sat the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyed her fairy throng, and turned her wheel around.’

The ‘*School Master*’ was a dignitary in his way. He received a salary from the town. He rejoiced in the prefix of ‘*Mr.,*’ at a period when such titles had a significance which rarely attaches to honorary titles now-a-days. The mistress of the ‘*woman’s school*’ held, of course, a somewhat humbler position.

‘No pompous title did debauch *her* ear!
Goody, good woman, gossip, n’aunt, forsooth,—
Or *Dame*,—the sole additions she did hear!’

“All that I can learn of her or her school, is contained in the brief record of her death which I have quoted. Yet doubtless there were many of the future Magistrates and Ministers and public men of the Colony,

who conned their first lessons, from the horn book, at Goody Betts' side, in her little school-room."

Doubtless other persons than those now mentioned—quite a number—died within the period under consideration. Not a record of them, however, that we can find, remains—not even a head or a foot stone. But of those whose names we have given, there were Governor *Haynes* and Mr. *Hooker*—highly distinguished both, as the Reader is aware. Let us notice them briefly—and so conclude.

The first spent but a short time in the New World—but six years—ere he was called to his rest. Born in the hereditary mansion of Fenny Compton, at Knapton, in the County of Warwick, in England, where he enjoyed an estate of five hundred pounds a year, he came to this country in 1638, and settled upon the hill long known as the Wyllys Hill, the present Charter Oak Place. In 1639, he was chosen into the magistracy of the Colony, and again in 1640. In 1641 he was elected Deputy Governor; in 1642 Governor, and after this continued to occupy the post of Assistant till his death—which occurred March 9th, 1644—(1645 according to the present computation.) His position was always a leading one in the Colony. He took great interest in agriculture—had a large landed estate, and employed many men. He was a devout Puritan, earnest in his love for undefiled religion, exact in his attention to divine ordinances and worship, peculiarly careful of the education of his children, dignified yet affable in his deportment, and was beloved by all. He lies buried in the old Yard

of the Centre Church, directly beneath, or close by the monument erected to the memory of the First Settlers, and there repose the bones of his family down to the present time. He never had a monument, nor did any one of his distinguished family have one. In this respect they were peculiar. One of the latest male members being asked why they did not follow the custom in this respect, replied, in the impulse of a strong pride, that "if the State of Connecticut could not remember the Wyllyses without a monument, their memory might rot!" Peace to the ashes of the worthy old third Governor of Connecticut!*

"*Brother, I am going to receive mercy,*" said *Thomas Hooker*, in the sixty-first year of his age, to one who stood by his couch when dying—and "closing his eyes with his own hands, and gently stroking his own forehead, he gave a little groan, and so expired his blessed soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels, on July 7th, 1647." "In memory of the Rev. Thomas Hooker," says a modern inscription on an original monument over his grave,† "who in 1636, with his assistant, Mr. Stone, removed to Hartford with about 100 persons, where he planted ye first church in Connecticut—an able, eloquent and faithful minister of Christ. He died July 7th, Æt. LXI."

* See a biographical sketch of him, from our own pen, in the Connecticut Courant of September 8th, 1845.

† By Hon. Seth Terry, of Hartford. The monument in the Centre Burying Yard, consists of a plain slab of red sandstone or freestone, about five inches in thickness, raised on blocks of the same, a short distance from the ground.

This founder and father of Hartford was born at Marshfield, England, and was a man eminent alike for his piety, his learning, his prudence, and his energy. A graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in youth, says Trumbull, "he received the spirit of adoption, and was enabled to exhibit a life of the most exemplary patience and goodness. Naturally a man of strong and lively passions, he obtained a happy government of himself. In his day he was one of the most animated and powerful preachers in New England. In conversation he was pleasant and entertaining, but always grave. He was affable, condescending and charitable. Yet his appearance and conduct were with such becoming majesty, authority and prudence, that he would do more with a word, or a look, than other men could with a severe discipline. It was not an uncommon thing for him to give away five or ten pounds at a time to poor widows, orphans, and necessitous people"—a charity he was fortunately able to perform, for he was rich for the time—his estate, upon his decease, being appraised at thirteen hundred and thirty-six pounds and fifteen shillings, of which his library alone was valued at three hundred pounds. "He was," say Edward Hopkins and William Goodwin, his cotemporaries, "one of a thousand whose diligence and unweariedness, besides his other endowments in the work committed to him, were almost beyond compare." He was distinguished for his excellence in prayer. It was observed, says his biographer Edward W. Hooker,* "that his prayer was

* We commend his little work to the Reader. It will amply repay perusal.

usually like Jacob's ladder, wherein the nearer he came to the end, the nearer he drew to heaven, and he grew into such rapturous pleadings with God and praisings of God, as made some to say that, like the master of the feast, he reserved the best wine until the last." Hooker, says Bancroft, was a man "of vast endowments, a strong will, and an energetic mind; ingenuous in his temper, and open in his professions; trained to benevolence by the discipline of affliction; versed in tolerance, by his refuge in Holland; choleric, yet gentle in his affections; firm in his faith, yet readily yielding to the power of reason; the peer of the reformers, without their harshness; the devoted apostle to the humble and the poor; severe towards the proud; mild in his soothing of a wounded spirit; glowing with the raptures of devotion, and kindling with the messages of redeeming love; his eye, voice, gesture and whole frame animate with the living vigor of a heartfelt religion; public spirited and lavishly charitable; and 'though persecutions and banishments had awaited him, as one wave follows another,' ever serenely blest with a 'glorious peace of soul;' fixed in his trust in Providence, and his adhesion to that cause of advancing civilization which he cherished always, even while it remained to him a mystery. This was he, whom, for his abilities and services, his cotemporaries placed 'in the first rank of men,' praising him as 'the one rich pearl with which Europe more than repaid America for the treasures from her coast.'"

With this testimony, both clerical and lay, to the character of Hooker, we cheerfully coincide. Fare-

well, Venerable Saint! Thou art in heaven—sure!
Listen a moment there to voices now, which, in the
tones of infancy, the shouts of youth, the peal of
manhood, and the whispers of age, would fain make
themselves heard in thine immortal ear, while, in
thanksgiving to thee, and thy God, and their God,
they pour in one royal song from twenty thousand
happy Dwellers in the Town which Thou didst found,
and where thy Spirit lingers still!

SC.EVA.

Hartford.

ITS CHIEF FUNCTIONARIES—DOWN TO 1650.

No. 18.

“Who the prime actors of that olden scene,
So full of purpose high and faith serene?
Their tireless energy most surely claims
The memory of at least their names.”

Anon.

WHO DID IT—a question momentarily on the lips of somebody or other anxious to know human agents in deeds however grave or trivial. Put for any purpose of folly, of indolence, or of sin, and it is a question that wastes breath, wastes intellect, and wastes character. But put in order to learn the authors of good deeds, to ascertain those particularly, who, in Church and State, have moved the machinery of society and advanced its civilization, it is then the question of the mind's thirst—of the mind panting for knowledge, for that which we may love, and venerate, and imitate, and think upon—and thoughts, we know, “are heard in heaven.” Of augmented interest the question under this view—deep, lofty, thrilling—when it involves those personally dear to us—when it summons our own immediate progenitors, whose blood throbs in our own veins, the Founders of our own

family, our own Town, our own Commonwealth,
when it summons these

“To breathe^o the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.”

Scæva has had occasion already to notice many such in his history of the founding and of the progress of Hartford, during its First Period. They have been welcome visitors, we trust, to the Dwellers in this Town. However faint the traces of them which Time has spared, you, and you, and you, Reader, can not have failed to recognize in them some of your own lineaments, for they, the parents of Hartford, were your parents too,

“And worthy seem; for in their looks
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
Whence true authority in men.”

Far as we could describe, you have seen *the work* of our Town for its first fourteen years. Who now, besides those with whose names you are already familiar, performed this work? As chief instruments, as the trusted agents of the primitive community, *who did it?* We can show you, in civil life, nearly all—the town’s Selectmen, its Clerk, its Constables, and its members of the General Court—and this we propose to do. But alas it is with their names alone, save in a case or two, that we can deal. Aught in the shape of their biography is in most instances impossible, for we can pluck nothing scarcely from the ‘wallet’ which Time, “on his broad pinions swifter

than the wind," carries at his back. Would that we could!

Who then, first, were the Selectmen, in the Period upon which we dwell? For the sake of completeness we shall give the names of all that we can ascertain, whether they have been mentioned in former Articles, or not, and in the order so far as is practicable, of the years of their service.

Previous to 1639, we find the names of but three, viz.: *John Talcott*, *William Wadsworth*, and *Samuel Wakeman*.

In 1639, and after, down to 1650, they are recorded as follows:

In 1639, *William Westwood*, *William Spencer*, *Nathaniel Ward*, and *John Moody*.

In 1640, *William Pantry*, *Andrew Bacon*, *John Hopkins*, and *William Lares*.

In 1641, *John White*, *John Pratt*, *Richard Goodman*, and *Joseph Mygatt*.

In 1642, *William Wadsworth*, *Timothy Stanley*, *Thomas Hosmer*, and *William Gibbins*.

In 1643, *John Cullet*, *John Talcott*, *Nathaniel Ely*, and *George Steele*.

In 1644, *Nathaniel Ward*, *Richard Lord*, *Nathaniel Richards*, and *John Barnard*.

In 1645, *William Pantry*, *John White*, *Gregory Wilterton* and *William Lares*.

In 1646, *William Westwood*, *Richard Goodman*, *Thomas Hosmer*, and *Joseph Mygatt*.

In 1647, *Nathaniel Ward*, *William Wadsworth*, *Edward Stebbing*, and *George Stocking*.

In 1648, *John Taleott, Richard Webb, John Barnard, and Richard Butler.*

In 1649, *John Wilcox, George Graves, Nathaniel Ely, and William Phillips.*

The Town Clerkship, from the establishment of the office in 1639, down to 1650, remained in the hands of *John Steele*. This same individual filled the same office also for Farmington, from the commencement of this Town about 1645, down through the First Period of our History, Mr. Steele having been, by the General Court, particularly "intreated for the present to be recorder, there, untill the Towne have one fitt among themselves." The constant Representative of Hartford in the General Court till his removal to Farmington, well informed, a man of business, judicious, grave, godly—such was John Steele.

We trust that upon this announcement our present Town Clerk, with all the reverence due to the stock from which he is officially descended, will pause over that desk where, honest, industrious gentleman, he is ever at work, and turn to contemplate his great Original, and the glorious legacy *he* has left to his successor of personal worth, and pious devotion, and clerical ability. We doubt not that he will—that he often does—for somewhere, prominent on a page of one of the volumes of Town Records, not far from the tall desk over which he bends, is written the following reference—*Jeremiah, Chap. xxxii., vs. 9, 10, 11, 12.* Ah!—the Clerk that thus calls in the Bible, as well as man, to legitimate his vocation, and inspire him with a sense of responsibility—true descendant of John Steele must he surely be! Little did we dream be-

fore that the Town had in him so devout an officer—yet here we find him tracing his pedigree back to Jeremiah's time—back to “Baruch the son of Neriah, the son of Maaseiah”—and invoking the spirit “which [was] in the country of Benjamin,” thousands of years ago, to preside over his pen while he takes the ‘evidences, this evidence of purchase,’ and that, and that, and another, and all that he can get, and ‘puts them’—no not, like Baruch, ‘in an earthen vessel,’ but in a Book, “that they may continue many days!” We congratulate the Town that it has a Clerk who possesses so godly a spirit—that

“With him Gospel and Deeds each has its column—
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title page; and next
His life a commentary on the text.”

The Constables of Hartford, down to 1639, those of whom we can find mention, were two only, viz.: *Samuel Wakeman* and *Jeremy Adams*. Subsequent to these, and down to 1650, were—in 1639, *Nathaniel Ely* and *Thomas Hosmer*—in 1640, *Thomas Olcott* and *Arthur Smith*—in 1641, *Nathan Richards* and *Stephen Post*—in 1642, *Richard Lord* and *Gregory Wilterton*, the latter a man who was born in the reign of Queen Bess, who used to tell stories to the Settlers about the “Virgin Queen,” and who now lies interred, with a monument above him, behind the Centre Church—in 1643, *Thomas Stanton* and *William Hills*—in 1644, *John Pratt* and *Nathaniel Wiltett*—in 1645, we have no record of any—in 1646, *William Gibbins* and *Richard Olmstead*—in 1647,

Thomas Stanley and *Thomas Burr*—in 1648, *William Pantry* and *James Ensign*—and in 1649, *Nathaniel Richards* and *Thomas Selden*.

Of the above, *Samuel Wakeman* deserves particular notice, as having been *the first Constable* of Hartford, and consequently the great progenitor of all who, since his time, have wielded in our Town and City the staff of constabular authority. He received his appointment April 26th, 1636, with two other officers like himself, one for Windsor and one for Wethersfield, in the first General Court held in the Colony of Connecticut. He was also one of our earliest Selectmen. He enjoyed the special confidence of our primitive Legislature, for with George Hubbard he was appointed by this Body to survey and report upon the breadth of the whole township of Windsor, and with the addition of Ancient Stoughton for a colleague, was directed to perform the same duty for Wethersfield. Their joint report settling the bounds of these early sisters of Hartford, and moreover extending their territory, on the east side of Connecticut River, three miles to the eastward, was at once accepted and confirmed by the General Court. So Windsor and Wethersfield thank *Samuel Wakeman*, among others, for your primitive consequence in acres! Revere the memory of one who took at once a three-mile stride to enlarge your territorial domain—and shed a tear of pity over the fact that early as 1646, after being permitted to regale his senses with but a few roses only in the wilderness which he was aiding to make bud and blossom, he fell a victim to death, and left a son

and three daughters to the meagre patrimony, apparently, but of ninety pounds, and to the cold charity of the world!

May his lineal official successors, of this day, in our Town, all share his worth, but oh not his pecuniary fate! To die and leave to three daughters and a son but ninety pounds—not enough, scarcely, to last “the best blood chambered in one’s bosom” for six moons! Why our own Sheriff Waterman could not lift his sinewy arm in duty, or sound his stentorian voice, with the prospect, when Sheriff Death attaches *him*, and Constables the Worms levy on his stalwart body, of leaving but Wakeman’s pittance only to his bright babies two! Nor could brave Deputy Alden do *his* duty—with no babies at all! The solemn melody of the Riot Act would never again, as recently, thrill on his neatly-chiselled lips! Nor could even *any* Constable endure the prospect of Wakeman’s fate! Too sure it would be, at once, with the film of blindness to seal up both his eyes! Too sure in a moment to paralyze his ministerial hand—that Hand which, stretched ever out in the sunlight of fees, when but touched by the spring of a warrant or a writ, and sometimes when untouched by the spring of either, clutches like the quick grasp of Fate, and with an iron and remorseless hug, squeezes both the collars and the dollars of all the subjects, liege or not liege, of her Majesty the Law!

But to go on with our ‘prime actors.’ Who, during the First Period, were the Members of the General Court from Hartford, either as Magistrates or Dep-

nties? * Prior to the Constitution of 1639, they were *John Steele, William Westwood, Thomas Welles, William Whiting, John Webster, John Talcott, John Haynes, John Hopkins* and *Andrew Bacon*.

The Members after the Constitution of 1639, and down to 1650, were as follows: 1. *John Haynes*, Magistrate during the whole Period, and who was six times elected Governor, and three times Deputy Governor. 2. *Edward Hopkins*, Magistrate during the whole Period, and who was four times elected Governor, and four times Deputy Governor. 3. *George Wylllys*, Magistrate for a few years, six only, but constantly in office till he died in 1644. He was once elected Governor, and once Deputy Governor. 4. *Thomas Welles*, Magistrate during the whole Period, and most of this time either Secretary or Treasurer of the Colony. 5. *John Webster*, always a Magistrate. 6. *William Whiting*, Magistrate for seven years, and for several years also the Treasurer of the Colony. 7. *John Callick*, Magistrate and Secretary of the Colony for two years, and three years a Deputy. 8. *John Steele*, during the whole Period a Deputy. 9. *John Talcott*, the same. 10. *Andrew Bacon*, seven years a Deputy. 11. *William Westwood*, five years a Deputy. 12. *Edward Stebbing*, five years a Deputy. 13. *John Pratt*, two years a Deputy. 14. *William Spenser*, two years a Deputy.

* Our arrangement apparently limits the service of those whom we mention to the close of 1649. This to us is a matter of convenience, but it is not to be understood that their term of service, did, of course, thus expire. Many served after, and some long after 1650, as our Readers will have occasion to see, when we 'set foot' upon the Second Period of our Town History.

The names we have given in the present Article, show the direct ancestors of a wonderfully large brood of bipeds, who walk about our streets to-day, and snuff the air, and perhaps care not a fig whether they are descended from a man of consequence, a monkey, or a donkey. We trust, however, they may feel far otherwise. Reader, awake *thy* spirit!

“ Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!”

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

ITS CIVIL HISTORY—FROM 1650 TO 1665. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 19.

"Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

Shakspeare.

"We love to feel within us the bond which unites the most distant eras. Men, nations, customs perish; the affections are immortal! they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations; the past lives; when we look upon its emotions, it lives in our own. It is the magician's gift, that revives the dead, that animates the dust of forgotten graves. This is not the author's skill—it is in the heart of the reader."

Last Days of Pompeii.

AGAIN, Hartford ho! Are you ready, Reader, for another bout? We have given you digestion-time, breathing-time, after having carried you through the First Period of our Town History. We trust our Quill Horse drew you along safely, profitably, nay sweetly to yourself—that you have discovered no flaw in his primitive harness, and no fracture in his ancient chariot. If you have, "Old Grub, time out of mind" the antiquarian's as well as the "fairies coachmaker," has refitted us, and we are ready for another start. The way is before us, and the signboard says "ROAD

THROUGH HARTFORD FROM 1650 TO 1665—PERIOD SECOND.” The Chariot door is open. Jump in—and may you have a pleasant ride!

First then, let us take a general view of the Period over which we are to journey. It is one, Reader, marked, in Colonial affairs, by collisions and difficulties with the Dutch and Indians; by the final settlement, at a cost in the whole of about two thousand pounds, of the contract with Mr. Fenwick in relation to the Fort at Saybrook and the Right of Jurisdiction; by an amicable adjustment concluding the tribute from the Pequots; by the arrival of three of the regicide judges of Charles the First, and by the procurement of that Charter of civil government under which Connecticut and New Haven united, and, for one hundred and fifty-three years, ran a happy, and in the main a prosperous career. The Dutch, ever disaffected with the encroachments, as they deemed them, of the Settlers here, with their vigilant industry, with their activity particularly in commerce, and with their acquisition of new territory and creation of new towns, and offended too by their noble spirit of pride, and by that portion of their policy, especially, which forbade foreigners to trade with the Indians in their vicinity, annoyed them with claims, menaced them, and endangered them by acts of violence. They plotted darkly for their entire extirpation. It was a fearful conspiracy—countenanced too, there is some reason to apprehend, by Stuyvesant himself, and certainly most warmly nursed by his bosom friend, that ‘common pest of the Colonies,’ the wily and implacable Ninigrate. A Dutch fleet was expected from

abroad to join it, and a day, one Election Day, was supposed to have been fixed for a general massacre. The Dutch too seized and imprisoned English Settlers upon Long Island and at Delaware Bay, or drove them away. In some instances they burned their trading-houses—detained their goods—laid oppressive imposts—and bought goods stolen from the English. They harbored fugitives from justice. They helped criminals to file off their irons and escape. In Hartford particularly they made their Fort on the Point a sanctuary for runaway servants and for felons—and while thus the Dutch, in various ways, were committing, in the language of the times, ‘high and hostile injuries,’ Ninigrate was attacking Indians, particularly on Long Island, who were in alliance with the English, and on many occasions threatened and plundered the white inhabitants of Connecticut. He laid claim to the Pequot country. He was perpetually quarrelling with Uncas, and Uncas with him, and Uncas, proud and mischievous, with the Podunks.

In consequence of all these circumstances, during the first four years particularly of the Second Period, there was much alarm, much public excitement, and depression in the business and prospects generally of the settlements upon the Connecticut. Agriculture, the great resource, was hindered, and to such an extent as to render it necessary in 1652, in 1654, and again in 1662, specially to supervise, now to restrict, and now to prohibit entirely the exportation of provisions, save for ‘some public concerns.’ Exten-

sive and expensive preparations were made for defence. Plans for raising troops, at one time for raising five hundred, were set afoot, and partly carried into effect, and war would actually have occurred but for the unwise and wholly unjustifiable opposition of Massachusetts. A frigate of ten or twelve guns was kept cruising in the Sound, to protect the coast, and to prevent Ninigrate from crossing to Long Island. All Indians were sedulously watched. People were worn down with the labor of guarding—and this state of things continued till, in 1654, four or five ships, sent out from England by Cromwell to reduce the Dutch, arrived at Boston, the Dutch establishment in Hartford was sequestered, and the total defeat of Tromp's fleet compelled Holland to sue for peace. Nor was the relief then afforded complete. Embarrassment still continued till, at the close of our Second Period, Connecticut and New Haven uniting under the Charter in one Assembly, the bounds of the Colony were settled, the Dutch of New York became English subjects, and the people, all, as in the Proclamation at this time for a Thanksgiving is expressed, praised "the Supreme Benefactor for the blessings of liberty, health, peace, and plenty."

Hartford, of course, shared largely in the events to which we have briefly alluded. Leading town, as it was, in numbers, wealth, and influence, seat of government and centre of political correspondence and negotiations, as it was, its inhabitants found much in these events to give them peculiar anxiety, much to throw a cloud at times over their prospects, much to retard their prosperity, but much, after all, firm people

as they were, hoping on, hoping ever, to stimulate them to wise thoughtfulness and active exertion. The amount for taxation which our Town had on the Colonial Grand List for 1651, was 22,404 pounds and 19 shillings. Its amount, for the same purpose, was less than this every succeeding year down to 1665, and in 1664, was but 19,365 pounds, and 18 shillings—showing an actual diminution between the beginning and end of the Second Period, of three thousand and thirty-nine pounds and one shilling—a fact which plainly indicates, so far as regards the pecuniary prosperity of the Town, the presence of retarding causes. We have pointed them out, the principal ones. But in spite of all discouragements, the Settlers stuck bravely to their new home, and labored for its improvement. Their's were

“spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous cause.”

Let us see what they did, and to-day, as first in our plan of examination, let us look at their civil organization, in part only, however, in the present Article, during the Period upon which we dwell.

Were any changes made in their municipal policy? None, we answer, of any fundamental importance. A few new offices were created, and of course new officers were added. Selectmen, chosen annually two from the north and two from the south side of the Riveret, still continued, as chief functionaries, to order the affairs of the Town. John Steele, the Town Clerk, continued to discharge his duties, till, in 1651, he was succeeded by *William Andrews*, the former

schoolmaster, and Andrews in turn, in 1655, by *John Allen*, and Allen in turn, in 1664, by another *John Steele*, the son doubtless of the first Recorder. Constables, Committees, Fence and Chimney-Viewers, and Sealers of weights and measures, went on as usual. The Town Guard was all the while carefully kept up—and it was provided that every person of able body, not specially exempted by law, should act in it, or procure a substitute, twelve pence a year being allowed each man, in addition to wages, for repairing his arms. The Special Guard for the Meeting House, consisting usually of ten men, was continued, and in addition to former powers was authorized, through its chief sentinel and sergeant, to compel both boys and men who, thoughtless of worship, lounged without, to go within the sanctuary. A special guard also was created for the Governor, with an allowance particularly of half a pound of powder to a man upon Election Day, and with the restriction of never leaving duty but by permission from his Excellency. This is the first mention in our history of any *particular* military organization for the protection of the Chief Magistrate of Connecticut, and is doubtless the origin, in principle, of each of the Companies which at present, in each of our Capitals, here and in New Haven, are known and act as the *Governor's Guard*. Thus “majesty doth hedge in a king,” and sentinels do

“wear upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars”—

properly enough, perhaps, provided the king doth

dress himself with such humility as to 'pluck allegiance from men's hearts,' and provided *the Majesty of the People* doth 'hedge in' all!

To the officers formerly existing were added, in the Second Period, a *Town Treasurer*, *Sealers of Leather*, *Custom Masters*, *Custodiers of the Meeting House*, *Packers*, and a *Blander of Horses*.

The duty of the *Treasurer*, or '*Husband for the Town*,' was "to preserve the *Town Stock*." The first person chosen to this office was *Ensign John Talcott*, in 1659.

The duty of *Sealers of Leather* was carefully to examine the article with which they were charged, and, if found good, to place upon it an official seal. The law required that leather should be 'sufficient in all points.' It was not, in the first place, to have been gashed or cut in the hide. Did any butcher, or other person, inflict such injury, in flaying any ox, bull, steer or cow, each gash cost him a twelvepence. The hide, in the next place, was not to be put into any oozes where it should 'take any unkinde heates,' under a penalty of twenty pounds. Woe to the tanner if he spoiled it by any 'evell workmanship or handleing' whatever—its forfeiture in this case was certain. The liquors of his vat were to be of the best quality and quantity. He was thoroughly to understand, and thoroughly to practice the whole 'mistry or faculty of curreing.' It was the business of the *Leather Sealer* to see that he did—to 'search and view' his premises for this purpose—to submit his hides to skilful triers when doubt existed as to their goodness—to seize the bad ones for forfeiture—

to mark the good ones with all 'convenient speed' for sale and use—and putting into his pocket for his services "two pence per hide for every number under five" that he sealed, and "twelve pence for every dicker," or ten hides, he was to take care that "the severall members of the Commonwealth," to use the language of the old law, suffered no "abuses or inconveniences" from the tanners of the day, or from their connecting links the butchers—in short, like the old Roman Dictator, was to see that the Republic received no detriment, as regards at least its *understanding*. Another example this of that sumptuary legislation which we have heretofore had occasion to notice—mild however, very, in comparison with that, on the same subject, which filled the Statute Books of England, and oil of roses, as well as of good oak-bark, compared with the absurd and tyrannous Leather Laws of James the First. It may have been useful, perhaps, in its day, but, tried now, would probably result in the 'tanning' of Leather Sealers, instead of the tanning of skins, and produce 'hidings' instead of hides.

But to return. *Custom Masters* were to collect duties on wines, liquors, and some of the time on tobacco brought into the Colony, till 1662, when all former orders imposing customs were repealed, and 'free trade' was established 'in all places in this Colony.' The first officer of this description in Hartford was, in 1659, *Jonathan Gilbert*—a leading man—a man who was extensively engaged in the trade and coasting business of the Town—whose warehouse figured at the Landing Place—and who was honored with

the office of Marshal, or High Sheriff of the young Colony. *Custodiers of the Meeting House* are sufficiently explained by their title. The duty of a *Packer* was to "pack and unpack all such meat as [was] sent forth of the Townes," and to mark each barrel with the letters C: R:*. The *Brander of Horses* was an officer, it is implied from the Records, of much importance, since we find *his marks*, as well as the color and age of horses, in the case of all these animals that were exported, were to be carefully recorded by the Town Clerk, under a penalty of twenty pounds, and the Clerk was to receive sixpence for each entry.

And now, Reader, in conclusion, let us pause a moment over one town functionary whose official dignity expired in the Period upon which we dwell. We have not hitherto introduced him to the Public, as the entries respecting him, misplaced in the Records, are found mingled with the entries of the year 1663. Know him then now, Reader—the *Chimney Sweeper* of the Town! What shall we say of him? Nothing by way of describing his business—this is plain. But who was he? One of those "dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses," of whom Elia speaks, "such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow?" Marry, no, he was not—though, but for the dignity of his appointment, he might have been, for the sable sons of Ham *were* in our Town at the time of which we

* *Connecticut River*—probably.

speaking, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter, and doubtless, therefore, there were some petit Hamites, 'blooming through their first nigritude,' who were just fitted, of course, to ease chimneys of their overcharged secretions, so that fires might "curl up a lighter volume to the welkin." But the Sweep of Hartford was of the veritable Caucasian blood—he was white—a white citizen—and he was appointed first in 1639—formally appointed. He was no worthless accident—no mere vagrant creation of smoke and vapors—but a Town functionary, as we have entitled him. His empire over chimneys was municipal. His sooty sovereignty was an extract from organization, and his name was *John Gunnings*. Lank, lathy and lanceolated in shape, doubtless he was, to suit his vocation—a very 'chit' too, just fitted to enter the *fauces averni*, the fuliginous jaws of combustion's throats. Pursue him now in imagination, Reader, as Charles Lamb pursues his 'chit'-sweep in London, on where he goes sounding through the 'dark, stifling caverns, horrid shades' of Hartford's first chimneys! Shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost forever! Revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then, oh, fulness of delight, run out of doors just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel!"

We'll leave you, Reader, looking at him and listening, as did Elia, while from his little pulpit, the chimney top, in the nipping air of the morning, he "preaches a lesson of patience to mankind!"

SCENA.

Hartford.

ITS CIVIL HISTORY CONTINUED—PERIOD SECOND.

No. 20.

“What constitutes a State?
——Men, high-minded men.”

Jones.

“In all the [American] colonies, where the rule of partible inheritance prevailed, estates were soon parcelled out into moderate plantations and farms; and the general equality of property introduced habits of industry and economy, the effects of which are still visible in their local customs, institutions and public policy.”

Judge Story.

WE have seen, in former Articles, that the policy of Hartford in regard to *Inhabitants* was watchful and highly conservative—that while the Town opened its arms to the good, the industrious, and the faithful, it refused to receive the idle, the dishonest, and the worthless, and at the same time shrank from embracing those whose opinions were tainted with what it deemed adverse to the interests of church and state. It wanted ‘men, high-minded men’ to constitute *its* community—those with whom

“Sovereign law, the State’s collected will,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

Its first policy, therefore, in regard to *Inhabitants*, was

steadfastly pursued during its Second Period—triumphantly as regards their formal admission by a vote of the people, for we find that during the whole time, so far as the Record shows, the Town extended this privilege to but eight persons. Its bounty in this respect was bestowed only upon *Nathaniel Lovering, Joseph Fitch, Nathaniel Kimberly, Jared Spencer, Timothy Nash, John Blackleach, Jr., Hervey Roe, and Robert Howard*. But so far as new comers and mere residents are concerned, the efforts of the Town were not so successful as formerly in preventing the introduction of many that were exceptionable. True it now and then formally warned such to depart. True, now and then, it placed householders who entertained them under bonds to secure the Town against damages from their residence in it. True, it at times prosecuted these bonds, as it did against Joseph Varlett for ‘his prejudicial and offensive carriage’ in entertaining one Boltas and his wife, two Dutch stragglers—compelling him to pay one hundred pounds or stand trial at the Court. True, now and then, it offered bounties to troublesome persons if they would remove from the Town, as it did, in 1664, ten pounds to William Kelsey and his wife. Yet such cases of banishment, and of the enforcement of security, and of bounty for removal, were very rare—three or four only during the whole Period.

The fact is, Hartford had already become a sort of El Dorado for emigrants, and at the same time a beehive from which new settlements took their rise. Attracted by its beautiful location, by its fertility, its business, its good order, by its prospects generally,

strangers sought it with eagerness, and many of these were not of the first rank as to character. They came in such numbers in 1659, and with such feeble commendation as to conduct, nay many of them with such positive disqualifications from their indolent or vicious habits, as to call for a new precautionary Town Act. Hartford wakes up suddenly at this time to the dangers from such persons, from their poverty, their evil manners, or their evil opinions. It pronounces the present prejudice and damage from this source to be great. It dreads the ill consequences which in the future are ready to 'break in'—and goes on to forbid any one from entertaining or receiving any family, person or persons who are not inhabitants, and from renting to them any part of any dwelling, 'without consent by the orderly vote' of the Town, under penalty of five pounds a month for every violation of this order, and of liability for all just damages. What effect this prohibition had in checking fresh arrivals does not appear. Probably, however, it had some—yet not enough to alter the fact that, in its Second Period, Hartford received quite a numerous addition to its population of persons who, though not admitted inhabitants, were yet stated residents—many, doubtless, promising candidates for all the civic rights of freemen—some, doubtless, prone to invade the good order of society—but all breathing the air, sharing the food, housed by the dwellings, subject to the laws, and participating in the movement of this primitive settlement on the banks of the Connecticut.

Among the rest were, singularly enough—*Jews*.

Yes, even here, in the shadow of the remote primeval wilderness of the New World, and in the company too of jealous Puritan emigrants, were some of the sons of Abraham. And they were Israelites who do not seem to have profited by the teachings either of Moses or the prophets—for one of them, David by name, distinguished himself by going into the houses of the Settlers, when the heads of the families were absent, and practising petty tricks of trade with the children in order to secure provisions, and for this and ‘such like misdemeanors,’ was fined twenty shillings—and others, 1661, prohibited from gaining a settlement. were limited in their sojourn within the Town, in the house of John Marsh, to the period of seven months.

Among persons too who lived in Hartford during the Period under consideration, as suggested in our last Article, were, singularly enough also—*Negroes*—so that, in view of the whole settlement, Noah’s three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, were all early represented. An Act of the General Court, 1660, orders that “neither Indian nor *Negar* servants shall be required to traine, watch or ward, in this Colony.” Where did these Blacks come from? Not from England with the Settlers surely. Nor from the Dutch Colony in New York—this is not at all probable. But doubtless from the West Indies, brought in by some vessels trading from the region here with these Islands. Were they slaves? We think they must have been. Slavery, we know, existed early and long in Connecticut, and has been but recently, as it were, abolished, but we did not expect to find the system

begun so far back as it seems to have been. Yet there it was, doubtless, in the very infancy of our State. And negroes were treated well, we feel assured, though made cognizant, as were all servants, black or white, of the inferiority of their situation—for the Law, in set terms, in these times, compelled their services. They were to wait most ‘industriously’ upon their masters. Without license from them, they were forbidden to ‘give, sell or truck’ any commodity whatever, and if, being suspected of evil intentions, they ran away, men, and boats, and pinnaces, might be pressed, at the public charge, to pursue them by sea and land, and bring them back ‘by force of arms.’

A proud people these Settlers were—the Leaders! With all their true love for liberty, with all those blessings,

“Those charms that dazzle and endear,”

which Freedom pictured here in the New World, they were socially a proud people, distinguishing after all the ‘blood of the Howards’ from all other, with a pride they were too fresh from the old country to forget, and marking out ranks in their own community but too distinctly by their titles of address. Yet were those who thus ‘felt their blood’ unadulterate in their manners, and humane of purpose. They had none of the characteristics whatever of your modern *parvenus*—none. They were no rustics misfitted in silks, and misplaced in saloons. No flippant criticism with them on lower-class contact and plebeian coarseness—nor any lumbering attempt to worm

themselves into the favor of the well educated by talking, like Pope's Fribble,

"in pretty phrase,
Of genius, and of taste, of players and plays."

They borrowed no adventitious graces from the 'almighty dollar!' They never, in pecuniary prosperity, forgot their humble acquaintances, nor deemed a poor relative 'a preposterous shadow,' or 'a death's head at the banquet.' No—nothing of all this characterized the pride of those whom we commemorate. It was, on the other hand, a pride of self-respect, founded on superior intelligence and manners, and mingled at the same time with a sense of birth and connections higher than fell to the lot of persons in general, and which the tone of opinion, in the days of which we speak, had not yet quite reduced to the modern democratic platform. But let their ideas of social position have been what they may, it is true that, with them all, they never in their daily life and conduct forgot either civility or kindness. They never wittingly wounded a sensibility, impaired a right, or inflicted a wrong—for stretching over every person, pillared in the radical legislation of the Colony, ægis and sun to each soul that throbbed in our wilderness township, were the grand fundamental, constitutional provisions which guaranteed the enjoyment of life, liberty and property—and in forming these provisions the leading Settlers themselves were the chief instruments.

And see, in this connection, how not only those of whom we have just spoken particularly, but how all the Settlers took care of poor inhabitants. Towards

these they always exercised a most commendable liberality. For these they always carefully provided. No sick or impotent person, no poverty-stricken 'Goody Kelley and her child' ever went unfurnished by them with something to eat, and drink, and wear. Hartford had its *Town-House*, if not immediately, certainly within a few years after the founding of the Town. Its Selectmen, then as now, had the oversight of paupers—could place them out to labor, and for support—were to give them, as now, when dead, 'a decent burial'—in short, then as now, in the case of all who had not estate sufficient for their support, and no relations of sufficient ability who were obliged by law to sustain them, were to provide for them at the public expense. Blessed policy that thus, at the start of our Town, combined philanthropy and law in relief of those who 'sore pierced by wintry winds,'

"shrink in the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"

Let us take a brief view now of the policy of the Town in regard to lands and heritages during its Second Period. It was the same fundamentally with that described in a former Paper. It involved the same easy, republican principles of tenure, and the same facilities of acquisition, ownership, and alienation. It continued to be free entirely from the restrictions, from all the deadening weight of feudalism, and kept on nourishing that just pride of property, and that high sense of independence, which are the necessary concomitants of an allodial system, and the noble marks of freedom. Not content that the fea-

tures of this policy should remain, as they were for fourteen years after the foundation of the Town, unwritten, the Settlers of Hartford, with those of Windsor and Wethersfield, solemnly installed them in their Code of 1650, and there commanded, in terms which at once laid the axe to the root of possible oppression, that their lands and heritages should "be free from all fines and licenses upon alienations, and from all heriots, wardships, liveries, primer seisins, yeare, day and waste, escheats and forfeitures, upon the death of parents or ancestors, be they natural, unnatural, casual or judicial, and that forever!"

In its particular legislation with regard to lands, Hartford from time to time renewed its former orders, and kept a vigilant eye to their fulfillment. It still compelled the owners of home-lots, within twelve months to erect suitable buildings thereon, and "to maintain them sufficiently in a comely way." It still prevented the accumulation of many lots in the same hands. Still its Selectmen took charge of the common lands, and managed them as before, and let out the Indian ground in the South Meadow, from year to year, 'for the Town's use,' until, in 1663, with a liberality on the part of the Town which is praiseworthy, this ground was distributed to those native Indians of Hartford who had remained within the municipal limits.

But the lands of Hartford alone, as we have heretofore had occasion to suggest, did not satisfy the Settlers. They were continually stretching out their hands for more, for the purpose of extending trade

and settlement, or were receiving more, many of them, in reward for public services. And the General Court gratified their wishes and its own in this respect freely. It gave them many lands at various points 'within the liberties of Connecticut,' where the grants would not 'prejudice' any existing plantations—among others to *Jeremiah Adams* three hundred acres of upland and forty of meadow—to *John Talcott* and *John Allyn* jointly, six hundred acres of upland and one hundred of meadow—to *Matthew Allyn*, four hundred acres of upland and one hundred of meadow—to *Jonathan Gilbert*, three hundred of upland and fifty of meadow—to *Governor Haynes*, in addition to one thousand acres, about the Pequot country, granted him in 1643, three hundred acres more, in 1652, of meadow and upland 'for a farm'—to *Joseph Haynes*, two hundred and fifty acres of upland and fifty of meadow—to *Richard Lord*, three hundred and fifty of upland and fifty of meadow—to *Ensign Olmstead*, three hundred of upland and forty of meadow—to *Mrs. Stone* and her son *Samuel Stone*, in lieu of a former grant to the husband and father, of a farm for "his good service to the country both in the Pequot War and since," five hundred acres of upland and fifty or sixty of meadow—and to *Samuel Wyllys*, one hundred and fifty acres of upland, and fifty of meadow. How far these grants were improved does not particularly appear. That most of them were, however, is certain—and also that in this way the *nuclei* of new towns were fixed in various portions of the State. Hartford certainly was, in its very infancy, a remarkable bee-hive for new settle-

ments! A little swarm here, one there, another there, and they clung, each, almost wherever in the region round about, a tree branch shaded the flowers of the wilderness.

So one clung, 1645, at *Tunxis*, present *Farmington*. Thither went from Hartford, as chief settlers, John Steele, William Lewis, Stephen Hart, Thomas Judd, John Brunson, John Warner, Nathaniel Kellogg, Thomas Barnes, Richard Seymour, and Thomas Gridley. Farmington—be mindful of the parent from whom you sprung! You

“Let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age!”

So another swarm clung, 1650, at *Norwalk*. The first survey of this place was made by *Richard Olmsted* of Hartford. He and his fellow-townsmen *Nathaniel Ely* first petitioned the General Court for its settlement—and succeeded. They, and Matthew Marvin, and Ralph Keeler, and Nathaniel Richards, all from Hartford, joined by a few families who preceded them in purchasing, settled the town. Norwalk—remember who started you on your career!

“No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!”

So still another swarm clung, 1650—at this date particularly, but some of it before, and some just after our Second Period—at *Mattabesett*, now *Middletown*. One large portion of this place was first bought by *Governor John Haynes* of Hartford, from Sowheag its primitive Sachem. The rest of it was first purchased, 1662, by *Samuel Wylllys*, likewise of Hartford,

from Sepunnemo and other Indian chiefs, and for the benefit of a band of Hartford planters, who chiefly settled the spot. Among these were John Hall, John Kirby, Alexander Bow, George Hubbard, Joseph Hubbard, Daniel Hubbard, Thomas Hubbard, Anthony Martin, John Savage, Samuel Stocking, Samuel White, Thomas Wilcox, and John Wilcox. Middletown—child of Hartford's loins—we grew together, 'like to a double cherry'—

"twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, till within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit,"

we fell out! '*Air-line*' at least your friendship then back again, if you please, to its parent home!

So still another swarm clung, 1659, not as hitherto within the domain of Connecticut, nor from the motive merely of industrial enterprise—but in Massachusetts, and from the motive particularly of church quiet after an ecclesiastical difficulty which sorely divided the Town. It settled up the river at Hadley—the first there. Governor Webster and Elder William Goodwin were its leaders, and following with them, were John Crow, Nathaniel Ward, John White, John Barnard, Andrew Bacon, William Lewis, William Westwood, Richard Goodman, Wm. Partridge, Thomas Stanley, Samuel Porter, Richard Church, Francis Barnard, John Marsh, Nathaniel Stanley, William Markum, Samuel Moody, Zachariah Field, and Andrew Warner—all from Hartford—besides perhaps one widow, whose illegible name leaves the place from which she emigrated in doubt.

So still other emigrant bees left Hartford, not as in the cases already mentioned, in swarms, but singly, or a few only together—as Reinold Marvin, William Pratt, Zachariah Sanford, Jr., Robert Wade, and several others to Saybrook—Richard Webb to Stamford—John Mead, John Banks and others to Fairfield—Richard Lord, Thomas Stanton, Thomas Hungerfort, and a few others to New London, and to the Pequot country round about.

But what made the Hartford Settlers, save in founding Hadley, swarm so? It is matter of surprise that with lands so fertile, extensive, and untilled as those they possessed here, they, a mere handful comparatively, should so at once spread themselves! Was it restlessness, a desire for the “inlargement of the King’s Dominions,” a spirit of solitary proprietorship, thirst for acquisition, fondness for strange acquaintanceship, or what? But look at the spirit of emigration since! See it converting the Ohio and Missouri solitudes into civilized homes—while far beyond—threading the thousand devious arms of the Mississippi, and crossing the rugged declivities of the Rocky Mountains—the fearless hunter, and trader, and emigrant, listen to the savage whoop on the banks of the Columbia, San Joaquin, and Sacramento, and found and rear institutions and temples, to Liberty and to God, within sound of the breaking billow on the very shore of the Pacific! Everywhere, almost, behold the white sail! Listen to the elastic steam! Hear the tramp of the iron horse! Like sons, like fathers!

SCENA.

Hartford.

ITS MILLS. ITS INNS. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 21.

"Behold your mill," said Barbara—"it's as dark as the grave, and as silent as Glencairn Kirk." "Nay but woman," said the miller, rubbing his elbow and puckering his face like an ill-tied sack mouth, "will ye no be convinced? D'ye no see that faint stream of light glimmering out at the door?" And he burst out singing,

"Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel—
Full merrily gushes out the grist;
Come taste my fragrant meal.
Shout, fairies, shout: see pouring out,
The meal comes like a river—
The top of the grain, on hill and plain,
Is ours, and shall be ever!"

The Elfin Miller.

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| "Meet friendly, | My liquors are good, |
| Drink moderately, | My measnres are just, |
| Pay honestly, | Pay to-day, |
| And part quietly. | To-morrow I'll trust. |

Life's but a journey; live well on the road."

From an Inn-sign at Northfield in Kent, England.

THEY fed well—those Settlers—and better much, the mass of them, than the people of England of their day! Not that they ever got the boiled capons, and curlew pies, and mutton jiggets, and roasted herons, and pheasant tarts, and fat nightingales seasoned

with pepper and ambergris, of the *gourmands* of the old country. Not that their chickens ever figured on their tables sitting upon artificial eggs of puff paste. Nor that, like Sir George Goring, they served up their pigs tied to bag puddings, and bitted and harnessed with cables of sausages, or like Oliver Cromwell, enclosed them in clay, "like an old Ironsides in his coat of mail," for a stewing in hot ashes. No—nothing of all this marked the fare of the Settlers. It was, on the other hand, simple—it was cooked without subtlety—it was substantial—it was, most of the time, in plenty.

"Beef, mutton, and porke, shired pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and pigeons, and turkie well drest;
Cheese, apples, and nuts, bear, chickens, and deere—
These then in the countrie were counted good cheere."

But more than all else in the way of aliment—seeming to pervade everything else, as air all bodies, or as blood the chambers of organization—was the Indian Corn. Oh the ways, the many ways, in which this filiform, pendulous, aboriginal *ZEA* of botany was cooked! Oh how sweet, how nutritious, how indispensable to the English appetite! Oh, when malted, how vital its farina to beer, nay even to whiskey—and in medicine how many a good turn it served! It was among the "dry nurses" of ancient Rome, it is said. It certainly dry-nursed the English Settlers on the banks of the Connecticut—and Ceres may well, for teaching its use, have gained her place among the gods. Really we can in no other way, than by their fondness, as well as their necessity, at times pressing,

for Indian Corn particularly, and in its ground state, account for the ceaseless, anxious care with which the Founders of Hartford watched their MILLS!

Just see, Reader! Committees after committees, and sometimes the Selectmen, were appointed to look after these mills—now, and again, and again, to contract for building new ones—now to purchase, as of Mr. Cullick and Mr. Wyllys, one already built—now to repair one—now to see to the appropriation, as in one instance of two hundred pounds, for “further carrying” one on—now generally to “order its affairs”—sometimes in connection with private owners—sometimes exclusively “on the Town’s account, for the Town’s use,” and with power to call out men “to do work” upon them. Judging from the incessant legislation of the Town on this matter, we should almost think that its “two women” were grinding at its mill, and that *both* were taken—that the genius of Italy had never introduced the water-mill—that like the Wadsworths who settled Geneseo, New York, the Settlers were compelled half the time, to reduce their corn into flour by the simple expedient of pounding in rough mortars cut in stumps of oak, with pestles as rough—or that, if they had millstones at all, like that to which Samson was condemned in his prison with the Philistines, they were turned by the hand. Still a water-mill, one or more, for better, for worse, they did have, and soon one for sawing timber as well as one for grinding corn—the property of William Goodwin—and the General Court allowed each miller, for grinding a bushel of corn, one twelfth part,

and for grinding a bushel of other grains one sixteenth part—and the Miller was to keep a Toll-Dish “of a just quart,” and a Pottle-Dish of two quarts, and a Pint-Dish, all sealed, and an instrument to strike with, “all fit for the purpose!”

The miller’s toll! How the usage has descended! But what a change in machinery since the days of which we speak! And around how many busy mills in Connecticut now, cluster “the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, the decent church,” and stately trees,

“with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made,”

in ‘sweet Auburns’ of which the Hartford Settlers sowed the seeds!

And in these Auburns, homes for the weary traveler of course—Inns! Goldsmith, in his exquisite picture of that ‘loveliest village of the plain,’ from which we have just quoted, has strangely forgotten these indispensable establishments—unless the ‘house’ of ‘nut-brown draughts,’ the ale-house proper, was erst also the inn—which we doubt. It seems to have escaped him that ‘health and plenty,’ in houses for their peculiar entertainment, are to cheer the stranger and the wanderer as well as the ‘village train.’ Let us supply his omission, so far as regards the old Auburn of Hartford, Reader, and talk awhile about its inns!

At what time precisely, and where, the first was established, cannot be determined. It would be interesting to know—pleasant to shake hands with mine first host, and ‘look to the guests within,’ and like

Falstaff even, lay our ears "close to the ground, and list if we could hear the tread of travellers!" Pleasant to go into that inn's 'fat room,' and 'lend a hand' to laugh a little with its 'hearts of gold,' and for old time's sake, even take a cup of sack, for sack it had, and be 'merry as crickets!' But let us see if we can find the inn first.

The earliest of which we have notice, was established in 1644, and curiously enough by express order of the General Court—and one not only in Hartford, but others in each town upon our River. Even at this early period there was quite an influx of persons from abroad into our settlements. "Whereas," says the General Court, "many strayngers and passengers that uppon occasion have recourse to these Townes, are streightened for want of entertainment, it is now Ordered, that the several Townes shall provide among themselves in each Towne, one sufficient inhabitant to keep an Ordinary, for provision and lodgeing in some comfortable manner, that such passengers or strayngers may know where to resort; and such inhabitants as by the several Townes shall be chosen for the said service, shall be presented to two Magistrates, that they may be judged meet for that employment, and this to be effected by the severall Townes within one month, under the penalty of 40s. a month, each month the Towne shall neglect it." So that the establishment of a tavern was, in its earliest day, made compulsory upon Hartford, and its citizens, as a body, voted for Boniface, and two Magistrates reviewed their choice. We have the same

principle, though running through different channels, now. Our civil authority, selectmen, constables and grand jurors, are to nominate suitable persons for taverners, and the County Court is to grant them licences. What important personages these landlords are! Alone almost, of all social laborers, directly embraced by the loving arms of the State—so two hundred and seven years ago—so now! Taverners of Hartford, does not the State compliment you? But come and let us introduce you, and our Readers generally, to your predecessor, the first and in his day the only taverner of Hartford—landlord *Jeremy Adams*!

He was a queer compound—this Adams—mis-behaved and well-behaved. His follies, however, were confined to his youth—for it was as far back as 1644, when he was a comparative stripling, that he set on Thomas Hosmer to resist a constable in the levy of an execution, and received the formal censure of the Court for his “passionate, distempered speeches, and loud language, and unmannerly carriage” upon this occasion. He sobered down afterwards—became an active, useful citizen—and in 1663, was rewarded with the responsible trust of Custom-Master for our Town. The year previous, the General Court confirmed him in his vocation as taverner. By special enactment it declared, that the house which he improved as an Ordinary should “remain in future for the same end and use”—be fitted to give sufficient entertainment both ‘to *neighbors and strangers*’—and that Adams himself, though he should fail in some of the particulars of his agreement, should yet not for-

feit his license, but continue subject, at its discretion, to the censure of the Court. The monopoly also was given him of selling all wines under a quarter cask, and all liquors under an anker. His Inn was situated on Main Street, on its east side, and between the present dwellings of William Isham and Ezra Clark, Esquires. It stood back from the present line of the street about one hundred feet, and had a lot attached containing about three acres. The well which now supplies House number 121, Main Street, occupied by Miss Hepsibah Chenevard and others, is the same that supplied the house of Adams, and is directly in front of the location of the old Inn. That Inn too was the identical building in which, in 1687, the General Court was assembled on occasion of the arrival of Governor Andross, when the brave Captain Wadsworth blew out the light, seized the Charter, and hid it triumphantly in the Oak. It was then kept, however, by Zachariah Sanford, to whom Connecticut, having previously foreclosed a mortgage of the premises given to the Colony by Adams, had sold it. Poor Adams—he seems to have been in the latter part of his life unfortunate. He got into debt—badly—but quietly discharged his chief one, the debt of nature, in 1683, and slept then, undisturbed in that noiseless, subterranean inn, whose chambers echo to no living tread, and where the voices of all duns are hushed in the silence of the grave.

But how, in the old time, was mine host to manage his inn? No sooner had Hartford reached its Second Period, than his duties and responsibilities, were quite accurately defined by law. The mode of his appoint-

ment we have just seen. When established, he had his *Sign*. Not, of course, the 'White Hart,' or the 'White Swan,' or the 'Blue Boar'—heraldic these too forcibly of the Richards and the Henrys of the despotic mother-land—but some 'Bunch of Grapes'—this is the earliest tavern carving of which we have notice, and appropriate as derived from our State Arms—perhaps some Hart browsing on the rich grass of our valley—or a chained lion—or an eagle reposing on his perch—or the head of an ox and a tankard of sack—or the General Wolfe of that day, John Mason the hero of the Pequot War. No matter—the landlord had his sign of some sort—it had been long in England a fixed custom. Jeremy Adams once neglected it, and the County Court, in 1679, ordered him to set up a 'compleat one,' or pay a fine of forty shillings. The sign was necessary to lure the eye of the wayfarer to repose and to good cheer. And such cheer the host was bound by law to provide. An Act of the General Court compelled him to entertain strangers 'in a comfortable manner.' He was to furnish 'every accommodation' necessary for this purpose—'wine and liquors' as well as food, for the 'good refreshing both of man and beast.' In the language of writers on inns of that day, if a guest came to his house, he was not "to challenge a lordlie authority over him, but clean otherwise, since every man may use the inne as his owne house, and have, for monie, how great or how little varietie of vittles, and what other service, himselfe shall thinke expedient to call for—and have cleane sheets to lie in,

wherein no man had been lodged since they came from the landresse—and have a servante to kindle his fire, and one to pull off his boots and make them cleane—and have the hoste or hostess to visit him, and to eat with the hoste, or at a common table, if he pleases, or eat in his chamber, commanding what meate he will, according to his appetite, yea the kitchen being open to him to order the meate to be dressed as he liketh best.”

As for the horses of his guest, the landlord was to provide for them one or more enclosures for summer, and hay or provender for winter, with convenient stable room and attendance—and this under a penalty of two shillings and sixpence for every day’s default, and double damages to the party thereby wronged.

He was not to suffer any persons to be intoxiciated in his house, or to drink excessively. Half a pint of wine was all that he was allowed to deal out to one person at one time, nor was he to allow tippling to continue above the space of half an hour, nor at unreasonable times, nor after nine of the clock at night.*

* This was old landlord Moses Butler’s hour, within the memory of persons now living, without other law than his own, for dispersing his guests. He kept tavern at the corner of present Main and Elm Streets, south of the Bridge. A “*Seven Copper Club*,” so called from the expenditure of seven coppers by each member, every time they met, on half a mug of flip, and consisting of elderly gentlemen of the Town, used to convene at his house. He would never allow them to remain after nine, and to any solicitations for more liquor, after the customary half mug was consumed, invariably replied, “No, you shan’t have another drop—go home to your families!”

[The table of cherry wood used by this Club, together with two of their old flip-mugs—quart mugs of pewter—are now in the possession of Scæva. Curious relics indeed they are, that reach back, in their antiquity, even to the times of the Stamp Act! Ed.]

He was not to deliver any wine out of his house, nor suffer any to be delivered, except upon a note from some master of a family and allowed inhabitant of the Town—and as for ‘hot water’—which we take to mean the ‘fire-water’ ‘cobblers,’ or ‘punches,’ or ‘smashers’ of modern times—these he was to sell to no one but in cases of necessity, and then in moderation.* Every person found drunk upon his premises was fined ten shillings. This was the fine for either moderate tipsiness, when but

“A pleasing frenzy buoyed the lightened soul,”

or for that deeper intoxication in which

“the feeble tongue,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,

* What would the Hartford Settlers have thought of the following “*Fancy Drinks*,” at twelve and a half cents each, which we copy from the present printed list of a famous Boston Restaurant?

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Plain Mint Julep. | Tip and Ty. | Spiced Punch. |
| Fancy “ | Fiscal Agent. | Epicure's Punch. |
| Mixed “ | Veto. | Porteree. |
| Peach “ | I. O. U. | Split Ticket. |
| Pine Apple “ | Tippe Na Pecco. | Tom and Jerry. |
| Claret “ | Moral Suasion. | Milk Punch. |
| Capped “ | Vox Populi. | Peach Punch. |
| Strawberry “ | Ne Plus Ultra. | Cherry Punch. |
| Arrack “ | Soda Punch. | Jewett's Fancy. |
| Race Horse “ | Shambro. | Deacon. |
| Sherry Cobbler. | Pig and Whistle. | Exchange. |
| Rochelle “ | Citronella Jam. | Stone Wall. |
| Arrack “ | Egg Nog. | Virginia Fancy. |
| Peach “ | Sargent. | Knickerbocker. |
| Claret “ | Silver Top. | Smasher. |
| Ching Ching. | Poor Man's Punch. | Floater. |
| Tog. | Arrack Punch. | Sifter. |
| Ropee. | Iced Punch. | Soda Punch. |

Lies quite dissolved, and confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazeteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet, broken scene."*

What a bundle thus of good behavior mine host of the olden time, then almost the sole retailer of wines and spirituous liquors, had to be! What a burden of moral censorship he had to bear on his shoulders! And he was to be ready, at *all* times, to give an account of his 'doings.' And he was peculiarly responsible, then as now, for the safe custody of the property of his guests. The common law of England, of force here as there, had long settled the principle that if a traveller "lose aught whileth he abideth at an inne, the *hoste* is bounde by a general custome to restore the damage." Neither Pothier, Jones, Domat, or Story, have since laid down the law on this subject more clearly.

But enough, Reader, for to-day. We have turned you out a *grist* from the old mills of Hartford. Just work it up, if you please, into the *rolls* of memory. We have taken you into Hartford's oldest inn, and introduced you to the landlord, and to his guests. Just talk with them, till you see us again! Perhaps

* Excessive drinking, in the times of which we speak, even though not bewildering the sense, was punished by a fine of three shillings and fourpence—tippling above the space of half an hour, by a fine of two shillings and sixpence—tippling at unseasonable times, or after nine at night, by a fine of five shillings—and double fines were exacted for second offences, treble for third, while imprisonment and sureties for good behavior followed upon the fourth, and justice laid on ten stripes where the sot was unable to pay his fine, or clapped him unceremoniously in the stocks.

they will tell you more than we have. They *will*, if you but open a little the wings of your imagination, and do not stand with them stupidly folded. Draw one of those large leather chairs, if you please—the landlord has two of them—* or one of his joint stools—near the fire—for it is chilly, and there's a merry blaze from those big logs! Sit down now—cosily—and talk, and think! The Room is over your head in which, a few years down, the Fathers of Connecticut pleaded for their old Charter! Hark how its floor resounds to the tread of Andross and his suite, and his armed myrmidons! Listen to the retreating footfall of Wadsworth, as he glides, trophy in hand, into the open air! Follow him out into the darkness! Can you see him—hear him longer? Pause then at the threshold, and poise that old oaken bucket on the curb of Jeremy's well, and incline 'its green, mossy brim' to your lips, and 'take a drink!' The patriots drank there!

By the bye, did your lips receive a salutation from that pretty hostess, or that pretty daughter, or that pretty maid, when you entered the Inn? Such was the invariable custom in country inns in England, down to the restoration of Charles the Second, and it was prized as an innocent embellishment. But sooth to say, we think you missed it here. Your Puritan landlord would never allow it. His scowl, at any attempt on the part of *his* household thus to kiss a stranger, would have been enough

* His inventory is preserved.

to turn the spiciest gale of Paphos into a bitter north-easter! The gallantries of the first half of the seventeenth century had taught him to look upon love as a sort of 'chemical spirit that extracted all the folly and the flagitiousness of the age'—and a kiss was one of its adulterate voices. But just take your ease in your inn, Reader, till you hear again from

SCENA.

Hartford.

ITS ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY—PERIOD SECOND.

No. 22.

“For first of all when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you.” *1. Cor. xi. 18.*

“And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord.” *1. Cor. xii. 5.*

“Put on Charity, which is the bond of perfectness, and let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body.” *Col. iii. 14, 15.*

Soon after the commencement of our Second Period, a controversy commenced in the Church of Hartford which, “for its circumstances, its duration, and its obstinacy,” says Trumbull, “was the most remarkable of any in its day—which affected all the churches, and insinuated itself into the affairs of societies, towns and the whole commonwealth.” Nor was it confined to Connecticut. It hung like a cloud over the heart of all New England—darkened almost every temple of worship, and kindled baleful fires at almost every altar.

It began with a difference, between Rev. Mr. Stone and Elder Wm. Goodwin, either about the admission of some member to the church, or the administration

of the rite of baptism, and quickly involved many other points also of ecclesiastical polity. Look at the leading questions that were raised!

What constitutes church membership—admission to full communion only, or a belief in Christianity and worshipful attendance upon its ordinances also? Is the ‘matter of the visible church’ composed of saints exclusively, or of those also who, not being communicants, attend religious services, hold pews, and pay rates? Particularly does it not belong to the whole body of a town jointly to call and settle its minister—and may not the adult seed of visible believers, not cast out, be true members of the church, and subjects of church watch? What constitutes baptism—is ‘federal holiness or covenant interest’ its proper ground? Is the grace of perfect regeneration vital to its application, or may it not be used also as a seal of the covenant *initiatory* in its nature? Particularly is it scriptural to baptize the children of any parents who are not themselves in full communion? Whence do ministers receive their commission to baptize? Does the word of God warrant the communion of churches, as such? Has a synod decisive power? How far shall any particular church yield to its authority, or to that of any other ecclesiastical council? Must every person, grieved at any church process or censure, acquiesce in it, and if not, where shall he repair? What is the gospel way to gather and settle churches? Does the laying on of hands in ordination belong to presbyters or brethren? A formidable list of questions truly! But there were oth-

ers too—of minor consequence, yet all involved in these just stated—and most of these, in point of fact, in the two salient ones of church membership and baptism, of which baptism particularly was debated with an ardor that neither Socinian nor Romanist, Pelagian nor Hermitian, not Nazianzen, St. Cyril, nor Salmasius, have ever surpassed.

We are blameless, as most people, in our lives and conversation—we are well disposed—we are sober—argued, according to Mather, ‘multitudes’ of persons—and so particularly many of the church in Hartford. We are full believers in the doctrines of Christianity. We desire to accept Christ for our Redeemer. We seek forgiveness of our sins. We are ready to promise that, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, we will forsake the vanities of this evil world, and strive to act according to the rules of the gospel. We wish to submit ourselves to the watch and discipline of the church. Particularly we will promise to bring up the children that may be given us, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We want the distinction and privileges, therefore, of church membership for ourselves, and of baptism for our children. True, we are not communicants, but we will labor diligently to become so. Why then shut upon us, ‘hopeful candidates’ as we thus are, the doors of church privilege? Is it just? Is it wise? Why make no difference, in this respect, between ourselves and Pagans? Why, in particular, exclude our offspring, dear as they are to our hearts, and partakers, as it is our dearest wish they should be, of the king-

dom of heaven, why exclude them from the baptism of Christianity simply because our own honest doubts and fears are such that we cannot ourselves 'come up to the covenanting state of communicants at the table of the Lord?' This is harsh—it is an unwarrantable strictness. Baptism and full communion are separate things, and the former, with church watch, may be enjoyed without the latter. Seal though it be of the covenant, baptism is after all but an initiatory rite. It does not of itself absolutely confer, it does not of itself indelibly impress the grace of regeneration, nor is salvation so inseparably annexed to it, as that without it no person can enter heaven. "The Lord hath not set up churches," be it remembered, "only that a few old Christians should keep one another warm while they live, and then carry away the church into the cold grave with them, when they die; no, but that they might with all care, and with all the obligations and advantages to that care that may be, nurse up still successively another generation of subjects to our Lord, that may stand up in his kingdom when they are gone."* So pleaded, so demanded one large party in the church of Hartford—and some of its members, going farther than others, claimed for all who professed the Christian religion and led honest lives, every rite and privilege of the church, without inquiry made as to any change of heart.

On the other hand it was urged, in reply to these claims, that they were wholly inconsistent with the

* Cotton Mather.

rights of the brotherhood and the strict principles of the Congregational churches—that they were innovations on its practice, and contrary to its purity—that they would subvert the very design for which the churches in New England were planted. Baptism, said the advocates of these views, is a seal of the whole covenant of grace—those, therefore, not interested in this covenant by faith, by saving faith, by the being of repentance, ought not to have the seal thereof for themselves, nor for their children. If we extend it in the manner demanded, there would be great corruption. It would be a profanation of the rite. It would have a natural tendency to harden unregenerate persons in their sinful condition—and to admit such to privileges and membership in the churches, would at once throw the homes of the saints into the power of the worldly part of mankind, profane their administration, and pervert their efficacy.

Thus armed, each with argument, each with copious quotations from the Scriptures, from history, and from ecclesiastical writers and controversialists of every age, the two parties in the Church of Hartford went on, mingling as they progressed various new points of dispute—each bent on achieving a triumph—neither convincing the other—and each growing daily more and more bitter, till the mischievous ecclesiastical tragedy was at last almost ready to burst in a fifth and closing act of religious desolation. What was to be done? Councils of neighboring elders and churches were called—in 1654—in 1655—to settle the dispute—and one from Massachusetts, in

1656. No good resulted. Parties became more alienated than ever. The General Court, 1656, took the matter up, and appointed a committee to present the grievances to the General Courts of the United Colonies, for advice, for conciliation. A Council, appointed by Connecticut and Massachusetts, was the result. It heard the grievances—debated them—gave answers to twenty-one of them, and to the principal ones, those regarding church-membership and baptism, replied in favor of a liberal extension of these privileges. Still the Church at Hartford was not satisfied. A number of its members were about withdrawing to the Church at Wethersfield. Mr. Stone applied to them the thunders of his Vatican—a course of discipline. It did no good. The Commissioners of the United Colonies wrote them. It did no good. The General Court again, 1658, interfered. By this time numbers of the Church had actually withdrawn. The Court attempted to reconcile them to their brethren, through the agency again of the elders of the Colony. Mr. Stone, defender, as he was, of the independent action of his Church in the case and of its power of discipline, gallantly offered to dispute with any person, in the presence of the General Assembly, the right of the aggrieved brethren to withdraw, and to prove their act ‘a sin exceeding scandalous and sinful.’ The Court declined the proffer, but again, 1659, called at Hartford another Council of the elders and churches of Boston, Cambridge, Charlestown, Ipswich, Dedham, and Sudbury, to heal the divisions. The Council convened—twice

during the year—and for the first time, good was now done. The salve applied began to heal the old sore. It brought the parties in Hartford much ‘nearer than they had been before!’ Other causes combined, about this time, to improve this state of things. Some of the persons who figured conspicuously in the controversy, had passed to the land of silence. “The dust of mortality,” says Mather, was thrown upon them, “so that they not only left stinging one another, but hived with unjarring love in the land that flows with what is better than milk and honey.” Other disputants removed from Hartford to other places—Mr. Cullick to Boston—Elder Goodwin and Governor Webster, with a number of others from Hartford, with Rev. Mr. Russel and about thirty others from Wethersfield, and with some from Windsor, went up the River, as has been heretofore stated, and founded Hadley in Massachusetts. Peace was once more comparatively restored. The acrimony of dispute, though not the dispute itself, ceased. Men, though disagreeing in opinions still, differed not so widely, nor so numerously as before, and differed with more composure. The dove, and not the kite, began to hover over their spirits—so that by November, 1659, a Proclamation for a Thanksgiving recognized the settlement of the difficulties in our Town, particularly through the agency of the latest Councils, as an event demanding public joy and praise.

What now, it will naturally be asked, on reviewing the controversy we have described, what made these people of the olden time so warm, and withal so bit-

ter? Prudent, good, forbearing persons that we suppose them to have been—not apt ‘to let their angry passions rise’—why in this matter so quarrelsome and so acrimonious?

Well, in the first place, such, as upon them, is the usual effect of all religious dispute. The *Odium Theologicum* has grown into a proverb! Religion lies so nearest the hearts of men that they find it more difficult for *this* reason, we suppose, to endure differences of sentiment upon theological than upon other subjects—and anger and the pride of opinion, with the best of us, are after all the hardest passion-horses of our nature to bit and rein in. In the next place a new, and in some important respects a different generation, as compared with the First Period of the Colony, had sprung up. Formerly there had been great harmony in the church. Though strictly Calvinistic in doctrine, and rigid in its exaction of duties and in its discipline, it had no sectaries. Its clergy ‘walked in the most endeared friendship, like Moses and Aaron’ with the Legislature. Its influence was rarely questioned, and almost unbounded. Now many of the old ministers were dead, as was particularly, Mr. Hooker. Quite a number had returned to England. The children of the First Period had become adults. The stamp of grand-father and grandmother was upon most of their parents who survived. New emigrants had arrived, less strict in their views than those who preceded them. A new spirit was abroad—one in some material features more liberal, less submissive, more inquisitive, more progressive,

but at the same time, under some aspects, less scriptural, perhaps, and less pure. It would of course seek, as it did, increased freedom in the administration of religion. Fewer comparatively were church communicants than formerly. Such, if of sober lives and conversation, would naturally strive, for themselves and for the sake of their children, to relax the rigid claims of the church. Many there were also who began "notoriously to forget the errand into the wilderness"—many whom 'the enchantments of this world' led "sensibly to neglect the primitive designs and interests of religion as propounded by their fathers." All such would naturally look with indifference upon any struggle for the preservation of old ecclesiastical opinions and usages, or labor earnestly after emancipation from their restraints. Others there were also, many as compared with former times, who were decided sinners—who neither sought the influences nor cared for the duties of piety, but who, on the other hand, disrelished its ordinances and even despised its demands. All such would of course like a quarrel which tended to relax the strictness and weaken the force of Christian organization—would help it on—would relish the spectacle of religious parties pitted in the field of strife,

"To prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks—"

would rejoice even to see each casting upon the other frowns,

"as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian."

Under all the circumstances now described, it is not strange that the controversy upon which we have dwelt, assumed in Hartford the phase that it did. Reasoning doubtless from these circumstances, but in their nascent state—when like little clouds they were ‘no bigger than a man’s hand’—Mr. Stone, singularly enough, at the very beginning of the Second Period in our History, in a time of profound calm, foretold the controversy, and its violence. He foretold it deliberately, and in a sermon preached in 1650. The churches, he said, will “come to be broken by schism, and sudden censures, and angry removes.” Ere they are aware, he added, there will be in them “prayers against prayers, hearts against hearts, tears against tears, tongues against tongues, fasts against fasts, and horrible prejudices and underminings.” How quick, alas, did his own Church become ‘the stage of all these tragedies!’

And now, Reader, in imitation of the Puritan preachers of the olden time, let us put the story we have told you—the historical sermon we have delivered—to a few ‘Uses.’ It was said of our own colonial Leader, Mr. Hooker, that he was ‘the best at an Use’ of any divine of his day—so skilful was he in this theological appliance, so close, so moving! We will follow his example, briefly, in our own lay way. Attention, all!

The subject we have treated should teach us, in the first place, *religious composure*. Let us never make ‘fretful porcupines’ of our hearts in matters ecclesiastical! Stick these delicate organs with ‘quills,’ and fill them with gall, and point them with anger,

and you at once gangrene the substance of all true religious sensibility!

In the second place, we should exercise an enlarged *Christian charity*. Who cherishes no error? Who commits no mistake? Prepare for him a Crystal Palace! The world will gather to look upon him!

In the third place, we should practice *religious Toleration*. We don't all see alike. We don't all feel alike. We cannot. It was not intended that we should. Who made us to differ? God! The Almighty then is a Tolerationist! Weak man, weak woman, ought *you* not to be so too?

Keep cool, be charitable, be tolerant—in all differences of religious faith and practice, KEEP COOL—BE CHARITABLE—BE TOLERANT! These, Reader, are the *Uses* of our subject to-day. Are they not good? Practised upon, will they not create and perpetuate religious harmony? God's earth, be it remembered, is a sublime instrument, to be touched only *lovingly* by mortal fingers in his praise! Strike it as if each key knew not, or hated the other, and you have a Babel of sounds with which the harps of heaven have no sympathy—not one symphony in common. But touch it as if the love of sisters affiliated its chords, and it will respond in tones that will at once waft your soul's devotion to the skies, to join in the music of all the spheres, and mingle with the immortal harmony of Paradise!

SCÈVA.

Hartford.

CODE OF 1650. PECULIAR LAWS. PUNISHMENTS. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 23.

“ With a firm and skilful hand
Mayest thou uphold the laws; and keep them ever
Above the proud man's violence, and within
The poor man's reach.”

Anon.

“ But as in tempest or winter one course and garment is convenient, in calm or warm weather a more liberal case or lighter garment both may and ought to be followed and used, so we have seen diverse straight and sore laws made in one parliament, (the time so requiring,) in a more calm and quiet reign of another prince by the like authority and parliament taken away.”

Statute 1. Edw. VI. c. 12.

IN May, 1650, a Code of Laws, the first in our history, and the work of Roger Ludlow, emphatically the jurispudent of his day, was concluded and established. In view of the age in which it was framed—in view, particularly, of the circumstances of the Connecticut Colony, its newness, its family character, and its earnest and at times feverish estimate of the ends and claims of religion, no Code was ever, upon the whole, more happily adapted to promote the interests, and sustain the growth of fresh emigrants, gath-

ered in a new country to found a State. Much there is in it to us singular, to us utterly inapplicable—some things that actually force our laughter—but much at the same time that challenges our respect. When, at the very portico of this Code, we find it commanded, that no man's life shall be taken away—no man's honor or good name be stained—no man's person be arrested, restrained, banished, dismembered, or in any way punished—no man be deprived of his wife or children—no man's goods or estate be taken from him, or in any way endamaged, under color of law or countenance of authority—unless it be by the virtue or equity of some express Law of the Country warranting the same, and sufficiently published, or in case of the defect of a law in a particular case, by the Word of God—when we find, it is to be remarked, such vital orders as these heralding the great body of statutes in the first Code of Connecticut—orders which look to the 'free fruition' of everything which "Humanity, Civility and Christianity call for, as due to every man in his place and proportion"—we cannot but concede that the 'Tranquility and Stability' of the Church and Commonwealth were objects nearest and nobly dear to the hearts of the Settlers. We must own that the spirit of true liberty directed their aims. We must bless their purpose, however in its execution they may, here and there, have marked their measures with oddity, or impressed them with harshness, or tinged them with folly.

In all that regards the rights of persons and the rights of things, touching the acquisition, ownership,

enjoyment and alienation of property both real and personal, and redress for injuries to the same—touching trade, agriculture and commerce—the Code is as ample as the times required. It guarantees to every man the free use and disposal of that which is his own, without ‘injury or illegal diminution,’ and regulates and protects to every extent, then essential, the activities and the wants of industry and business. We do not propose now to dwell upon its provisions in these respects. We have had frequent occasions, in past Articles, to refer to and state them. But on some of its provisions in regard to private and public wrongs it is our purpose now to dwell, more or less as they are peculiar and reflect the spirit of the day. We want to know this spirit as it manifested itself in primitive Hartford. At another time we will look at sections of the Code as they bore on some of the domestic and private economical relations.

Capital crimes then, in the first place, were more numerous with the Founders of our Town than with us. It was with them, as not with us, a capital offence to worship any other than the true God, or to blaspheme, or to commit adultery, or the crime against nature, or rape, or to practice witchcraft, or purposely to bear false witness, or to steal a man or a woman, or for children, unless brought up in ‘un-christian negligence,’ to curse or smite their parents, or be in their carriage stubborn and rebellious. Derived these were all from the Mosaic Code—too rigidly—unwisely—can hardly be doubted. Yet how

short the step here taken with the death-penalty compared with the enormous stride of boasted England! There, one hundred and sixty acts of frail man, down to the close of the eighteenth century, no less than one hundred and sixty acts declared by Parliament to be felonies without benefit of clergy, in other words to be worthy of instant death! What a dreadful list, and how moderate, how merciful, in contrast, is that which was in force here!

To the statute crimes now stated is to be added also, as peculiar, the sin of *lying*. This the Settlers could not bear in even its most ordinary forms. We punish it when it appears in the shape of entries, designedly false, upon the books of our corporations, or in pretences for obtaining goods, or in testimony, falsely given, with intent to take away life, or in uttering and passing as money any false tokens. But *they* deemed it in all cases pernicious. Early as 1641 even, they stigmatized it, through their General Court, as a 'foule and grosse sin,' and made every person guilty of it liable to fine or bodily correction. And in their Code of 1650, they again solemnly denounce it, and specifying those lies particularly which are pernicious to the public weal, and those which rebound to the injury of particular individuals, and those again which are employed "to deceive and abuse the people with false news or reportes," go on to punish all persons, above the age of fourteen, who are guilty of such lies, with fines, or with the stocks, or with stripes—and all children, under the age of discretion, who 'offend in lying,' are to receive, in the

presence of an officer, 'if any magistrate shall so appointe,' due correction at the hands of their parents or masters. How the 'white lie' fared does not exactly appear. It was doubtless severely frowned upon. Leniency of result even hardly saved it from castigation. But the common 'black lie' cost from ten to forty shillings, or from ten to forty stripes, or the stocks. How our public treasury would be replenished were such the law now! Far be it from us to vilify, but we cannot help thinking that if each lie told every day, in our streets, and in our dwellings, were made tributary to the public fisc, our load of taxation would be sensibly lightened. Not that you lie, gentle Reader, or you, or you, or you, or we—God forefend—but that "other people *do*!"

It was also a peculiar offence, in the Period of which we speak, not to attend church. It cost a man then five shillings to stay away—each time that he did. We rather think our Town Treasury would be somewhat replenished from this source too, were this old fine in force now. Don't *you*, Reader? There would be at least cash enough collected, we opine, to defray the cost of many of those expiatory fat turkeys, and bovine 'Second-Cuts,' and South-Down quarters of mutton, and venison saddles, which on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days, absentees send, with loving compliments, to their pastor—thinking, alas, that the fire of his rebuke cannot stand before the superior fire of that "mighty artillery of sauces which the Cook-Fiend conjures up!" 'Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven!' But we would not be personal in this matter—no not we!

Let us look then at another singular law about religion in the times of which we speak. A person guilty of contemning God's word or his messengers, was to be punished, for the first offence, by open reproof and bonds for good behavior—for the second, by a fine of five pounds, and by being compelled to stand publicly, upon a block or stool four feet high, upon a Lecture Day, with a paper fixed upon his breast containing, in capital letters, the words, AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GOD'S HOLY ORDINANCES. How the defamer of his Maker must have looked thus labelled! Unwise the punishment! Public disgrace never yet turned erring man to God. Steep his sin in the dye of the world's despite, and you may blacken his *sin*, but will never whiten the *sinner*.

All other offences than those we have now particularized, were such as are recognized and as are familiar at the present day. They were the ordinary offences against the public justice, peace, trade, health, and police or domestic economy of the Commonwealth. Turn we to look at punishments.

There were, as now, the gallows, the jail, the work-house, fines, damages to parties injured, &c., but also the stocks, whipping, and the public censure of the General Court—penalties not now known to our law. Whipping was a very common resort—at the cart's tail—upon a Lecture Day—and to be performed by those who, having been publicly corrected for some misdemeanor, were liable at any time to be called out by the Governor, or by any Magistrate, to excoriate

offenders with the lash. They set the rogues to flogging the rogues. But this barbarous and worse than useless mode of punishment is, fortunately, in our day abandoned. We were ourself "in at the death" of one of the last whipping-posts in the State, when a boy at College. We remember the fact with satisfaction. It was in New Haven, now nearly a quarter of a century ago—one stormy, fierce night—midnight—when the Authorities were all asleep. Down went then, with much difficulty, for it was old and harder much than the bare-backed sins it was in the habit of sustaining, down went that aceldamic support for shrieks, and gushing blood, and for hearts which with each drop they lost grew more indurated in crime! Down it went there where it stood by the side of the old Court House of the City, and nobody knew who did it but the four or five young College boys who were agents in the affair, and God, who looked through the darkness and the storm, and said, "Well done!" We can hear *that* voice even now, sounding through the depths of time its sublime tone of approbation! What *should* we do were the Authorities of New Haven to prosecute us, at the present time, upon this our public confession? What plead in such a case? Lapse of time? No. Immaturity, as a boy? No. What then? Humanity—justice to the whipping-post itself—public opinion—the public weal! Good defences all! We think they would clear us.

But to return. There was for burglary, or robbery in the field or highways, a peculiar penalty. For the

first offence the criminal was to be branded with the letter B—for the second again branded and severely whipped. If he committed the offence on the Lord's day, one of his ears was to be cut off—if he repeated it on the same day, his other ear was to be cut off, and if a third time guilty he was to suffer death. Forgery was punished by the pillory for three days, the payment of double damages to the party injured, and by disqualification to act either as witness or juryman. Fornication was punished either by fine, whipping, or by a *prohibition to marry*, or by all three penalties combined. Small thefts were subject pretty much to the discretion of magistrates and courts. So was idleness, especially that of "common coasters,* unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco-takers." Profane swearing was followed by a fine of ten shillings, or by the stocks. In addition to the penalties now mentioned, civil disqualification was much more extended than with us. It was applied to all persons either fined or whipped for any scandalous offence. Such were to have no vote either in Town or Commonwealth "until the Court [should] manifest their satisfaction."

With regard to places of punishment. There was first a House of Correction, which was ordered in 1640, and, in 1649, was kept by William Rescew at a salary of ten pounds a year. There was a Prison-House—spoken of first in 1652, though doubtless one of some sort existed before. A new one was built,

* *Loafers*, we suppose—in modern parlance.

however, in the year just mentioned, and Daniel Garrit was its first jailor. It was enlarged in 1664. There was also a Town-House, for the first time spoken of near the close of 1658. These buildings, though the first two belonged to the Colony, were all located in Hartford—the Prison probably near the south-west corner of present State and Market streets. What were its regulations? Here History is silent. We should like to know its system of discipline. It might perhaps, in some respects, teach us moderns a lesson.

And now, Reader, in conclusion, we think we may with justice say that our ancestors had many very exact notions both as to the nature, and ends, and the measure of punishment—notions which were in the main conformable to those which now prevail. With them, as with us, crimes were such either by force of intrinsic turpitude, or of legislative prohibition, and those of the latter class, however they may appear now, were as truly a reflex of the spirit of the day, and as justly the offspring of local exigencies and supposed public necessity, as are those of our own time. There was not a particle of the *lex talionis* in their system—no eye for an eye, or tooth for a tooth. In regard to sanguinary punishments they were Porcians indeed in comparison with England—for they abrogated at once, with mercy and with judgment, the more than twelve, nay the more than one hundred bloody Tables of their father-land. To prevent crime by reforming offenders, by depriving them of the power to do future mischief, and by

detering others through the dread of their examples, such was the object of their criminal code, and such is the true object of every enlightened modern code. In this respect certainly the Settlers of Hartford, in common with those of sister towns in the Colony, were not behind our own times.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

DUTCH POINT. ITS HISTORY. PERIODS FIRST AND SECOND.

No. 24.

"The veteran Oothout, at a concerted signal, stepped forth in the assembly [at Hartford] with the identical tarpauling spy-glass in his hand, with which he had discovered the mouth of the Connecticut, while the worthy Dutch Commissioners lolled back in their chairs, secretly chuckling at the idea of having for once got the weather-gage of the Yankees; but what was their dismay when the latter produced a Nantucket whaler with a spy-glass, twice as long, with which he discovered the whole coast, quite down to the Manhattoes; and so crooked that he had spied with it up the whole course of the Connecticut River. Therefore, the Yankees had a right to the whole country bordering on the Sound; nay, the city of New Amsterdam was a mere Dutch squatting place on their territories."

Knickerbocker's New York.

It is 1614—thereabouts—and up the Connecticut River—stemming one of the most placid and majestic currents of the New World—mirrored in a glassy bosom that never before reflected aught save the canoe of the Indian—a little yacht of sixteen tons comes threading the long watery channel of a dense wilderness. It is a Dutch vessel, the *Oonrust*, or *Restless*, commanded either by Adriaen Block or by Skipper Cornelis Hendriksen, or by both together, the one as captain, the other as mate—and it is on a voyage

of discovery.* It reaches the present site of Hartford. It passes a little beyond—near to the Falls. The skipper is busy the while noting each remarkable appearance around him, and rudely mapping contours of hill, and dale, and stream, and outlines of forest, and groups of wigwams. The yacht descends to the sea. It returns to New Amsterdam. It has borne the first white crew up and down the Fresh River! The Dutch claim Connecticut!

Not so fast, men of old Batavia, exclaimed the sons of Albion—Stop! John Cabot and Sebastian Cabot, in 1495 and 1497, by order of Henry the Seventh of England, sailed along the coast of this continent—the one a part, the other the whole of its extent—from the fifty-sixth to the thirty-eighth degree of north latitude, and explored it. The royal order commanded them to take possession of the new countries they should discover—in the name of the King. They did so. By virtue then of commissions from the British throne, by force of priority of discovery—that acknowledged principle of European polity which regulated the exercise of the rights of sover-

* We cannot determine positively which commanded—Block or Hendriksen. Most accounts represent Block as master. But the Map of the country made at this time, and presented to the States General of Holland, is in the name of Hendriksen. We have seen it stated also that Hendriksen accompanied Block as his lieutenant or mate. It is a singular and interesting fact with regard to the yacht employed, that she was built in New York, and was the *first* vessel, of which we have any account, that was built in that port. Her name, the *Restless*, is prophetic enough for that “*restless* metropolis, whose enterprising commerce now pushes its wharves into the sea, blocks up the wide rivers with its fleets, and sending its ships, the pride of naval architecture, to every clime, defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.”

eignty and settlement in all the cis-Atlantic Plantations—the whole vast region from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico belongs to the British crown. By the title of prior discovery Spain holds, unquestioned, all her possessions in the New World. By this France claims Canada and Acadie. By this Portugal maintains her right to the Brazils. And by this even you Dutchmen yourselves challenge ownership of the whole territory on the Hudson river. We refuse then your claim, Adriaen or Cornelis, to the region here—that of each or both of you, and that of New Amsterdam, and that of the High and Mighty States General, your master! We deny the title of you all to an inch of soil yet within the domain of Connecticut!

It is 1633—October—and again up the fair, the glorious Connecticut, winds another small vessel, of name to us unknown, and nameless in history the souls she bears. But she is another Dutch yacht. She has a Dutch commander. She has a Dutch crew. She is from a Dutch colony. She is loaded with Dutch bricks, with implements for building, with ammunition and with arms. Down go her sails, furled just where our Little River empties into its mighty sister. Up—close adjoining on the south—goes quickly a small compact fort. It is baptized the *House of Hope*. It is on land bought the eighth of June that has just preceded, from Pequot Sachem Nepaquash, by Jacob Van Curter, by order of Worter Van Twiller, Governor of New Amsterdam. The Dutch flag floats from its ramparts. Dutch cannon

bristle through its embrasures. The Dutch claim the lands of our present township—and many more adjoining—by possession and by purchase!

Stop again, Belgic adventurers, exclaimed the sons of Albion! The broad seal of England is upon all America, which, between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees of north latitude, stretches a continent across 'from sea to sea.' James of England placed it there thirteen years before you thought of settling on the banks of the Connecticut—and made a special grant of this region to forty Englishmen—and he baptized his gift New England in America, and ordained that by this name it should have "continuance forever." Sub-grants—and before too a single brick of your fort was laid—bestow Connecticut particularly upon eleven Englishmen, noblemen, knights and gentlemen, to whom alone, or to whose heirs or assigns, the right to extinguish the Indian title to its soil belongs. Pray have you never heard of the great Council of Plymouth in the County of Devon, established "for the planting, ruling and governing" of this land, nor of Robert Earl of Warwick, nor of the Connecticut Patent of 1631? Pray have you forgotten that nineteen years before you came here to settle—when a Virginia squadron paused before your establishment at the Manhadoes—you yourselves, as intruders on British territory, obeyed Captain Argal's summons of surrender, and stipulated allegiance to England, and tribute and subordination to the government of Virginia? Vassals to the British Crown, by your own confession, in your own home upon the Hudson river, what

right have you to sovereignty upon the Connecticut? We disown your power, uncommissioned by English authority, to purchase from the sons of the forest one foot of soil on the banks of this river. We deny your right, without English permission, to possess a single rood of English land. Your House of Hope is built on sand. You are intruders! You are squatters!

Reader, in the view just given, we delineate, in its exact shape, the bone of contention between the English and the Dutch at Hartford. Each claimed trade and settlement here by virtue of prior discovery, and to this claim the Dutch added those also of prior purchase and possession. The contest lasted with more or less of vehemence, though with occasional pauses, and tinged more or less with bitterness, down through a period of twenty years, till it finally closed in the total reduction of Dutch sovereignty within our township and our State.

The first month of Dutch settlement was yet warm, when a collision between the opposing parties occurred. William Holmes of Plymouth Colony, a resolute, enterprising man—with a crew of resolute men—with the frame of a house, and boards, and nails, and all the materials requisite for its immediate erection, and with a commission from the Governor of Plymouth in his pocket, came sailing up the river, in a large new bark, in the latter part of October, 1633, sternly resolved on effecting a settlement, for trading purposes, on the banks of the Connecticut. He was instantly hailed as he approached the Dutch fort in Hartford. "What do you intend, and where

would you go," inquired emphatically Jacob Van Curter, the Dutch commissary then in command. "Up the river to trade," answered Holmes. "Strike and stay," shouted the Dutchmen, "or we will shoot"—and they stood by their two pieces of ordnance ready to fire. "We have a commission from the Governor of Plymouth," replied Holmes undauntedly, "to go up the river. Shoot or not, we must obey our order, and we will! We are not here to molest you, but we will go on!" And on the bark passed—and the Dutch did not fire. They doubtless feared the force of Holmes. It might have been superior to their own. They therefore contented themselves for the present with a warlike protest—to which Holmes at once replied—and with instantly dispatching a messenger with the news to the Governor of New Amsterdam. The Dutch Governor was not long in making answer. Hardly had Holmes time, at the mouth of the Tunxis river in Windsor, to set up his house—the first probably ever built in Connecticut—and fortify it with palisades, and gather within it his chosen company of men, and send his bark back to Plymouth, when a band of seventy Dutch, consisting of those in the fort at Hartford and of recruits from the Manhadoes, armed in full and with banners displayed, appeared before his new habitation, apparently bent upon its assault. Its defenders, though far inferior in numbers, were ready to receive them. Full of spirit, full of hope, they presented a daring front to the foe. The Dutch—did they quail before the heroism of this handful of Englishmen? No matter. They at all events took counsel

of their wisdom. They parleyed. They were assured by Holmes that he had not taken a foot of land which they had bought—that he had come to a place above them—and that having purchased the tract which he then held of its native proprietors—some of whom, Attawanott and others, Sachems of the place, he had brought home with him in his bark—he should under no consideration yield to their claims, but maintain the foothold he had got to the last extremity. The Dutch retired, and never again, that we can find, menaced the Trading House at Windsor.

Nor do we find the least symptom of any *successful* opposition in Hartford to those few white settlers from the old Bay State who preceded Mr. Hooker's Grand Party, nor any to that Grand Party itself. Clear it is, whatever may have been their protests—and that these were numerous we have no doubt—the Dutch did not again resort to armed force in order to prevent English colonization here. Clear it is, that within four years after the arrival of Hooker's Party, all the Dutch possessions within our township were narrowed down to a small tract of about twenty-four and a half acres on the south side of Little River near its mouth—to a much smaller tract of about three acres on the north side of the same river, forming nearly what is now known as Dutch Point—and to an island of about two acres which lay opposite the House of Hope on the east side of the Great River—and all this property, be it remarked, was held only by the tenure of English sufferance.

A curious, though brief picture of Hartford and

the Dutch, at this very period, 1639, is given in the pages of David Pieterszen de Vries, a Dutchman, who was Master of Artillery in the service of Holland, a famous voyager, and busy for a long period of his life in planting colonies. He sailed up the Connecticut to Hartford in the year of which we speak, and the extract we give is from his own Journal kept at this time. It is really a gem in its way, and cannot fail, we are confident, to interest the Reader. It is as follows:

“In the morning of the 7th [June,] we came opposite *de Versche Riviere* [the Connecticut.] We went up the river, and on the 9th arrived with my yacht at the fort *het huys de Hoop*, where we found one Gysbert Van Dyck as commander, with 14 or 15 soldiers. This fort is situated near the river on a small creek, forming there a fall. The English had also begun to build there a town (Hartford) against our will, and had already a fine church and more than a hundred houses erected. The commander gave me orders to protest against their proceedings. He added that some of his soldiers had prohibited them to put a plough into the ground, as it was our land that we had bought of the Indians and paid for; but they opposed them and *had given a drubbing to the soldiers*. When I came to the settlement, the English governor invited me to dinner. I told him during dinner, that he had acted very improperly in taking the lands of the company, which were bought and paid for by them. He answered me that these lands were lying uncultivated; that we had been already here several years, and nothing was done to improve the ground; that it was a sin to leave so valuable lands uncultivated, such fine crops could be raised upon them; that they had already built three towns on this river, in which was abundance of salmon, &c. The English here live soberly. They drink *only three times every meal*, and those that become drunk are whipped on a pole, as the thieves are in Holland.”

A quaint, marked, pleasing, though somewhat 'Dutchified' picture—is it not, Reader? And bringing Hartford, in some of its aspects, two hundred and fourteen years ago, rather vividly before the mind! And important too for all its facts! Here we have the name of the commander of the Dutch fort—*Gysbert Van Dyck*—and the number of soldiers who manned it—fourteen or fifteen—truly not a very formidable force. Then we have a "fine church" belonging to the English Settlers. "*Fine*"—this is much for an experienced observer, like de Vries, to say of the first temple of worship in a wilderness town! Then we have nearly the number of houses already erected in Hartford—"more than an hundred." There was an English population then here, probably, of some four or five hundred. Then we have the persevering Dutchmen gliding out from their House of Hope into the fields where the Englishmen are at work, and protesting against them and their ploughs—and receiving for their pains—a '*drubbing*.' We have no doubt it was a sound one. 'Breath'st thou,' might have exclaimed with emphasis the Englishman to the Dutch remonstrant, if Milton had only happened to have written his *Paradise Lost* at this time—

"Breath'st thou defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King? Back [with] thy punishment,
And to thy speed add wings!"

Then we have de Vries taking a comfortable dinner with Governor John Haynes, and with Mrs. Haynes and the children, in his mansion at the corner of pres-

ent Arch and Front streets—and telling the Governor—we suppose politely—that he and his party had no business here—and the Governor courteously replying that they had. But oh David Pieterszen de Vries, we fear that you do not report all that good, learned, sagacious John Haynes told you. He doubtless said it was a ‘sin’ to have lands so ‘valuable’ as those of Hartford unimproved—as *your* countrymen had left them—but we will wager the most valuable curiosity in our Sanctum—our Egyptian Ibis, for instance, which is worth its weight in gold—that he also told you of the Cabots, and the Broad Seal of England, and the Council of Plymouth, and the Patent of Connecticut, and sent you home to report to your prompter at the Fort that it was best for him, and his countrymen, to “pull up stakes,” and be off!

But if he did, Reader, the Dutch were not yet ready to obey his advice—and did not. They stuck to their claims with proverbial pertinacity—and so to their own did the Hartford Settlers. An earnest correspondence ensued between the parties—voluminous enough certainly on the part of the English—but really on the part of the Dutch so incessantly fulminated—“letter after letter, protest after protest, bad Latin, worse English, and hideous Low Dutch,” as to give more the air of truth than of travesty to Diedrich Knickerbocker’s description of the ‘choleric little governor’ Kieft as wearing out, by constant campaigning, “the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, which formed his standing army.” Some of this correspondence remains—that especially between the



Interview between Gov. Haynes and De Vries.

Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England and the Dutch officials. It reveals the daily collisions, many of them with particularity, between the parties here in Hartford. We digest an account of some of them, and of some complaints also, as made on both sides, that our Readers may look down on the Point, and around our Town, and see the old quarrel nearly as it was—"going on." The picture will be found entertaining. Let us look then first at the side of the English. They complain—in the years 1646, 1650, and 1653—as follows :

1. That an Indian captive, who was liable to public punishment, fled from her master in Hartford to the House of Hope, and was there entertained—that though demanded by a Magistrate, the Dutch agent refused to give her up—and that she was either married to one of his men, or by some one of them abused—that such treatment as this of a servant, who was "part of her master's estate, and a more considerable part than a beast," endangered the security of the children of Hartford—that the Dutch agent himself, upon a certain occasion, in the height of disorder and in contempt of authority, did resist the watch of the Town, and draw and break his rapier upon their weapons and escape by flight—and that upon another occasion the same agent, with four of his men, did forcibly seize some of the Dutch horses that had been impounded for doing damage to the English corn, and in seizing them did assault and strike an Englishman "who legally sought justice, and did in an hostile way take away his team and lading."

2. That the Dutch at the Fort were in the habit of entertaining English fugitives also, of persuading them to run away from their masters, and of assisting them to file off their irons and escape when imprisoned—that in the instance particularly of one notorious delinquent, who was imprisoned at Hartford for a capital offence, a negro belonging to the Dutch aided him to break prison and escape, and was not called to account by his masters for this insufferable injury—that the Dutch purchased stolen goods, and would not give them up after demand made and satisfaction offered—that they refused also to pay for goods which their public agents in Hartford had taken up—and that they married English couples whose marriage had been refused in the English Plantations.

3. That in addition to the injuries already stated, and others of the like nature, the Dutch at Hartford, particularly David Provost the agent there, were in the habit of putting their cattle in the cornfields of the English—that they opposed the erection of partition fences between themselves and the English, and cut them down—that they disturbed the English when they were “plowing, sowing and reaping their ground and corn”—that several times provoking affronts of this character were given, and the Dutch had grown “to a high and insufferable boldness.”

Let us look now at the Dutch side of the picture of dissension. In a document entitled “*A short Abstract out of the Register, and record of Passages betwixt the New Netherlands and the English nation,*” &c., to the ‘eastward,’ signed by Governor Peter Stuyvesant,

and by Carle Van Brigge as Secretary, and bearing date the twenty-sixth of May, 1653, the Dutch complain as follows :

1. That April 25th, 1640, the English in Hartford not only prevented the Dutch there from sowing lands which the latter had purchased and broken up, but themselves sowed these lands with corn—that they beat the servants of the honored Company when they were laboring in their masters' fields, and drove them off with sticks and plow-staves, 'in hostile manner laming'—and that in particular, among the rest, they "struck Ever Duckings a hole in his head, with a stick, so that the blood ran down, very strongly down upon his body."

2. That April 25th, 1640, the Constable of Hartford came upon the Dutch land, with ten armed men, when the Dutch were plowing, and smote their horses with sticks so that the latter were frightened and broke their 'geares in sunder'—and that notwithstanding a formal protest made to Mr. Hopkins, then Governor, the English continued to hinder them in the possession and cultivation of their land, "yea with blows and strokes even to the shedding blood, as can be justified."

3. That May 30th, 1640, one of the Dutch horses was taken away from the 'vlaets' of Siagock, where he was pasturing, by the servant of Governor Hopkins, upon pretence that he had eaten their grass—when in fact he had not.

4. That June 21st, the English of Hartford took away a cow and calf belonging to the Dutch, which

were pasturing upon the 'way vlact,' and brought them into the English village.

5. That June 28th, an English minister took hay which the Dutch had cut and made on their own land, and applied it to his own use without giving any recompense.

6. That at various times during 1641, 1642, and 1643, the English renewed their attacks upon the Dutch while the latter were cultivating their own lands, beating and maiming the plowmen and horses, cutting the strings of their plows, and in one instance throwing plow, gearing and all into the river.

7. That upon various occasions they drove away and sold the horses, cattle and hogs of the Dutch—now a single hog—now another—now five yearling hogs—now all the horses—now all the cattle—driving them away into the village pound from the Common, or vlact Sicajoeka, to the great affront and insupportable injury of the 'high and mighty' Dutch Company.

8. That the English set posts and rails, and thwarted the way from the Dutch Fort to their woodland, and denied them the use of the wood.

9. That the English asserting jurisdiction even within the House of Hope, did plow the lands close up to the Fort.

10. That they even prevented the Dutch from driving their own cattle to the New Netherlands.

But enough, Reader, has now been presented to give you an insight, quite exact, into the old daily dissensions between the English and the Dutch at Hartford. The picture on both sides is the more interesting—we trust you have found it so—from its

particularity. You see the parties in actual collision—in forcible collision. The *drubbing* of which de Vries has spoken you find to have been in fact a sound one—nay more, carried far beyond moderation. You know what the contestants did. You can easily imagine what they said. Their warfare was emphatically a border one—and it was obstinate, pervaded on both sides with a valorous hate, and though painful, was yet in portions of its display, it must be conceded, certainly amusing. Those assaults we have described, with their attendant frowns and batteries of words! Those sticks and plow-staves so unceremoniously flying about Dutch heads! That Ever Ducking with *such* a hole in his head! Those frightened horses dashing their ‘geares in sunder’ on the monition of a Hartford constable, and the acid Batavian stare which must have followed them as they ran! That plow and tackle thrown into the river, with the chucklings on one side, and the bewailing remonstrances on another which doubtless accompanied them into their watery grave! Those cows, and calves, and swine, nabbed and renabbed! Those Dutchmen doubtless peering between the logs of the Hartford pound after their own dear, dumpy cattle and darling porkers! Those Anglo-Saxon farmers plowing up to the very nose of the House of Hope, and the denunciation of them unquestionably by the ‘fat, somniferous’ burghers within, as a “dieven, twist-zoekeren, blaes-baken, kakken-bedden” set! Really one may conceive a thousand mirth-moving scenes from the facts above given. Commending

them to the fertile imagination of a gentleman in this city—of whose superior skill in pictorial illustration Scæva already possesses signal proof—we return to the serious scenes of the subject in hand to-day.* How did the dispute we describe progress and terminate? Let us see.

In the first place then, the entire power of the colony of Connecticut was brought to bear on the matter, and of course, in behalf of the English Settlers. Two messengers, Mr. Weytrough and Mr. Hill, were despatched by the Connecticut Governor and Council to the Directors and Council of New Amsterdam, to urge the rights of Hartford. Their errand was fruitless. It resulted in nothing but a re-discussion of old points. But in 1650, when Governor Stuyvesant met the Commissioners of the New England colonies at Hartford, and various differences were referred for final settlement to arbitrators—to Simon Bradstreet and Thomas Prince on behalf of the English, and Thomas Willett and George Baxter on behalf of the

* We have been allowed, *here*, a chance ourself for a note—and we improve it in order to say that the cuts which accompany this volume are notable proofs that the hint given in our text, took. Though beautifully drawn on wood, and in several important respects improved by the exact skill of that excellent Boston artist S. S. Kilbourn, Jr., Esq., yet these cuts all had their germ, and in a large part their original delineation, in the fertile brain and ingenious hand of our present worthy Editor, W. M. B. Hartley, Esq.—to whom we cheerfully committed the task of ushering the First Thirty Years of Hartford, in book form, into the presence, and we would fain hope, into the heart of an approving Public. For several valuable points, however, in the cut which forms the Frontispiece of this volume, the Public is indebted to a beautiful picture on the same subject which was painted several years ago by Frederick E. Church, Esq., of New York, and which now hangs in the Wadsworth Gallery in Hartford.



Collisions between the Dutch and the English at Dutch Point.

Dutch—the dispute now under consideration was referred among others—and it was determined:

1. That “the bounds [between Connecticut and New Amsterdam] upon the main [were] to begin at the west side of Greenwich Bay, being about four miles from Stamford, and so to run a northerly line, twenty miles up into the country, and after, as it shall be agreed by the two governments of the Dutch and Newhaven, provided the said line come not within ten miles of Hudson’s River.”

This award gave the whole of Connecticut west of its Great River, with an exception to be immediately mentioned, to the English, and ousted forever the claim of the Dutch.

2. That “the Dutch shall hold and enjoy all the lands in Hartford, that they are actually possessed of, known and set out by certain marks and bounds, and all the remainder of the said land, on both sides of Connecticut River, to be and remain to the English there.”

This award shut up the Dutch in Hartford within those limits of about twenty-eight acres which we have already noticed—took from them all authority, or color of authority, to claim beyond their little pent-house on the river—and stopped the collisions, and to quite an extent lulled the animosities between them and the English Settlers, till in 1653, an Act of Sequestration, formidable as was ever any Bull from the Vatican, closed the difficulty forever.

Over the North Sea, and through the English Channel, at this time reverberated the hostile cannon of Blake and Aysene, and De Ruyter and Tromp, struggling for the mastery of the seas—struggling the one party for national predominance in the Councils of a

neighboring republic, the other for a sovereignty that should be independent of foreign control. England and Holland were at war. An act of Parliament, in consequence, authorized the right honorable Council of State to empower the Governments of all English colonies to issue commissions to act against the Dutch. The Providence Plantations were among the first to be thus empowered, and on the twenty-fourth of May, 1653, commissioned Captain John Underhill and William Dyer—the first as commander-in-chief by land, the latter by sea—to seize all Dutch property, and treat the Dutch themselves, in every respect, as declared enemies to the Commonwealth of England. Captain Underhill then resided upon Long Island. He was a bold, active, military man. The seizure of hostile property, under law and custom, redounded to the pecuniary benefit of the chief agent in making it. Moved partly by this consideration, partly also by the fact that he alone, perhaps, at this time, possessed a formal commission to act in the case, and moved also partly by the solicitation of friends in Hartford, he came to this Town in June, 1653, and in this month and year, accompanied by William Whiting and John Ingersoll as witnesses, went down to Dutch Point, and on the door of the House of Hope, fastened the following ominous NOTICE:

“I John Underhill do seize this house and land for the State of England, by virtue of commission granted by Providence Plantations!”

Formal, solemn, imperious, sudden, what a conster-

nation this Notice must have created! A bomb shell falling in the Fort would not, we think, have caused more! Particular too—from some hints we gather about it, for all of it is not preserved—particular even to the description of metes and bounds, and read by Underhill in the ears of the astonished Dutchmen, we have no doubt, with true Saxon emphasis, and a manner and bearing such as became the military representative of the high and haughty sovereignty of England! The phlegm of the Hollanders *must* surely have been stirred by this, else there is no rigor in words, and no impressiveness in the hand of sovereign power. The blow was doubtless wholly unexpected. There the Dutchmen were, leisurely and lazily smoking their pipes, and dining on fat salmon from the Fresh River, and sleeping soundly, under the protecting wings of the Arbitration of 1650—safe, assured, careful, more so than ever, in their conduct, thoughtless entirely of danger—and had been so though the war between the mother countries had already lasted many months. The General Court of Connecticut had not yet moved to dispossess them. They did not think that it would. Woful mistake! The Court had not yet, in all probability, received its own order from England. But nine months, however, had passed over the event we have just related, when the order came—and thundering on the back of Underhill's seizure—over-riding and disregarding Underhill's act as if it had never taken place—the General Court of Connecticut, April 6th, 1654—through its own, not through the sovereignty of Providence Plantations—by its own, not by authority

derived from any sister colony and delegated to some subordinate agent—grasped the possessions of the Dutch in Hartford, and held them by its own strong hand. Read its Act of Sequestration!

“This Courte, considering the order sent over from the Counsell of State by authority of parliament of England, that as wee expect all due incoridgment, aide and assistance from the said Commonwealth of England, soe it is expected that wee should in all cases so demeane ourselves against the Dutch as against those that have declared themselves enemies to the Commonwealth of England, doe therefore order and declare, that the Dutch house the Hope, with the lands, buildings and fences thereunto belonging, bee hereby sequestered and reserved, all particular claims or pretended right thereunto notwithstanding, in the behalf of the Commonwealth of England, till a true tryall may be had of the premises, and in the meantime this Courte prohibits all persons whatever from improving of the premises by virtue of any former title had, made or given, to them or any of them, by any of the Dutch natyon, or any other, without the aprobatyon of this Courte, or except it bee by virtue of power and order received from them for soe doing; and whatever rent for any part of the premises in any of their hands, it shall not bee disposed of but according to what order they shall receive from this Courte, or the Magistrates thereof.”

What said the Dutch to this—this locked, bolted, barred, and riveted appropriation of their property? Well—clearly they could not help themselves—nor, so far as appears, did they ever attempt it. We hear nothing of them in Hartford subsequently to this time. They must have ‘left.’ Let ‘expressive silence muse’ whatever in their ‘praise’ it may have in store!

What said Captain Underhill—at having his own work, by the colonial Act of Sequestration, in fact disavowed, and done over a second time? Well—he

clung to his own act as one of 'full force and virtue' still—as advantageous, as justified, and as final—and on the fifteenth of May, 1655, about two years after its occurrence, earnestly, bewailingly even, petitioned the General Court for permission to sell the property he had seized—setting forth in his petition the authority under which he had acted, the law or custom under which he claimed the right to sell the premises, his own good services to the country, for a long time continued, and his present distress for want of means. What said the General Court? Let the following extract from its Records answer!

May 17, 1655. "This Courte, considering the petition of Capt. John Underhill, in reference to his seizure of the Dutch House Hope, and lands; they doe, in way of answer, returne as followeth: First, that notwithstanding all that hath yet appeared to them, they may and doe declare that till more appeares, they shall maintaine theire owne seizure of the premises, according to the end and extent thereof. *2ndly*, that they see not cause to warrant his seizure, neither shall they allowe or approve of his sale thereof, to any person whatsoever, from this jurisdiction."

Still, notwithstanding this express installation, by the sovereignty of Connecticut, of its own sole agency and responsibility in the appropriation of the Dutch house and lands, and notwithstanding its express repudiation of the intervention of Underhill, the latter, July 18th, 1655, two months only after the above decree, proceeded to make a sale of the premises in question to William Gibbons and Richard Lord. The grantees were both Hartford citizens. They had each held responsible offices. They were

both distinguished for their probity, their enterprise, and their good services to the public. Underhill too deserved well of his country. He had defended the Fort at Saybrook. He had fought bravely in the Pequot War. The General Court therefore did not disturb the sale, but contenting itself with a vindication on the record of its own rights in the case, left the premises—after a single fruitless effort on the part of one Ralph Earle of Rhode Island to obtain them, on the ground of alleged prior purchase from Underhill—left them to pass down undisturbed into the hands of their present owners.

Undisturbed, we say! By aught, we mean, save by the elements!

“Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain’s mighty mass entombed,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloomed.”

And the mighty Connecticut, Reader—antielimax or not—has swept away every vestige of the island on its east side which belonged to the Dutch, and every spoonful of the elevated solid ground on which—out in the present stream—just at the mouth of Little River—the House of Hope was erected. But of this House itself one memorial does remain—a single hard, brittle Holland brick, of a yellowish hue, which the late Sheldon Woodbridge, Esq., of this city, some forty years ago, picked up, on the river bank, close by the site of the old Fort. Here it is now, on our own mantelpiece, side by side—fit company—with a large oyster shell which Noah’s deluge left,

one thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the coast of Patagonia.

The main part of the Dutch Land on the west side of the Connecticut, also remains—dwindled it is true, on its eastern bound, by the invading river, but the bulk of it remains. Would you trace it, Reader? Then walk down to a point on the south bank of Little River opposite the southwest corner of the Steam Saw Mill. You stand now upon the northwest angle of the Dutch property. Now move on, in a straight line, to a mere-stone which you will find sunk on the north side of the road leading through the South Meadow. Thence follow the line of the Meadow road south-eastwardly, to a point which is about four feet east of Michael Chauncey's Tobacco Shed. Thence proceed north-eastwardly, in a line at right angles with the road over which you have just passed, to the bank of the Connecticut. Thence wind along this bank up to the point from which you started. You have now perambulated the *Dutch Meadow*! It's something of a walk—but don't mind that! Take breath, and then pass up, a short distance, to the present Town Landing on Little River. Stop there, and look up stream. You will then see a small strip of land, of about one acre, which hugs the water on the north—is bounded by a fence on the south—by a row of sycamore trees on the west—and by yourself on the east. This also was a part of the old Dutch property—and as you look south, you will see the old road—it is still maintained—over which the Dutch used to come from their Fort to the Landing

Place where you now stand, and which they claimed as their own. Pass across the river now and over to the Steam Planing Mills of Taylor & Company. Go about fourteen rods below these Mills and stop. Directly across your path now, from river to river, ran once a fence, well remembered by many of our present citizens. It was the identical fence which in old times separated the Settlers of Hartford from the Dutch—and all the land you see before you, environed by the two rivers, belonged to the Dutch, as its name—*Dutch Point*—to this day commemorates.

Take some pleasant time, Reader that art curious, that art investigating, that lovest the olden time, and perambulate the spot we have now described. It is instinct with memories, replete with instruction! It talks to us of our fathers, and of our fathers' scattered foes.*

And when you go to the spot, visit also another closely connected with it—ah but too closely—of which we are now going to speak—the old Burial Yard of the Dutchmen of the Fort. Yes, *their Burial Yard*—but with no memorial, save bones, to mark the spot. It was accidentally discovered. In excavating ground on the south side of Little River, near-

*In company with our fellow-townsmen, N. Goodwin Esq., we walked over the whole Dutch locality—passing an entire afternoon in its examination, and most pleasantly indeed! Our companion was as familiar with every mete and bound of the spot, as he is with the limits of his own door-yard, and with a politeness and kind sympathy in our purpose—for which we here do most cordially thank him—pointed them all out to us, and at the same time enriched our memory with many interesting facts, in relation to the Point, from his own abundant stores.

ly opposite the Steam Saw Mill, a few years since, to supply earth for the establishment of Messrs. Tracy & Fales, many human bones, and several skeletons, almost entire, were disinterred—most of which crumbled easily, and wasted away on exposure to the air. They had been obviously deposited with care, and in the manner of the whites. The place where they were buried is at just a suitable and convenient distance from the old House of Hope, and is near the banks of Little River. It was never in the early period of our Town used as a place of sepulture by the English inhabitants. It has never, we are confident, been so used by them since. The bones were not the bones of Indians. The Dutch would naturally, nay almost of course, considering the hostilities between themselves and the English, have a burial place of their own. These circumstances satisfy us abundantly that they did have one, and that it was there where we have now located it. Memorable spot then it is indeed! But it had no ‘ponderous and marble jaws’ to defy the spade, pick-axe, and shovel, and so the bones which for two centuries had lain there ‘quietly inurned,’ were tossed, many of them, with the cheap earth about them, into carts, and ‘canonized’ or not, were hurried away to mingle with the ignoble dust of a car-yard. Ah, Messrs Tracy & Fales, were those dead corpses ever to ‘revisit the glimpses of the moon’ what an account *you* would have to render! The ghost of the royal Dane, shaking the disposition

“With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls,”

would be no bugbear in comparison. A few of the osseous relics we saved—and bore them off—one skull with its occipital wall still standing, a thigh bone, a calcis or heel bone, as it seemed to us, and several teeth. Trophies indeed! But “earth to earth, ashes to ashes!” They crumbled soon—all save the teeth, one of which, without a fracture, solid, polished now somewhat from exposure, and looking, stony matter that it is, as if it would last forever, is now before us. It is none of your long, lank, ill-favored incisor teeth—nor the sharp, biting cuspid, or bicuspid—but a genuine, broad, handsome, amiable molar—and molar the third, we think, the *dens sapientiæ*, the wisdom tooth, such as belongs only to *mature age*. Associations crowd upon us! Dark, yet white memorializer—gone thy power to triturate, but would that thou hadst now a voice! Fain would we apostrophize thee, could we make thee talk! Steady, Pegasus! We’ll try! Listen then, old Tooth!

Two centuries and more ago,
Thou in a Dutchman’s head wast set,
With others of thy make and show,
Batavian pet!

Now thou art hard, and free from rust,
Looking as if thou ne’er would’st die—
While he, thine owner, is but dust—
Lone ivory!

When bedded in his living gum,
Had’st thou no pang to teach thee woe,
That thou should’st thus decay o’ercome,
To mock him so?

Tell us of aught that he has done—
Tell us of those to whom allied—
Tell us if he was quarrelsome
Before he died.

Tell us of all that kindred band,
Which, gathered at its 'House of Hope,'
In Hartford strove to seize the land,
And interlope.

Say if in all around thee now,
Thou canst one Belgic lineament trace—
One token that doth not avow
The Saxon race?

Thou'rt silent, molar monitor—
And useful only to remind,
That, once, a mouth's mere janitor,
You served to *grind*!

There, Reader! Scæva, like Bellerophon, on Medusa's winged horse! Has he thrown his rider? Judge you! So much for the inspiration of deep night, dark death, and the dental relic of a decomposed and desiccated Dutchman! Sure Pindus and Helicon had graveyards near their fountains, or the Muses would never entertain, as they now have for us,

"The melancholy ghosts of dead renown!"

We have now, Reader, completed our history of Dutch Point—in an article of greater length than usual—but which, we trust, you will have found worthy of perusal. It is certainly a deeply interesting Point to Hartford citizens, and should be to the State at large—for it involves, in the early struggles of Connecticut with the Dutch, the fundamental questions

of original title to our whole domain, and of national sovereignty. Did our soil belong to England or to Holland? Which had the right to make settlements here? These great questions were tested, among other places, at *Hartford*, and through the *House of Hope*! The power of two formidable nations was here literally concentrated to a *point*—and the contest resulted, as we have described it, in the triumph of our own Father-land. This result was, in our own judgment, just. It was fully warranted by all the facts and circumstances of the case—by the claims of nautical enterprise—by principles of national law—by the high purposes which English settlers upon this continent had in view—by their wants, their wishes, and by the priceless benefits which their colonization here has conferred upon mankind. But for their triumph the genius of Europe would never have overspread this western empire so magnificently as it has—the spirit of the New World never found so lofty and so stirring a sphere—the eagle of our own land never soared so high to heaven.

But while we thus unhesitatingly decide in favor of the rights of England in the olden time, and exult in their supremacy, and in their power, we would not fail to award to her great rival the credit which is her due. We do not forget that spirit of liberty which from time immemorial has animated the sons of Holland, and heaped up trophies that vie immortally with those of almost every clime. We do not forget her commercial enterprise, that has vexed every sea, pushed discovery to its utmost verge, and been felt on almost every shore. We remember, without jealousy, her old

maritime supremacy and giant naval strength. We recall with pride that industry which walled in her millions of people from the terrible power of the ocean,

“And to the stake a struggling country bound”—

and which made the wind her slave, and transformed great lakes to verdant fields, and pervaded almost every mechanical sphere, and strewed almost every pathway of her social life with the flowers and fruits of happiness and of wealth. Sincere she doubtless was in her struggle for superiority in the New World—sincere in her claim to Connecticut—sincere in her efforts to possess and enjoy the lands of Hartford—and meritoriously ambitious, we doubt not, of extending the domain of commerce, and the might of civilization—and persevering too. But in this matter justice was not at her side—power did not prop her up—and her Van Tromp yielded to our Blake. She fell—not ignominiously—but fell—and Dutch Point, whose history we have recounted to-day, here in our own Hartford, will long perpetuate the memory of her past greatness, of its decline, and of Anglo-Saxon preëminence.

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

THE MUSE AGAIN AT DUTCH POINT.

No. 25.

"Taking notes."

Burns.

NOT Scæva's Muse again, Reader—no—but one far more attractive, that of Mrs. Sigourney. Our History of Dutch Point has, it seems, tuned anew the chords of this lady's many-stringed lyre—and she dedicates to us the strains! Well—there's no denying the fact—it is pleasant to an author to find his lucubrations thus commemorated—to know that, even if not thoughtful himself, he becomes the hint, the monitor of thought to others—to feel that though dealing, as has been our task, with the faded Past—though groping in a crypt which to the common vision is darkness and uninviting dust—still there are some eyes which have that "precious seeing" before which mists roll off from antiquity as from the valley around us they roll before the rising sun, and objects and events disclose themselves garish in the light of day, and rouse to reflection, to emotion, and to the joy of poetry. So sees that lady whose Muse has led

her playfully through the scenes described in our last Paper. How in harmony with her theme she sings! We must enshrine her notes—in a chapter by themselves! This the one—and here they are!

SCÆVA.

The ancient Dutch Burial Ground, formerly at Dutch Point,
Hartford.

DEDICATED TO "SCÆVA."

Who would have thought, in this unresting place,
Where Toil to Wealth a clamorous tribute yields,
Such relics of the olden time to trace,
As digs the sexton, 'mid sepulchral fields!—
Yet so it is, for antiquarian lore
Hath won this hidden fact, from History's hoarded store.

When hither, to yon all-uncultur'd vales,
Where roam'd the Indian tribes in lordly state,—
The patient Hollander's exploring sails
Furl'd the worn wing and pour'd the living freight,—
Connecticut seem'd churlish at their stay,
And her strong river rose, to sweep their pride away.

Their "House of Hope,"—a hopeless fortress prov'd,—
And English eyes with scorn its ramparts view'd;
Close round its base their grudging ploughshare groov'd,
While brawl and missile mark'd the border feud;—
Van Tassel and Von Twisel storm'd in vain—
And snatching pipe from mouth, rebuk'd the encroaching train.

Methinks I see those honest Dutch Mynheers
'Tween the brown logs, with troubled visage gazing,
Where their impounded cattle, wild with fears,
Paid doleful tax for too excursive grazing—
Meek sheep, or horse, or she with horned head,
Who fill'd the creamy bowl, that their young children fed.

Few courtesies of neighborhood might grace
 Their Hartford home, or make its annal fair—
 Our pilgrim-fathers had decided ways
 Of signifying what their wishes were;—
 This was a trait, by Roger Williams learn'd,
 When from the Old Bay State, to Providence he turn'd.

Not many lustrums these Batavians bore,
 Colonial hardships in this clime remote;
 And when their parting pinnace left the shore,
 Loud peals of laughter swell'd the Saxon throat,—
 So toward far Hudson's favoring tide they steer'd,
 Or where New Amsterdam its infant spires uprear'd.

Yet some remained behind, on pillow cold,
 To sleep the sleep that hath no wakening here;
 Their Belgic dust hath mingled with this mould,
 And its green herbage drank the mourner's tear:—
 Death to his silent halls a welcome gave,
 And lull'd contending claims in the oblivious grave.

L. H. S.

Hartford.

ITS MILITARY HISTORY. THE INDIANS. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 26.

"It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war, nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in preparation."

King Henry V.

"But still the cloud of paganism did blight
The blossom of their virtues, brooding dark
With raven pinion o'er the gloomy soul.

* * * *

And with the sceptic doubt of modern times,
The Missionary scanned."

Mrs. Sigourney.

Reader. We paraded the old Train-Band of Hartford before you once, in front of the State House, and up and down Main Street—musketeers and pikemen—and described their appointments and their discipline—and told you that their's was

"the bold port, and their's the martial frown,
And their's the scorn of death in freedom's cause."

We have no occasion, therefore, to deploy them again, or to dwell on the vigor of their arms. The Band continued, during the whole of the Second Period, organized as during the First, but by a new act of legislation, all who were unable to provide themselves with arms and ammunition were compelled to deposit "corn or other merchantable goods" with the Clerk of the Band for their purchase, and, alas again for the poor bachelors, such of these as had no corn, and no goods fit for market, were *put out to service, under the auspices of a constable*, to earn their equipments by daily labor. Six times a year, the soldiers were compelled to train, on penalty of two shillings and sixpence for every default to appear, and of two shillings for every neglect to attend the commands of officers. Twice every year their arms and ammunition were to be inspected, and all defects, duly presented to the Governor or some of the Magistrates, were to be punished, with severity more or less, according to the nature of the offence. Legislation at this time aimed to build up a stalwart militia, and by way of securing its efficiency, all chief officers, though chosen by the soldiers, were subjected to confirmation by the Particular Court, ere they could receive, at the hands of the General Court, their martial commissions.

Two new provisions, at this period, added particularly to the force of the system in operation—and these applied not only to Hartford, but also to Windsor and to Wethersfield. We refer to the *General Review*, and to the organization of a *Troop of Horse*.

The General Review! With what spectacle is man, woman, and child in Connecticut more familiar

than with this gaudy, dashing, attractive, annual 'spread' of the soldiery! On what occasion do pies and cakes, gingerbread and crullers, crackers and cheese, bread and butter, codfish and herring, cold eggs and ham, nuts and apples, hot oysters and coffee, pop-beer and lemonade, mead and cider, 'smashers' and egg-nog, find such overpowering consumption as on the days of General Muster! One hundred and ninety-eight years have rolled over the custom, and still it remains, alluring, peculiar, fixed as ever—more ostentations in its parade, more motley in its accompaniments, and wilder in its frolic than ever before—yet relished by the soldiery, more even than if they played a part at Marengo or Austerlitz—prized by the officers as if each of its lines of march were an Arcola Bridge, over which, amid the flouting of standards, and rattling of drums, and peal of musketry, and roar of cannon, they were advancing to victory and to fame—and thronged with people, who, feeding their morbid fancy for 'battle's magnificently stern array,' exhilarate the while in spasms of gayety, or become in imagination

"with terror dumb,
And whisper with white lips—The foe! They come! They come!"

It was first established by the General Court in 1654—was to take place, at this period, once in two years—and was put under the special superintendence of that accomplished soldier and noble patriot, John Mason, the chief military officer of Connecticut—and, what is worthy of special note by you, citizens of Hartford, in its array of military forces, the Train-

Band of Hartford, by deliberate act of the General Court, was declared "to have the *preëminence* of all the Companies in the Colony!"

Three years later, in 1657, and the Troop of Horse to which we have alluded, was organized. It was made up, not from Hartford alone, but from all three towns on the River, Hartford furnishing fourteen men, Windsor seventeen, and Wethersfield six—in all thirty-seven. Of its seven officers, Hartford supplied four, to wit—its Captain, Richard Lord—its Cornet, John Allen—its Quarter Master General, Thomas Wells, Jr.—and one Corporal, Nicholas Olmstead. With these were joined, from Hartford, as Troopers, Mr. Wyllys, Jacob Mygatt, Jonathan Gilbert, John Stedman, James Steele, Daniel Pratt, Andrew Warner, William Edwards, Richard Fellows, and Robert Reive. This squad, as well as the squads in Windsor and Wethersfield, were permitted to 'attend' their ordinary exercise within the plantations where the members resided, under command of any cavalry officer in the Town, and in union with the Train-Band—but on occasion of General Review, they were to appear as 'one intire Body of Horse.' Fortified with the power of filling vacancies in their ranks at the discretion of their commissioned officers, and privileged by being allowed to draw from the public treasury full remuneration for their horses, if any were killed in battle, and by free ferriage across the River at Bissell's ferry, in case they went to Springfield, or beyond, these the first Troopers of Connecticut held themselves always prepared for the exigencies of the country—ready, as

occasion should require, and in time it did, to mount in 'hot haste,' and form in the ranks of war.

The period was one which required, as has been suggested in a former Paper, perpetual military watchfulness. Town magazines of powder and shot were therefore maintained with great care. Hartford, as its own duty, was bound by law to provide, and keep constantly on hand, under a penalty of ten shillings a month for each defect, two barrels of powder, six hundred weight of lead, six score fathoms of match, twelve corslets with serviceable pikes to each, twelve good firelock muskets, and twelve good backswords or cutlasses—and every male person above the age of sixteen, magistrate, minister or what not, though exempt by law from the ordinary duties of training, watching and warding, was yet to keep by him, always in readiness, under the penalty of five shillings a month for each default, half a pound of powder, two pounds of serviceable bullets or shot, and two fathoms of match to every matchlock. Such were the precautions, in the period under consideration, imposed by circumstances on Hartford. Such the means requisite to preserve its safety and its peace. And all this by reason of the Dutch—they were menacing! "By reason" too, says the Law which required the preparations, "of the Indians!"

These Indians—they continued a source of apprehension—at times of vivid alarm. Those at a distance from Hartford, the Narragansetts particularly, were believed to be ever plotting with the Dutch for the extirpation of the English settlements in Con-

necticut—nay there is but little doubt that the two parties did combine for this bloody purpose. Those near and around Hartford, though ostensibly friendly, were yet not to be trusted. Still they pilfered—in dwellings, in the fields—everywhere. They still destroyed swine, seized cattle, and drove off horses. They fired buildings. They might murder. They did at Farmington. Jealous still of the whites, they would readily join, it was supposed, any general combination against them. They never really liked the ‘pale faces,’ nor professed attachment but from dread of the Pequot and the Mohawk. The old policy of Hartford, therefore, in regard to them, was steadfastly maintained. Still they were denied possession of the white man’s arms. Still they were forbidden, in squads, to enter the Town, or singly to be entertained or harbored within its limits, and were never to march through it in hostile array, nor visit it in the night season save on messages of pressing importance to the Settlers. Penalties for violating these commands were studiously increased during the Second Period, and in addition to former precautions it was ordered, that no persons should trade with the Indians at or about their wigwams, but only at the dwellings of the whites, or on board their vessels—that no foreigners should trade with them at all—that no one should sell, or barter, or give them any dog, small or great—that no one should buy of them any timber, candlewood, or trees of any sort—and particularly that no persons, under penalty of three years’ imprisonment in the House of Correction, or of censure from the Court, or of fine, or of corporal punishment, should

settle among them, to affiliate with their customs, and become dissipated by their vices.

But while thus careful in protecting their own interests from savage invasion, the Settlers made every attempt in their power to humanize and Christianize these sons of the forest. Hartford especially was the centre of such efforts. Time and again they appointed committees to confer with them, and give them good advice—time and again prohibited indiscriminate purchases from them, especially of lands, lest some unworthy advantage should be taken—and strove to soften the wildness of their natures, and restrain and repress their vicious usages. And the General Court provided fundamentally, 1650, in its Code of Laws, that one of the teaching Elders in the Churches, with the help of Thomas Stanton of Hartford, the Interpreter, should be desired, twice at least in every year, to go among them, and “endeavor to make known to them the Councells of the Lord,” that thereby they might be drawn “to direct and order all their wayes and conversation according to the rule of his Worde.” And again in 1654, the Court urged *John Mynor* of Pequot, to come to Hartford, that here he might be fitted by Mr. Stone to instruct the Indians. It promised to pay for Mynor’s education, and for his maintenance; that as interpreter, he might afterwards assist the elders, or any other persons, in explaining ‘the things of God’ to those ‘poore, lost, naked sons of Adam,’ as it styles the aborigines in the neighborhood. What success attended these efforts does not appear. That they failed, however, in one remarkable

instance, is certain. It was in 1657, and at Hartford, that instigated by John Elliot, the Podunk Indians assembled to listen to the preaching of this famous apostle. He addressed them in their own language—simply and fervently. He presented them with Christ for their Redeemer, and on closing his discourse inquired whether they would accept the proffered boon. “No,” their chiefs replied, with great scorn and resentment—“you English have taken away our lands, and now you want to make us a *race of servants*!”

Little did these natives appreciate the pure motives of Elliot, and of those in our own Town who thus labored to wash their tawny skins in the water of life. Kichtan the Good, far down in the golden South West, lured, beyond the white man’s God, their love—and Hobammocko, Sprite of Ill, beyond all other dread attraction, commanded the fear of their worship. What has become of them—in that other world—we cannot but ask ourselves. Are they within the wrench, the garrotte of torment—as modern religious eclecticism much teaches—with myriads of others whose ignorance of the Christian’s God was *not* their fault, but *was* their irremediable fate? Or have they found

“Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler heaven,
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste?”

Answer, Theologian? Answer, Humanity!

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

MARRIAGES AND BIRTHS—PERIOD SECOND.

No. 27.

“Take not an husband by report;
Examine first his head—his heart—
His conscience—pierce him to the lees;
Mark how each joint of his agrees
And jumps with thine; for, if they vary,
The priest, that does your bodies marry,
But gives a potsherd. In a word,
If thou canst marry with a bird
Of thine own feather, haste thee, Jane,
To render him his rib again.”

George Tooke.

“Types, sweet maid, of thee!”

Moore.

THEY married—they reproduced—they died! Such is the inscription which, so far as the residents of Hartford, during its Second Period, are concerned, we might write—save for a few chinks through which the struggling gaze may enter—on the doors of their hoar nuptial chambers, and on the dusky portals of their tombs. Jealous, insatiate, hard-hearted Time, that thus devours almost all the Past of our Town's affections! On thou movest, as if thou hadst a giant's stride, notching thy centuries in the eternal rocks, but

forgetting the years, the months, the days, which complete the circuit of a single generation! We would have had thee mark the smaller increments of thy progress through the space in which we fain would *trace* thy flight! Where, pray, is thy dial of home events, oblivious Monarch? Where the loves thou should'st have chronicled—the children o'er whose birth thou should'st, for love's sake, have dropt a sunbeam—the graves which thou should'st, for sweet memory's ends, have consecrated to thy future? These are all links of holy parentage which chain *us* to the past! Thou breakest them, and then callest us unfilial! Think'st thou we take no 'note' of thee but by thy 'loss?' Avenge we then by noting but to blame thee!

Reflections these, Reader, too sorely pressed on us by the waste which Time has made of memorials in regard to the marriages, births, and deaths, of those who founded Hartford, and who mainly—we say it in the just light of history—who mainly founded Connecticut. True our Fathers, as if trusting and believing that their descendants would appreciate these memorials as valuable, provided for their due preservation. Early as 1640, they made it, by law, the special duty of every Magistrate who 'solemnized a marriage'—and a Magistrate alone at this time, and down to 1694, could solemnize it—to "cause a record to be entered in Courte of the day and yere thereof." In 1644 they devolved this duty of recording, not only marriages, but births also, upon the Town Clerk, at sixpence the entry for the former, and two pence for the latter. In 1650 they extended this order, with in-

creased compensation, to deaths also, and with the new provision that the Clerk, every year, should present to the Secretary of the Colony a true transcript of each entry under a penalty of forty shillings for every neglect. But in spite of this penalty—in spite of another of five shillings imposed on every newly wedded man who did not straightway certify the day of his marriage to the Clerk, and in spite also of the censure of the Court which, superadded, hung over every default, the records, save a few here, and a few there, fail us. Moth and rust have, to a great extent, corrupted old paper and old ink. The pens of a few old scribes, peradventure, forgot to write. The hands of some of their immediate descendants, forgot, it may be, to clutch. And here we are, wise children—so thinking ourselves perhaps—contrary to the adage—that know not, most of us, our own fathers, those that were such but a few generations back, nor the fair maids or matrons, our mothers, whom they married, nor a joy or a sorrow of their nuptial life, nor a sunshine or a shadow, a hope or a fear, which warmed or darkened over the hours of their dissolution!

Most of us, we say, are in this predicament as regards the associations of which we now speak. During the whole of the Second Period, embracing, be it remembered, *fourteen* years, but *fifteen* marriages, and about *sixty* births are recorded—and this in a vigorous population of probably between seven and eight hundred souls! There *must* have been more! The births which *are* registered between 1650 and 1665, and those, more numerous, registered soon after—clustered

as they are thick under single pairs of parents—show abundantly, as straws the way of the wind, that the early inhabitants of Hartford were a remarkably prolific race—that they obeyed no canon of Holy Writ with more pertinacious fidelity than that which enjoined them to be fruitful and multiply. There is *John Allyn*, for example, who as soon as he gets married, becomes the father in quick succession, of Anna, and Mary, and Margaret, and Rebecca, and Martha, and Elizabeth, six daughters ‘all in a row.’ What an example for a Secretary of State, as he was, to set! Then there’s *Jonathan Gilbert*, Custom-Master and Grand Marshal of Connecticut, with his Jonathan Jr., and Mary, and Sarah, and Lydia, one son and three daughters, all born within six years! And there’s *Sergeant John Stedman*, with his John Jr., and his Thomas, and Samuel, and Robert and Mary, and Elizabeth, four sons and two daughters—just—six in all—and each following the other with the nimble regularity of little waves! And there’s *Joseph Smith*, with his Joseph Jr., and his Samuel, and Ephraim, and Lydia, and Simon, and Nathaniel, and another Lydia, and on, on—we can not stop to name—till he completes fifteen rounds in his own peculiar ladder of offspring! Then comes a *Merrill* family with ten children—a *Mygatt* family with nine—a *Pratt*, a *Stanley*, and an *Ensign* family, with eight each—and on follow the *Pitkin*, and *Seymour*, and *Wadsworth*, and *Clark*, and *Camp* families, and others really ‘too numerous to mention,’ with their children, each, five, six, and seven in number—till it seems at last as if the Town Clerk, unable longer to ‘keep the reckoning,’ or

fatigued by his task, went to sleep over the lesson of Hartford fecundity, and left the Record Book, in despair, to take care of itself! Seriously, Reader, the Fathers of our Town were fathers also of families thick almost as 'the leaves of Vallambrosa.' The glimpses afforded us through what registry they *have* left, assure us abundantly of this fact. And that marriages were frequent among them we have also, from hints derived here and there, but little doubt. Only fifteen however, as already stated, are recorded during the Second Period—and these, since they are few in number, and may perhaps edify some one in trace of genealogies, we may as well re-record here. They are as follows:

Jan. 2, 1650, Anthony Dorchester was married to Martha Richards—Jan. 2, 1650, John Rusco to Rebecca Beebe—1650, Samuel Fitch to widow Mary Whiting—April 2, 1651, George Graves to Elizabeth Ventris—May 27, 1652, Samuel Stebbin to Bethia Hopkins—Oct. 5, 1652, James Walkley to Alice Boosy—Feb. 10, 1652, John Savage to Elizabeth Dubbin—June 23, 1654, Thomas Wells to widow Hannah Panty—May 3, 1655, Edward Grannis to Elizabeth Andrews—April 20, 1656, Joseph Smith to Lydia Huit—Jan. 15, 1656, Christopher Crow to Mary Burr—Oct. 27, 1657, John Church to Sarah Bulkley—Dec. 30, 1658, Paulus Sahrich to widow Mary Ambeck, [Dutch parties, doubtless]—June 2, 1659, Nathaniel Stanley to Sarah Boosey—Oct. 22, 1663, David Ensign to Mehitable Gunn.

And now, Reader, let us look awhile at the policy

which in the times of which we speak, governed the relation of husband and wife. Here, thank fate, we can step out a little into the light. It was a policy substantially the same as that we now pursue. It required the intention of marriage to be published, as we do now. It required that parties, if under control, should secure the consent of parents, masters or guardians. It established officers to perform the marriage rites, and demanded that certificates of its performance should be lodged, as already noticed, for record with the Town Clerk. There are two particulars, however, in which it differed from our modern policy, which deserve mention—they are peculiar.

First. It required that parties who intended marriage should cause their "purpose of contract" to be published, in some public place, or at some public meeting, in the town where they dwelt, "at least *eight* days before they *entered into such contract whereby they engaged themselves each to the other*, and that they should forbear to join in the marriage covenant at least eight days after the said contract." So that the mere intention on the part of two lovers to plight their faith was to be published—and at least *eight days before* it could be done—and sixteen days before it could be carried into effect by actual marriage! Odd, odd legislation indeed! No matter how long and assiduous devotion may have already been, is the interpretation of the law—no matter by how many thousand tender colloquies, and little endearments, and tell-tale looks, and betraying sighs, two lovers may have already unmasked their hearts, and unmistakably chained them, for all time, to each other—

still the words of engagement are not to pass their lips until eight days' notice has been given of the purpose of uttering them! They may wanton with all sails set, with all the canvass of all the Cupids, in Love's sea of dalliance—the calls constant as the sunset, the walks, the rides, the presents, the electrifying pressure of the hand, the fond kiss, the tender embrace, with all these soft 'appliances' they may vivify and ripen their intercourse of affection—nay, they may even give tongue to their swelling hearts in almost every phrase of passion—their rosy lips may syllable, in tones "sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute," every '*Declaration of love*' that Love's ingenuity can devise—still, they must *not engage* themselves! Still—stubborn, joyless, fruitless task—they must not reciprocate the words—"I'll marry you!" The sovereignty of Connecticut forbids it! Law in its dread majesty interposing, sinks like a dense, appalling cloud between two idolizing hearts, just at the moment when a blissful attraction is about to incorporate them into one by the dearest of all mutual promises, and darkens them apart—nor does it rise from the bliss that it severs, till after eight long revolutions of this dull, slow earth upon its grating axis! Oh Cupid, Venus, Hymen—god of love, mother of love, divinity of marriage! Heard ye ever of such law as this? So like attempting to stop an avalanche with a bag of sand! Or to arrest a fever with an inch-cake of ice! Or to stay a conflagration with a drop of cold water! Law so utterly impracticable—for

"Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth!"

Just as if the General Court had eyes which could see in the darkness, and pierce through walls of wood or brick, and glare in upon every nook and corner where the Romeos and Juliets of this world hide themselves—to observe what they are about! We'll wager the bow, and quiver, and helmet, and spear, and torch, and butterfly—all together—of that little naked, winged infant whom we have just invoked, that the lovers of the olden time, in 'courtship's smiling day,' in the sweet torrent of their passions swept away every trace of constraint, and as lovers do now, launched into their contracts to marry—'popped the question'—just when 'the fit was on them'—without consulting old Father Time a whit, and regardless, most generally, even of place.

Another peculiarity of the old marriage policy we are contemplating was, that it specially forbade the intermeddling of third persons, for the purpose of procuring union between parties who were not at their own disposal. Wedlock was a matter, our Fathers thought, for an age of fixed discretion, and a state of personal independence. "Puppy love" was not in odor with them. Little boys and girls, beardless youths and misses just out of pantalettes, could not in their opinion, make prudent matches. They were too unseasoned, too redolent of poetry, too heedless, too untempered by time, too fragile in stalk and green in the leaf. The clay of their being was not hardened enough for double duty. And love—a fire

"that burns and sparkles
In man as nat'rally as in charcoals"—

was too often with them, it was thought, a conflagration that consumed the practical virtues. Too often the product of sheer impulse—"all made of passion, and all made of wishes"—it was infatuated, tempestuous, and a wasting plague. So the Fathers of Hartford believed—for they state as a special reason for the regulation under consideration, and for their nuptial policy in general, that many persons do "intangle themselves by rashe and inconsiderate contracts for their future joininge in marriage covenant, to the great trouble and grieve of themselves and their friends." And so they discouraged early marriages, and would allow no intermeddling to bring them about. Your regular match-maker—operating upon those who were subordinated to authority, and whose very condition, it was thought, implied inability to judge wisely for themselves, especially in a matter so grave, so responsible, so moulding to temper and character, as wedlock—was with them a very grave offender. Caught—and straightway the General Court thundered its own "severe censure" in his trembling ears. Such was the penalty, in olden time, for vicarious nuptial services to the juveniles. Suppose it was the penalty now—now when the affections, more than ever, have become merchandise in the hands of barterers—now when Love scarcely uses wings at all, but sits, his plumes robbed of 'half their light,' his 'fields of bliss above' forgotten, sits like a stool pigeon, perched in the market of expediency and cash—a lure and a prey to the evil brokerage of both sexes! What a world of duty our modern Legis-

latures would have to perform, were the old law in force now! Don't you think so, Reader?

Yet the regulations, all of which we have now spoken—however curious they may seem to us—however in some respects impracticable perhaps—were still, it must be conceded, highly conservative in purpose. Discriminating, as they did, between the intention to form a matrimonial engagement, the engagement itself, and its official consummation, and interposing delays between these different stages of the nuptial march—striking, as they did also, at all improvident intermeddling with the affairs of the heart—and visiting disobedience to their mandates, as they did, with the ‘severe,’ formal, superior, dreaded, personal rebuke of the General Court—they certainly show a stronger disposition than do our present laws, to bridle by a high and wise caution the erotic fancies of our race. “The prosperity and well being of Commonwealths,” say the Founders of Connecticut in their recorded legislation, “much depend upon the well government and ordering of particular families,” and this, they add, “cannot be expected where the rules of God are neglected *in laying the foundation* of a family state.” View of the marriage relation this which is elevated indeed! Well were it felt, followed, and admired, more than it is, in this our own day and generation! Oh how much less frequently then should we hear of ‘shadows in love’s summer heaven,’ of dissension between hearts once fond, and of the dark, wild, saddening ruptures of divorce!

SCÆVA.

Hartford.

DEATHS BETWEEN 1650 AND 1665. REV. S. STONE—
GOV. HAYNES—GOV. HOPKINS. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 28.

“Death is the most remarkable action of human life. It is the Master-day, the day that judges all the rest.” *More's Catholici.*

“If I were a composer of books, I would compose a register of different deaths, with a commentary; for whoever could teach man how to die, would teach him how to live.” *Montaigne.*

“MASTER-DAY”—aye even so is Death! Cramping life at last into a single startling inch, it flashes a judging conscience, like lightning, through the whole scarce palpitating mass of human thought, and word, and deed—and suddenly all is still! You are in the chamber of another Judgment! To the fold of that awful, viewless chamber—in the dread Unknown—how many Spirits of Hartford passed, in the time of which we speak? Who died? How did they die? Could *they* have taught *us* ‘how to live?’

Reader, little is left here for our instruction and reproof—this little, however, we have garnered.

The Book of our Probate Records, covering the twelve years from 1650 down to May 23d, 1662, is lost—irrecoverably so, we fear. Deprived of this

resource then, we have carefully examined old wills and inventories. Few of these are left, but enough to enable us to add some seventeen to our Dead List, making with what we have derived from other sources, twenty-eight names in all—a number, however, which unquestionably falls far short of the true one. Of these names all, save two, are those of males, as if in the interval we contemplate, man alone was born to die, and woman, fair woman, never bit the dust—or as if man only, perhaps, was destined to leave even a trace of existence, and woman, ‘too bright to be lasting,’ too insubstantial to be clad in the long dresses of memory, were the sole prize for Time’s ‘effacing fingers’—ordained, on his ever rolling stream, to be

“Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment seen, then gone forever.”

Be this as it may, the names of but two females come down to us from the era on which we now dwell, to ‘whisper faint echoes’ of that far past, and ‘point to earth, and hiss at human pride!’ They will be found in the List which follows.

Died in Hartford in May, 1650, *John Selden*, a young son of Thomas Selden. In June, 1651, *Lydia*, a young daughter of Thomas Selden, and Oct. 14th of this year, *John Wilcox*. In 1652, *James Cole*. In 1653, *Richard Watts*, *John Pantry* and *Elizabeth Andrews*. In 1654, *Thomas Olcott*, *John Hopkins*, and March 1st of this year *Governor John Haynes*. In 1655, *William Gibbons*, *William Phillips*, *Thomas Selden*, *John Moody*, *John Pratt*, and June 12th of this

year *Thomas Gridley*. In 1657, *John Maynard*, and in March of this year, in England, *Governor Edward Hopkins*. In 1659, *William Andrews*. In 1660, *Samuel Smith*, an infant. In 1661, Sep. 14th, *John Wake-man*. In 1663, *George Steele*, *Casper Varlett*, *Deacon Edward Stebbing*, *Capt. Richard Lord*, and July 20th of this year *Rev. Samuel Stone*. In 1664, *John Arnold* and *Lydia Smith*, an infant.

Of the above, three from their eminence deserve particular notice—*Rev. Samuel Stone*, *Governor John Haynes*, and *Governor Edward Hopkins*. They are passing away you see, Reader—that first generation of the Settlers—the high as well as the humble—to the returnless home! Commemorating, as they deserve, the three whom we name, let us with

“Honor's voice provoke [their] silent dust!”

Mr. Stone was born at Hartford in England, in the year 1602, and was early distinguished for a mind of uncommon strength and clearness. A graduate of Cambridge University, and a lecturer afterwards, with great success, at Towcester, he came to this country with *Mr. Hooker* in 1633, accomplished as a scholar, experienced as a preacher, and a devoted Puritan. One of the chief agents, as we have had occasion to notice, in the purchase of Hartford—the source, in compliment to his own birthplace, of its name—he devoted himself to its interests with uniform fidelity, and uprightness. First chaplain in that first War for Connecticut Independence which closed in the flames of the Pequot fort, as upon this memorable occasion, so ever after in life, his efforts and his prayers were

directed zealously and unaffectedly to the good of his new home.

As a preacher, he was doctrinal and argumentative. A great student of theology, and skilled in sacred philology, he was an acute and accurate disputant—ready upon all occasions, in the august presence of the General Court, as he once proposed, or elsewhere, to “reason syllogistically, face to face” with any champion whom chance or design might throw in his way. He seldom used written sermons. His style was nervous, and he was often eloquent. In applying his subject he was brief but pungent, and remarkable for “notably digesting in his prayers the doctrine of his discourse.” It was his custom, on the evening preceding Sunday, to deliver in the presence of his family the sermon he intended for the morrow, and he was distinguished for his exact observance of the Sabbath, and for the frequency of his private devotions. As a civilian, he mingled freely in public affairs. Great confidence was reposed in his judgment both by the Town of Hartford, and by the General Court—and so we find him often serving upon important committees, and in arbitrations—now conferring with Sowheag in a difficulty between that powerful Sachem and the people of Wethersfield—now with several laymen associated to ‘approve’ a minister for Middletown—now the companion of Winthrop in his voyage to England to procure the old Charter, and otherwise variously employed as agent for the transaction of public business. As a man, he was amiable, frank, of easy manners, of winning address, and noted particularly for his pleasantry and his wit. It was a keen jester in-

deed that he could not vanquish in repartee. His society was sought by all, and especially by men of ingenious minds, some of whom visited him for the purpose of having doubts satisfactorily resolved, some for the purpose simply of garnering up the rich stores of his conversation, and some to provoke and enjoy his wit. He was a kind husband, a fond father, a pure patriot, and one of the sincerest of Christians—so upright, so public-spirited, so full of heart, and full of mind, as amply to deserve Mather's eulogy of him as "a precious gem laid deep in the foundations of New England." Hartford may well be proud of him, and remember him with gratitude and veneration!

He died, as above stated, in 1663, and of a disease which destroyed his gall. He seems to have anticipated this event with great composure. In his Will he speaks of himself as 'invited and called' to execute his last testament "by a gracious visitation and a warning from the Lord." He dwells on the fact that "through the gentle and tender dealing of the Lord," he is "in full and perfect memory"—and premising further, with eloquent solemnity, that "all men on earth are mortal," that "the time of dying, with the manner thereof, is only foreknown and predetermined by the Majesty on high," and that it is "a duty incumbent on all so far forth to set their house in order as considerately to determine and dispose of all their outward estate, that righteousness and peace, with love, may be maintained," he goes on to distribute his five hundred and sixty-three pounds worth of property. To his son chiefly he gives his library, valued at one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, together with half

his 'housing and land'—to his wife and other children, four daughters, portions of his remaining estate. To his intimate friend the Rev. John Higginson of Salem, Massachusetts, he bequeaths his numerous manuscripts, with instructions to select and print such as he thinks suitable for the press, and 'especially' his 'catechism.' Few of these, however, seem ever to have been published. With the exception of his "*Catechism*," his able and elaborate treatise entitled "*a Body of Divinity*,"* his "*Discourse about the logical notion of a Congregational Church*," in which he strikes at the system of a national political Church, and his "*Confutation of the Antinomians*," we know of none of his works that are extant. They lie in the dust of that oblivion which, thanks to chance, does not cover his own—for close by the grave of his noble friend and coadjutor Mr. Hooker, in the Centre Burying Yard, and beneath a plain slab of red sandstone or freestone supported by pillars, he lies buried, with the following richly merited epitaph upon his tomb:

"New England's glory, and her radiant crowne,
Was he who now in softest bed of downe,
Till glorious resurrection morne appeare,
Doth safely, sweetly sleepe in Jesus here.
In nature's solid art, and reasoning well,
'Tis knowne, beyond compare, he did excell:
Errors corrupt, by sinnewous dispute,
He did oppugne, and clearly them confute:
Above all things he Christ his Lord preferred—
Hartford, thy richest jewel's here interred."

* A copy of this, in manuscript, is in the Library of the Connecticut Historical Society.

*John Haynes** came from England to this country in 1633, with Mr. Hooker. Of his history previous to this period little is known beyond the fact that he possessed an elegant seat, known as Cropford Hall, which was situated in the County of Essex, in England, and was worth a thousand pounds a year. He settled first at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in 1634 was chosen one of the Assistants of that Colony, and in 1635 its Governor. In 1637 we find him in Hartford, and chosen this year a member of the General Court. He is returned to the same office again in 1638, and in 1639, under the new Constitution, then for the first time put in operation, we find him, as first Governor of the Colony of Connecticut, in the presence of the assembled freemen, according to the form of oath by them prescribed, swearing "by the great and ever dreadful name of the ever living God to promote the public peace and good within this jurisdiction." Thus selected to launch the infant government, John Haynes was nearly every alternate year, chosen to stand the pilot at its head. Confidence was so great in his integrity and capacity, that had not the Constitution prevented it, there can be no doubt he would have been annually elected to fill the important post of Chief Magistrate. He was also once and again appointed one of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England. He was in fact, with Mr. Hooker, the principal author of the Confed-

* We published full biographical sketches of Governor Haynes and Governor Hopkins, in the Hartford Courants of July 2d and July 4th, 1845. From these we have in part condensed in the text.

eration of 1643. He seems to have early foreseen the importance of this measure to which, under God, the New England Colonies, owed especially their safety and prosperity, and he pursued it with a zeal and a sagacity worthy of the cause. It was emphatically a Connecticut measure, and we take a pride in claiming it as such. In his public capacity Governor Haynes was constantly charged with high and responsible duties, and often with tasks delicate and difficult—all of which he seems to have discharged with accuracy, skill, good judgment, and impartiality. His liberality in behalf of the Colony knew no bounds. He expended freely from his own private fortune whenever the public exigencies demanded it. His deportment, though always staid, was yet affable and engaging. In his domestic relations he was kind and prudent. He paid special attention to family government and instruction. His piety was eminent, and, what is more, he was nobly tolerant in his piety. A sentiment of his is preserved which breathes the true spirit of Christian charity, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. "*The most wise God,*" he said to Roger Williams when the latter was once his guest at Hartford, "*hath provided and cut out this part of his world for a refuge and receptacle of all sorts of consciences!*" Of his deep and sincere attachment to religious truth and civil freedom he gave signal proof, not only in his willingness to exchange the comforts and refinements of Cropford Hall for the trials and dangers of a wilderness, but in all the acts of his long and useful life. He was in every respect a worthy

companion of such men as Hooker, and Stone, and Ludlow, and Warham, and Hopkins, and Wyllys, and Wolcott, in founding and settling a new Colony, and must ever be regarded by all who esteem piety, and love freedom, and value efforts in their behalf, as one of the eminent fathers of Connecticut. He is buried side by side with his friends and companions Mr. Hooker and Mr. Stone, and side by side with five of his children, in the Centre Burying Yard. A large flat table of reddish stone, supported by four pillars, marks the spot, not far from the entrance to the yard. "Here lyeth," proceeds the inscription, "the body of the Hon. John Haynes, first Governor of the Colony of Connecticut in New England, who dyed on the 1st of March, 1653-4." With Mather we may believe that "as he was a great friend of peace while he lived, so at his death he entered into that peace which attends the end of the perfect and upright man."

Edward Hopkins was born near Shrewsbury in England, in the year 1600. He was early bred to the business of a merchant, in which he became, particularly in the trade with Turkey, eminently successful, and in London accumulated a large fortune. Coming to this country in 1637, on the year succeeding his arrival, he joined the settlement in Hartford, and was received here with high consideration. His wealth, and piety, and business capacity, elevated him at once to respect and to office. He was chosen first Secretary of the Colony, under the new Constitution in 1639, and the next year was elected Governor of the Colony. Between this time and the year 1654 he was seven times elevated to this office, alternating usually

with John Haynes, and frequently filling the office of Deputy Governor, when not chosen to the highest post. He was also at times chosen Assistant, and very frequently one of the Commissioners of the United Colonies. On the death of his elder brother, in 1654, he went to England to look after a property which there fell to him. His passage out was exceedingly tempestuous, and once the ship in which he sailed was in imminent peril of being destroyed by fire. Upon his arrival he was almost immediately made Warden of the fleet, a post that had been filled by his brother, and afterwards Commissioner of the Admiralty and the Navy, and member of Parliament. The high appreciation of his talents in England, as well as the infirm state of his health, induced him to give up the plan of returning again to Connecticut, although he had been chosen Governor of the Colony during his absence. He accordingly sent from London for his family, who safely arrived. While in England he was in many ways serviceable to the Colonies. He printed at his own expense the body of laws compiled by the New Haven Colony. His aid and advice were freely given to the agent sent out by Connecticut to report to Cromwell the wrongs from the Dutch, and to solicit a naval force. He died in March, 1657, leaving in his will striking proof of a bountiful public spirit, and charitable nature. By this will he gave numerous legacies to individuals, and nearly his whole estate in New England to pious uses, and among the rest that fund, to which we have heretofore adverted, which founded and has supported the Hartford Grammar School. He was a man fervid

in his religious feelings, and uncommonly exact in his religious observances both in public and in private. His last words* breathe a spirit of love and resignation, and express a pleasing reminiscence of his life in Connecticut. To have aided in founding a Colony—not for conquest, our fathers thought not of that—nor for riches, they had no lust for gold—but for freedom and for faith—to have guided an infant State with watchfulness and with wisdom for many years—to have freely helped its necessities, and the wants of the poor, and the wants of the church, from the earnings of his own industry and the gifts of fortune—to have been ever active and faithful for good, though feeble in body from wasting disease—to have been hopeful and trustful though sorely tried by domestic affliction†—to have been prudent, generous, dutiful and affectionate—to have looked ever in humility, and prayer, and gratitude, to the source of all human strength—such is the bead-roll of duties done, and virtues shown, which the Spirit of Hopkins had to tell over at the Bar of final account.

SCÆVA.

* “How often,” said he, “have I pleased myself with thoughts of a joyful visit with my father Eaton. I remember with what pleasure he came down the street that he might meet me when I came from Hartford to New Haven; but with how much greater pleasure shall we shortly meet one another in heaven.”

† His wife was insane.

Hartford.

THE SCHOOL. REFLECTIONS. GOOD-BYE. PERIOD SECOND.

No. 29.

"Where the white school-house, with its daily drill
Of sunburn'd children, smiles upon the hill."

Brainard.

"To point a moral, and adorn a tale."

Pope.

"Should it be my lot to go that way again, I may give those that desire it
an account of what I here am silent about; meantime I bid my Reader fare-
well."

Pilgrim's Progress.

THE School—we must not forget this noblest of institutions—this founder of free States—this fountain of intelligence—this broad, vital, massive pillar of true civilization! Its aspect during the First Period of Hartford we have already described. We found it then the object of the Settlers' most tender care—planted at once, firmly and deeply, with Church and State, in the new soil they came to possess. Their regard for its support and improvement continued, unabated, during the Second Period. Let us see!

Ordered, says the Code of 1650, that each Township of fifty householders shall maintain a School-

master, and every Town of one hundred householders shall set up a Grammar School whose Master shall be able to fit scholars for the University—and this because it is “one project of that old deluder Sathan to keep men from a knowledge of the Scriptures,” and because it is vital that Learning should “not be buried in the Grave of our Forefathers!” An order this which at once indicates earnest attention to education. Satan’s particular effort at this time, as in ‘former times,’ was, in the opinion of the Settlers, to “perswade them *from* the use of Tongues, so that the true sence and meaning of the originall [Scriptures] might bee clouded with false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers.” They thought that as once he sat close by the ear of Eve,

“Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy,”

so at the ears of her descendants in the New World he was striving to sit, and forge, out of their ignorance of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew,

“Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams.”

They did not like his scholarship. They had no confidence in him as a philologist, nor in his literary pupils either, and so they determined that none of their community should graduate under his instruction, nor be prevented from setting aside that sable curtain which the Arch-Deluder was ever attempting to hang over the treasures of the Bible. So they established a *Grammar School*, “to fit *scholars* for the *University*,”

and kept up scrupulously their contributions towards a fellowship in Harvard College!

This School deserves particular notice. It was one, as its establishment implies, of a higher order than the Common School, but whether united at first with this last, or separately kept, does not appear. It early received, 1664, at the hand of Governor Hopkins, a legacy of four hundred pounds, in order that 'hopeful youths' might be encouraged "in a way of learning, for the public service in future times." It has continued to the present day. The "Hartford Grammar School," now in connection with our High School, is its lineal descendant. The fund given by Governor Hopkins, through the wise management, down to 1798, of Town Committees, and since of a Board of Trustees, has been increased to twenty thousand dollars. The School, in all courtesy, should have *borne the name of the Governor who endowed it!!* In the noble lines addressed by the scholars of this Institution to their ancient Benefactor, through the truly graceful pen of Mrs. Sigourney, how heartily can we all unite!

"Patron and Founder, grateful thought doth turn
Reverently to thee.

* * * *

What throngs have drank the waters of the spring
That thou did'st open here!

We see them come

Back through the mists of time. Where now we sport
They played, with merry shout and flying ball,
And trundled hoop, or o'er the frozen flood,
Glided with steel-armed foot.

As now we bend

O'er Livy's lore, or Homer's glowing page,

Or the long task of figures, without end,—
 They bent, perchance to hide vexation's tear—
 They rose to men.—

Some from the pulpit spake
 High words of holy warning, some essayed
 Of jurisprudence the unmeasured toil—
 Some watchful at the couch of wan disease,
 Parried the spoiler's shaft. To giddy youth
 Some, from the teacher's chair, grave precepts dealt,
 Some, 'mid the statesman's perils, rode to fame,—
 And others tested 'mid the risks of trade
 The value of the wisdom gathered here.—
 All were thy debtors.

Sure these classic walls
 Should ne'er forget thee, but, with honor, grave
 Thy name upon their tablets—for the eye
 Of far posterity."

While thus nobly founding a school of a higher grade, the citizens of Hartford, during its Second Period, never forgot the Common School. "A '*barbarisme*,' they called it, "not to be able perfectly to read the English tongue," and know the Capital Laws, and be grounded in the rules of religion! And so they would for *all*—rich or poor, high or humble, gifted by the God of every soul of us with capacities naturally great or small—they *would*, they *did* for all, with an earnestness noble and constant, provide education—now supporting it jointly by the Town and by parents—now considering "what way may be best for the caring and end of a *free* school"—now demanding either a little load of wood, or three shillings towards procuring it, from each pupil—now hiring rooms, as those of John Church, for scholars—now appointing Committees "to buy or build a School-house"—now appropriating money, as in one in-

stance forty pounds at once, towards the erection of such a building—and all the while cheerfully taxing themselves to remunerate *Samuel Fitch*, and *William Pitkin*, and a Mr. *Davis*, both teacher and preacher, who, after *Andrews*, in their

“noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
As village masters taught their little school.”

Nor did their care stop with providing merely school-houses and teachers. They made it the special duty of their Selectmen, under a penalty of twenty shillings, to see that children and apprentices received a proper education, and empowered them, in case parents or masters neglected their duty in this respect, to take minors, and place them, the boys till they were twenty-one, and the girls till they were eighteen, under persons who would be faithful to the charge of instructing them—that they might be fitted for “some honest, lawful labor or employment, and not become rude, stubborn and unruly.” In addition to this, their Selectmen were to see that all masters of families catechised their children and servants, once a week, ‘in the grounds and principles of religion,’ or caused them to learn some ‘short orthodox Catechism,’ so as to answer questions to their parents or masters, or ‘to *any* of the *Selectmen*.’ How oddly some of our *modern* Town Officers would look discharging this last duty! *They* gravely catechising a bevy of our juvenile tyros in divinity! A sight indeed!

* * * * *

Reader, we are now through with the History of Hartford during its Second Period. That antiqua-

rian coach in which, some time ago, we invited you to ride, has reached the end of the journey which we then proposed. We open the door for you to alight. Yet ere you step out, to shake off the dust of travel, and to seek repose, pause a moment! Let us have a word at parting!

We have journeyed, by two stages, through the *first thirty years* of Hartford—that period of its history which, when we started, was unexplored, vague, and comparatively unknown. A seeming wilderness, without a path, when our survey commenced, may we not say now—now that we have explored it—now that our eyes have rested, minutely even, upon its features—now that we have beheld it redeemed and disenthralled from savage wildness by the hands of civilized and Christian culture—now may we not say that we have found it, in all substantial respects, a garden of beauty? True it had its weeds—what garden has not? But it was laid out with the skilful exactness of a high moral horticulture. It was seeded with the swift germinating principles of true civil and religious liberty, and it brought forth fruit, rich, manifold, both for the generation which first enjoyed it, and for all in our Town who have succeeded the rudimental race. Yes, Hartford may indeed be proud of its first estate. Never was there a fairer municipal germ than that which Hooker and his illustrious party planted here—and rarely a fairer spot for its development than in this our own sweet, laughing, gorgeous, hill-guarded valley of the Connecticut! Let our citizens then—all—rejoice in the good fortune which

smiled upon the birth and infancy of their present home! With hearts grateful for the noble institutions, and the solid liberties, which their Fathers established, and which they bequeathed, and which have come down to us so perfect, so powerful for good, and so full of blessing, let them labor to preserve them, to give them fresh efficiency, and to transmit them, in all their strength, and glow, and glory, unimpaired to posterity!

While we thus, Reader, exult in the Past of our own Town, let us not forget the whole broad sphere, in which Hartford, down through more than two centuries of progress, has ever played a conspicuous part—let us be mindful of all that

“rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord, or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands, are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave”—

let us think of the whole of Connecticut! What we have attempted to achieve for our Town in the way of giving its story, ought to be achieved for our State at large. Time it is that the history of Connecticut—all of it—should be spread before the world. There is enough in it to justify the pride of its every son and every daughter—and nothing, nothing, in comparison with surrounding States, with every State of this Union, with every sovereignty the world over, of which they need to be ashamed. We are tired of the ceaseless ‘flings’ at Connecticut in which some witless people, south of our line, choose to indulge. They are arrogant, impertinent, and calumnious—and

we would have every man and woman among us, aye and child too, ready to meet them—armed and imbued so thoroughly with our own history as to be able to toss them off as from the thick bosses of a buckler, and boldly challenge to the comparison of State glories! We have the authority of Bancroft, the historian of our country, for saying, that “*no State in the world has run a fairer, a happier, or more unsullied career than Connecticut*”—and, he adds, “*no State has such motives for publishing its historical records.*” “*The modesty,*” he says, of those, our citizens, who have preceded us, “*has left unclaimed much of the glory that is our due.*” Away then with all phrases of ridicule at our expense! Down with the libellers! If they know not more than just enough to talk about ‘wooden nutmegs,’ assure them that *if* we make such merchandize, our only customers are strangers to our territory! If ‘wooden hams’ are upon their lips, give them the same answer! If they sneer at ‘peddlers,’ tell them to look at home, and find, if they can, amid all of the same vocation among themselves, any who have become, as have many from our midst, in New York and elsewhere, ‘merchant princes!’ If they mock us for ‘Blue Laws,’ tell them our legislation is as free from intolerance and undue severity as any other—nay, tell them that for each stain upon the Code of Connecticut, you will engage to point out dozens upon their own Codes—and you *can* do it too—successfully! Oh such abuse is petty, and detestable—and craven the spirit that will endure it! Put upon our pride, let us show, not only that we possess it, but

that in the light, and blaze even of our history, we can vindicate it, nobly, unanswerably, triumphantly! In the presence of those who would attempt to tarnish our escutcheon, let us hold our heads high as heaven!

“Back let us toss their treasons to their heads”—

and teach them that in the gifts of intelligence, in honesty, in patriotism, in all the virtues that render life valuable and happy, we bow to no people upon the earth!

So, with a thought for the pride of our Town and State, and with an incentive to watch ever well the noble legacy of our Fathers, we are prepared, Reader, to bid you adieu. Our journey has been long—longer much than we anticipated when we set out. But we trust you have found it a pleasant one—entertaining and instructive—both. If prosperous with you, our own labor is abundantly rewarded. When shall we meet again? Never, perhaps—perhaps! Life hangs so by a thread—thin and brittle at best as the most exile fibre of the glass-blower! Yet—peradventure—in the course of the year, we may renew our grasp of your friendly hand, and invite you to another ride along the mossy, lichen paths of old Time. But not until we shall have fully explored another little ‘Herculaneum’ of history, and garnered, from dusty depositories and nooks of mould, fresh materials with which to prosecute a new journey. The sun shines bright, it is true, and inviting, over a continuous path, from the Second Volume of the Records of our State, now lately given to the public under the promising auspi-

ces of J. Hammond Trumbull, Esquire. Noble the labor he has performed! Rich the lure it offers to our antiquarian thirst! Its treasures *may* soon be our prey.

Meanwhile, Reader, think, if you please, of that which we have already written—of the purposes, the struggle, the heart, the mind, the sunshine and the shadow, the hope and its fulfillment, of the crowded, agitating, adventurous first *Thirty years of Hartford!* That these memories may be ‘sweet and pleasant to your soul,’ is the farewell wish of

SCÆVA.

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